McCALL'S

Ten Cents

March 1930

Beginning

FIRE OF YOUTH

by MARGARET PEDLER

and the inspiring life story of
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Presenting NEW DESIGNS Spring 1930

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An intriguing modern-art floral effect that will appeal especially to those women who like something that is a little bit "different."

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"DIXIE"

Gold Seal Rug No. 617

Here is a rug that will go beautifully almost anywhere—in your bedroom, living room, sun porch, dining room, even in the kitchen.

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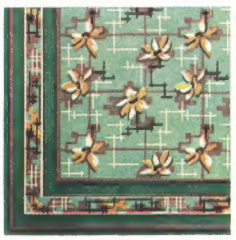
"SPARTA"

Gold Seal Rug No. 624

Something new for your kitchen. Square tiles in lustrous marble effects . . . insets of bright blue . . . and a most unusual border.



"DUVAL"

Gold Seal Rug No. 619

A very "moderne" design is DUVAL—yet so appealing in motif and colorings that it will please even the most conservative taste.

A simple, priceless unbelievable kind of beauty

No golden jars, no high and mighty prices, but the saline method with Sal Hepatica

NO brilliant package or festive wrappings encase the plain glass jar which holds your Sal Hepatica. For our aim is not fine feathers for ourselves, but fine and clear complexions for all our users!

Famous as the foremost saline in all the world, Sal Hepatica is in reality a great "internal cosmetic". And its secret is the simple, fundamental practice of internal cleanliness.

In no sense does this saline laxative usurp the place of your creams and cosmetics. But, by rescuing the system from constipation and acids, it routs blemishes and imperfections. Freshness and clarity of skin are the rewards of those who use it.

This saline method of seeking beauty from within is not a new one. Physicians for years have recommended the principle of internal cleanliness through drinking saline waters. In Europe at the saline spas, the drinking of health waters is a basic part of any beauty curriculum. Women who "take the cure", dull of skin and wan of mien, leave for their homes rejuvenated and with fresh and flawless complexions.

Sal Hepatica makes it possible for everyone to enjoy the benefits of the famous saline treatment. Through flushing away intestinal wastes, it clears the complexion and rejuvenates you — spirit and body.

Because it purifies the bloodstream and eliminates acidity, Sal Hepatica is suggested in the correction of countless ills. It relieves constipation, headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in action. Rarely does it fail to work in 30 minutes.

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★ ★ ★

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Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Dorothy Ducas

McCALL MIRRORS

NEXT MONTH—THE FIFTH HORSEMAN—BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

WHAT glowing gift do the gods bestow upon the woman who seems born only to love and to be loved, with the engulfing fire of passionate hearts—the woman to whom poets dedicate sonnets, and ethereal creature-artists seek to paint? Is it beauty, charm, wealth, or an indefinable distinction that lifts her to the pedestal where all may see and marvel?

Whatever the gift, it was granted to Josephine Moreland, the fascinating heroine of *The Fifth Horseman*—A new novel by Robert W. Chambers which starts in the April issue.

Arthur T. Munyan

Even in her cradle of squalor, where she had come unwanted, Josephine held this magic. Was it to help her when, as an awkward girl in her 'teens, fresh from the warm friendliness of a small village, she answered the call of New York to youth and rose to glittering fame on Broadway? Or was it to draw temptations to her and make her glorified path one of heartbreak and disillusion?

A Series of
THRILLING SHORT STORIES
is Coming!

What strange decree of the stars that guide our destinies makes one man forever true and another a devil-may-care, daring spirit, heeding neither man nor God? Do they have the same code of loyalty, each to his own kind, the same capacity to love? Or will one always be less fine than the other, less sporting? Honest Dave Glenn, blandly suave detective, with a sixth sense for nosing out crime, and dapper Eddie Ware, polished gentleman crook, adventuring in the crisp upper circles of the underworld, prompt these questions in

CONFIDENCE
by Octavus Roy Cohen

when both fall in love with Mary Rutledge, vividly brunette, distractingly pretty, disturbingly intelligent and, most of all, the soul of honor. These three brilliantly drawn characters will be carried through some of the most exciting situations ever devised in a series of short stories. Nor will McCall readers be long delayed. The first of these stories, *Confidence*, will appear in the April issue.

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By Neysa McMein

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FOR the past ten years Marguerite Jacobs has been at the McCook and Wright Government flying fields in Dayton, Ohio. There she writes books and rare short stories, while editing aviation publications. "The atmosphere and interests of the flying field have become as second breath," she says. "I can't imagine working where I couldn't see planes, big and little, wheeling across the sky, and catch the flash of aiguillettes on khaki coats. I love flying, and have enjoyed some glorious air treks both in this country and in Europe—and also, high in my affections, are open country, music, books, and people."

ARTHUR T. MUNYAN was born in Boston. So, having a scientific turn of mind, as well as a literary one, he went to Boston Tech, becoming after graduation, a drifting chemical engineer. He drifted into most of the small towns of the country, it seems, and undoubtedly it is in one of these, or in several, that he discovered the characters of *Heartsick Town*.

We shall be interested to know whether the readers of McCall's recognize in his story experiences common to their own circle of acquaintances.

DOROTHY DUCAS began her picturesque career when she was very young by capturing the Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship for the 1926 class of Journalism at Columbia University. Since that time she has been a staff writer on several foreign papers as well as on more than one metropolitan daily. It was by appointment of one of these, that Miss Ducas accompanied Miss Isabel MacDonald on her triumphant visit to America—the only newspaper woman in the entourage.

Photo by Don Wallace

Marguerite Jacobs

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"There is a Key to Beauty!"

LESSON No. 1. *This is the first of a series of "lessons" prepared by Elizabeth Arden that all women who use her preparations may follow the methods evolved by Miss Arden. This is just one more example of Elizabeth Arden's personal contact with her clients.*

Cleanliness: THE FIRST LESSON

TWO things only are necessary to assure the clear loveliness of your skin—a wise selection of preparations—a perfect understanding of the way to use them. The contents of a hundred jars and bottles will not yield their loveliness to you unless each cream and lotion is used exactly as it was meant to be. It is like a locked treasure that can be opened only with the right key. The key is Understanding.

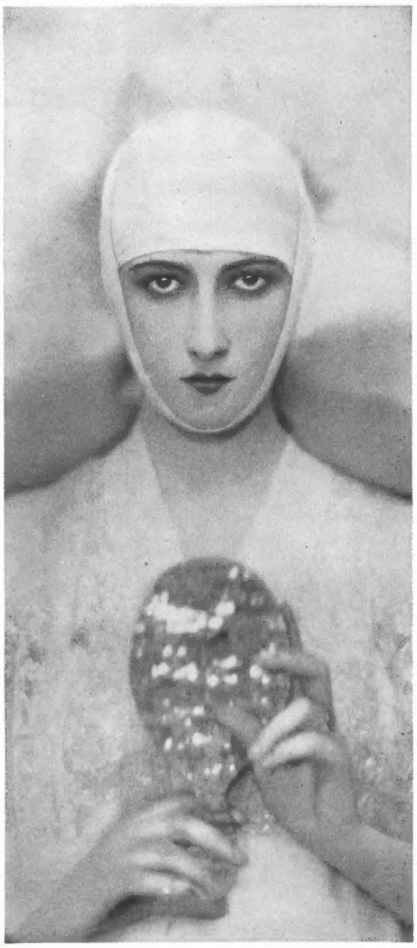
In every one of my preparations there is beauty—waiting to be released by you. Every preparation has some unique, carefully developed property to bring definite benefit to the skin. The more closely you adhere to the prescribed treatment, the more confident you may be of results.

Your skin should be cleansed at least as tenderly as a fine piece of kid...never with scrubbing, never with harsh handling...but gently and thoroughly with the finest of oils. Only in this way can the tiny pores be rid of accumulated impurities. It is for this reason that I have formulated my Cleansing Cream to be of feathery lightness, and to liquefy quickly with the warmth of the skin. Swiftly it penetrates the depth of the pores. Night and morning—and during the day, when you wish to refreshen your face you should follow this little program of cleansing:

With a towel or band, secure the hair firmly away from the face so that hairline and ears are completely exposed. Squeeze a piece of absorbent cotton out of cold water. Moisten with Skin Tonic and dip in Cleansing Cream. Cleanse from the chin upward paying special attention to either side of the nose and around the mouth and chin; work gently around the eyes. Do not overlook the neck. Remove cleansing cream with Cleansing Tissues carefully so as not to stretch the skin.

Squeeze a fresh pad of cotton out of cold water, saturate with Skin Tonic and commence patting on the neck. Pat from the center around to the back on either side. Then, from the chin upward to the forehead. Continue patting for about five minutes, going over the same movements. Dry with Cleansing Tissues.

If this is your morning clean-up, your skin is now ready for your make-up which should be applied according to the method I will describe in a later lesson.



CLEANLINESS

Cleanliness is the peg on which all beauty hangs—like a multi-colored chiffon gown on a crystal hook.

There is a kind of grubby beauty which artists like to paint, but almost nobody wants to live with it. And after all we are here in this life to be lived with—at least by a few people, let us hope by the ones we like best in the world. And we want those few people not only to be happy with us but proud of us.

We hope that when we enter a room, something clean and lifting and gay enters with us—something people feel but don't quite know what it is—it stirs the air like a nice, fresh, little wind. It touches the life in that room more awake.

It is because everything about us is so clean! We are wholly alive because nothing is clogging us up—our clothes, our bodies and faces and hair, our purpose in life, our judgments, our impulses, our dreams BREATHE!

The root of the word "purity" means "to clear away." A clean person is one who has cleared away all the clutter, who is traveling light and free, everything about him breathing free. He walks as if "stepping to a fair." He arrives where he meant to because his unclogged energy and uncluttered purpose has taken him there.

Eat less, dream more. Strive less, direct more. Put everything that comes into your life into two piles—"These are important. These only seem important." Then lop off all the ones that only seem important. You have cleaned up your life a bit. Clean house mentally and emotionally—there is no greater waste than carrying along something through the years that you really finished with long ago.

The Preparations Required in this Lesson Are:

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

A light, feathery cream that liquefies quickly with the warmth of the skin and dislodges impurities. It rids the skin of dust, powder and excretions, and leaves the skin soft and receptive. $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $6.00

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC

A mild astringent which firms, tones and whitens the skin and brings new life to every cell. Use with and after cleansing cream to stimulate circulation and bring a glow of natural color to the cheeks. 85c, $2.00, $3.75, $9.00

VENETIAN CLEANSING TISSUES

Softest silky tissues. The sanitary and convenient way of removing cream. Roll 40 cents. Large box of four rolls $1.50; large package $2.25.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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© Elizabeth Arden, 1930

An etching by Walter Tittle from photo by Harris & Ewing

"I want the women of the world to bring the world peace," is an ideal of the youngest mistress Downing Street ever had

In Miniature — Ishbel MacDonald

A crusader for friendship who discovered the heart of America

By Dorothy Ducas

AGAINST the rushing background of Niagara Falls the girlish figure of Ishbel MacDonald stood, sharply etched: a young woman with sturdy shoulders, wearing a Peter Pan blue hat, clutching a pocket camera until her fingertips showed white. She darted from one side to the other of the winding path high up on the American cliffs. Cheeks aglow, she plunged into a thicket of gold and red bushes, poised her camera, clicked the shutter. Freedom was in her movements, and delight.

Suddenly from behind came a drove of men. They engulfed her, brandishing their instruments-on-stilts. Their bodies blocked her view of the Falls.

"Please," she said, "I want some pictures of nature."

"But we," they said, "want some pictures of you."

The young woman's eyes were wistful for a moment. Then the expression vanished as if wiped away with a rag. The dimple in the middle of her chin flashed out. She snapped her little camera back into its case. She smiled at the photographers with frank friendliness.

"Shoot!" said Ishbel MacDonald.

This incident at Niagara during her recent American tour is a symbol of the whole fabric of the life of the daughter of Prime Minister J. Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain. Ishbel MacDonald, by nature a taker of pictures, has accepted the fate of posing for pictures, accepted joyously, gracefully, with all the fervor of her being. She spent most of the day at Niagara being photographed; aboard the "Maid of the Mist," down in the caves behind the Falls, leaning over railings hundreds of feet above the torrent. Her own camera stayed hidden away. She seemed happy. And those pictures of her were the best she ever had taken.

SOMEHOW, that tells Ishbel's story: Ishbel, at twenty-six, youngest mistress of Downing Street in British history; spunky, capable, lovely Ishbel, whose personality caught the imagination of a whole people the moment she stepped from the transatlantic liner which brought her to the United States on a mission of peace.

Ishbel MacDonald is hostess of Great Britain now. But she started out to be a professional social worker earning a modest salary, doing what she believed was noble work, the kind of work she adored. She wanted this humble fate as passionately as your poet wants to write his epic, your painter to paint his masterpiece. For Ishbel is by nature a social worker. Her ready sympathy, her gentle understanding, her zestful interest in human relations fit her for this field which circumstance, in the shape of her father's political triumphs, has put beyond her reach. But there are no regrets, no yearnings, no rebellions in Ishbel's breast. As at Niagara, she smiles at the world with frank friendliness, doing the job at hand thoroughly and happily. The magic of her personality has been poured into another mold. The personality remains the same.

"I have my work," said Ishbel MacDonald, when she made her debut as the nation's official guest. "My work is in the London County Council. There I belong."

She went on to talk about education committees, baby clinics, nutrition, violet rays, organized play, nursery schools. She talked with the same passion her father infuses into his speeches on world peace. Yet she knew all the while her work really was in the house at Number Ten Downing Street. There she must entertain the officials of her government. There she must be when her father comes home with guests. There she must meet delegations, arrange programs of political engagements, give interviews, study economic and international affairs. When the London County Council work interferes, she must forget the County Council.

Ishbel MacDonald has made a strange adjustment to life. The social worker in her is her most eloquent self. Everywhere she goes her adolescent dreams shine through the firm, transparent screen of her newer rôle. Yet the new life is the stronger. The present and the future are more real to her than the past. And she is content.

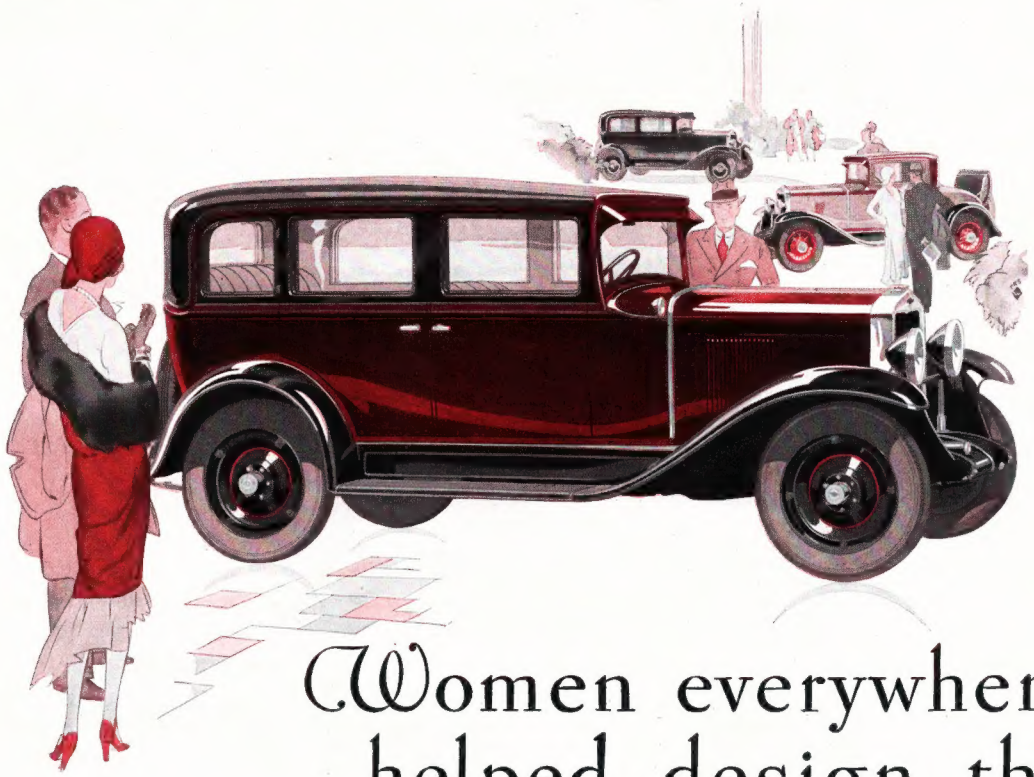
In New York, while the Prime Minister attended state functions, while Rose Rosenberg, her father's secretary and her friend, saw the sights, while friends pleaded for tea dates, matinée company, dance partners, Ishbel MacDonald visited day nurseries, children's courts, settlement houses. They were sentimental pilgrimages. They were to her what her father's return to Canada, scene of his wedding trip, was to him.

She appeared a self-sufficient professional worker, striding into airy rooms to make inspections. Coolly, appraisingly, she gazed into chubby faces, poked well-covered ribs. "Full weight, aren't they?" or "Quick little chap!" were her remarks. Her queries were technical. Ishbel MacDonald was doing a familiar job. For perhaps sixteen hours out of 516 spent on this side of the Atlantic, she was her old self.

ISHBEL began life with the average chances of a normal young woman for realizing her dreams. Never a brilliant scholar, a gifted musician, artist, writer or sportswoman, but always a quick, level-headed, sensitive little girl, with a feeling for people that is rarer than listed talents, she spent most of her childhood in London, although holidays were in Lossiemouth, Scotland, the family headquarters. That is why her speech lacks the Scottish burr of her father's. That is why her interests have been tied up with the cramped humanity of a metropolis.

She played, she studied, she fantasized. Her two sisters and three brothers, one of whom died at the age of five, were her dearest friends. She had no interests but those which clustered about her home and her school. Yet she was a child with original thoughts. She tells the story herself, of a teacher whose pupil she was at the age of ten. This teacher confided a few years ago: "I never liked Ishbel MacDonald. She had too definite ideas."

One of the reasons why Ishbel likes to repeat this story is that she so seldom is given credit for any ideas of her own. The main currents of her life naturally were directed by her father. [*Turn to page 67*]



A CAR FOR HER, TOO

Women everywhere helped design the NEW CHEVROLET SIX

Women everywhere helped design the new Chevrolet Six—with its beautiful new bodies by Fisher. Their letters have come from all over America—now with a suggestion, now with a request, now praising this or that feature.

And every one of these letters was carefully considered by Chevrolet and Fisher designers. The steering wheel should be set lower . . . the brakes should be easier to apply . . . the gasoline gauge should be on the dash . . . seats should be made deeper.

Others asked that certain features be retained—the adjustable driver's seat . . . the smooth clutch action . . . the easy steering . . . the harmonious design of the fittings . . . the comfortable and stylish interiors.

Every worthwhile suggestion was adopted. For women are using Chevrolet cars more widely every day—and their tastes, their desires, their suggestions are entitled to the utmost consideration.

Chevrolet and Fisher believe you'll like the Greatest Chevrolet in Chevrolet History. Its design, in every particular, is meant to be better suited to a woman's taste and needs.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The Greatest CHEVROLET *in Chevrolet History*

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
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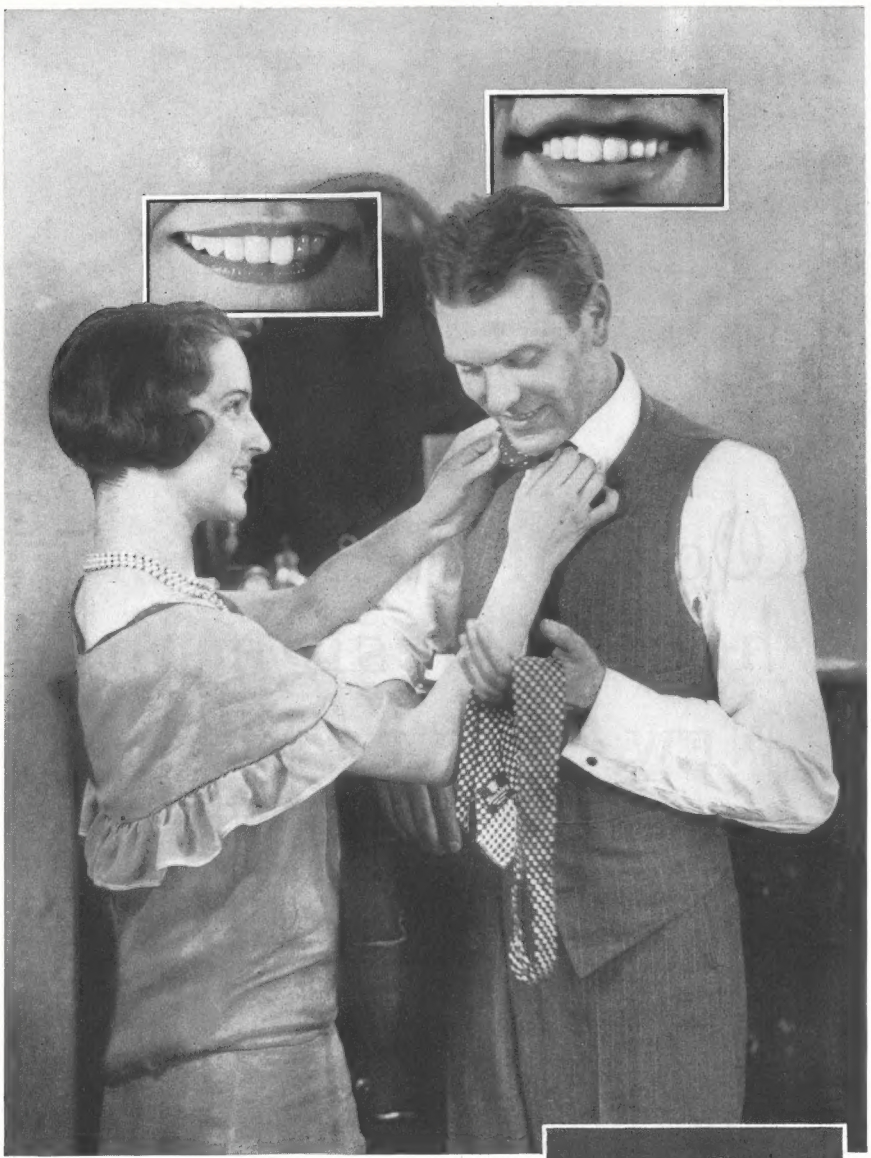
A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

The thrift dentifrice with the wonderful after-effect



ARE you willing to make a trifling experiment that will delight you and save you considerable money?

Then switch to Listerine Tooth Paste and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price. You will quickly make these important discoveries:—

—That it whitens teeth remarkably—sometimes within a few days.

—That it removes blemishes and discolorations that ordinary dentifrices fail to affect.

—That, because of its fine texture, it penetrates tiny crevices between the teeth and routs out matter causing decay.

—That it leaves your mouth with that exhilarating after-effect you associate with Listerine itself.

—*That it cuts your tooth paste bill approximately in half.*

There can be no greater testimony of the outstanding merit of Listerine Tooth Paste than its rise from obscurity four years ago to a commanding position among the leaders today. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy a good tie or two with what it saves you

There are a great many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, rather than dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A tie is merely a suggestion. Handkerchiefs, hosiery, haberdashery are other possibilities.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Margalo Gillmore charmingly portrays a lady of long ago in "Berkeley Square," that bewitching play in which Leslie Howard (right) stars brilliantly

What's Going On In The World

From Time To Time

A REVIEW OF THE THEATER

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

IN *BERKELEY SQUARE,* John L. Balderson has taken a subtle proposition in higher mathematics and made it into an engrossing play. Part of his success is due to the fact that he has allowed X to equal Leslie Howard. Mr. Balderson has undertaken to unravel the mystery of time. To most of us this phase of existence is all too real. Time is our most palpable tyrant. "If I only had the time," is one of the most recurrent of human complaints. And so the average clock-puncher is delighted to happen upon a comedy in which time is shown up as the fraud it is. Ruthlessly the author demolishes the familiar caste system which has always divided the future from the past and made the present something else again. Mr. Balderson tells us that these are really kin rigged up in strange disguises to make existence still more complicated than it need be.

Roy Chapman Andrews

His case is stated prettily in the words of Peter Standish, the character designated to serve as hero. "Suppose," he says, "you are in a boat, sailing down a winding stream. You watch the banks as they pass you. You went by a grove of maple trees, upstream. But you can't see them now, so you saw them in the past, didn't you? You're watching a field of clover now; it's before your eyes at this moment, in the present. But you don't know yet what's around the bend in the stream there ahead of you; there may be wonderful things, but you can't see them until you get around the bend, in the future, can you? Now remember, you're in the boat. But I'm up in the sky above you, in a plane. I'm looking down on it all. I can see, all at once, the trees you saw upstream; the field of clover that you see now; and what's waiting for you, around the bend ahead! All at once! So the past, present, and future of the man in the boat are all one, to the man in the plane. Doesn't that show how all Time must really be one? Real Time—real Time is nothing but an idea in the mind of God!"

This is a clear and clever way of stating a somewhat complex philosophic concept; but of course some ingenious application of the idea must be made if drama is to be developed. You cannot make a play about a man in a boat and another in an airplane. At any rate Mr. Balderson has not tried. Instead, he has matched true love against the barrier of time. Peter Standish marches back into the Eighteenth Century and becomes his own ancestor and while moving from time to time he encounters a girl whom he loves. And she loves him. But the great frustration arises from the fact that nothing much can be done about it. [*Turn to page 167*]

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH VIOLA PARADISE

The Month Of The Itching Heel

MARCH is the month of the itching heel. Wherever you are, you burn to go Somewhere Else. Sometimes buying a new hat will assuage your restlessness; but as a rule nothing less than a trip will suffice—a journey by hook or crook, or by book.

Henry Sloane Coffin, D.D.

The season's literature offers you seven-league boots to take you far a-field and a-sea; and easier house slippers for nearby places. If you wish to "see America first," Lyle Saxon's *Old Louisiana* reads like a novel, sometimes like a thriller, with its tales of Indian raids, slave days, and, more currently, of certain grand families fallen upon lean times. The account of the gay Dangerfields has the same reckless charm as the Sanger Circus in *The Constant Nymph;* and the elocution lesson in the Family Portrait chapter will keep you a-chuckle even in a bitter March wind. E. H. Suydam provides lovely illustrations.

Paul Wilstach's *Tidewater, Virginia,* another book of the South, gives you in a leisurely fashion much valuable information about that part of Virginia where the first permanent settlement in America was made.

Perhaps you are of those whose mind, at the very word "travel," leaps to Paris. Then read *Paris Is a Woman's Town* by Helen Josephy and Mary Margaret McBride. This book provides the shyest maiden-voyager with information and confidence; and the seasoned traveler with many new tips. The early chapters may mislead you into thinking it is only for the rich. But its chatty, racy charm will sweep you past that doubt; and whatever your purse or purpose you'll find it bulging with nuggets of wisdom and common sense, whether you go to Paris to shop, to live, for an education, or to have a good time.

A smaller audience will prefer *Paris in Profile* by George Slocombe, a deep, rich book by a man who knows Paris down to the marrow of its bones, and can convey its beauty and tradition and all its flavors. This book is for you if you love to loiter about the city's ancient streets, poke along at the bookstalls, linger in old churches, or to cast a swifter eye over the latest works of artists in Paris; or if you like to sit at a sidewalk café and discuss Art and Life, [*Turn to page 48*]

How I Think Of God

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

DR. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, D.D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

DR. COFFIN is the President of Union Theological Seminary in New York, to which he was called after a famous pastorate in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. A many-sided man, he is one of the most influential teachers of religious faith in our generation, widely known as preacher and author, especially in such books as *The Creed of Jesus* and *What Is There in Religion?*—a most helpful book to those who are perplexed in faith. In the following sermon he speaks frankly of his deepest confidences in a manner to captivate and convince, showing how the oldest faith may be united with the newest knowledge.

"God is to me the creative Force, behind and in the universe, who manifests Himself as energy, as life, as order, as beauty, as thought, as [*Turn to page 184*]

Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade," a mixture of music, romance, satire, comedy

What's Going On In The World

The Love Parade

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

WHEN Maurice Chevalier smiles, sings, and struts in *The Love Parade,* one forgets that the movie camera and the movietone are mere mechanical contrivances, that the screen is a dull, two-dimensional surface and that, after all, there never can be a satisfactory substitute for flesh-and-blood actuality. For there is a magic in Chevalier which goes with his grin, his attitudes, his antics; and accompanies them on the perilous journey through the lenses of the camera and the tubes of the sound apparatus; and that magic glows forth from the screen and warms and stimulates and delights the audience.

The Love Parade is not a sensationally entertaining picture. A mixture of music, romance, satire, and low comedy, it has its obvious ups and downs, and of the latter there are far too many. But it has Chevalier, and it also has a few evidences of the directorial genius of Ernst Lubitsch.

John Barrymore proves to be another actor whose talent is sturdy enough to survive the canning process. It has long been known that he could—and, unfortunately, would—act so violently on the screen as to be almost unbearable. Appearing in talking pictures, he returns to the form that made him great in former days on the stage. His first full-length offering, *General Crack,* is the romantic tale of a midde-European swash-buckler of the Eighteenth Century. It is the sort of rôle that any Barrymore would love and could play to the queen's taste; and John Barrymore has turned to it with all the ardor and the grace of which he is capable.

Much of the dialogue that has been written into *General Crack* is not what it should be, but that happens to be a defect of minor importance. The main features are the action and the star's profile, and we are given plenty of both.

Mr. Barrymore also appears for a few minutes in the opulent Warner Brothers' revue, *The Show of Shows,* presenting a scene from *Richard the Third.* This brief episode proves, as did *The Taming of the Shrew,* that the beauty, the majesty, and the wit of Shakespeare may all be recorded on the audible screen.

One of these days we may hope to see a production of *Romeo and Juliet* such as has never been dreamed of before.

As to the rest of *The Show of Shows:* It is advertised to possess, in its cast, no fewer than seventy-seven stars, and the effort involved in keeping track of these stars, indeed in identifying each of them in the mob, is so great that the spectator quickly becomes tired out and may even doze off for a while.

The Sky Hawk is much simpler, having no stars at all, and therefore is considerably more entertaining. In fact, it is just about the best thriller that has come forth from Hollywood this season. Its hero is a British aviator in the great war who is branded a coward and decorated with the white feather. He has the chance to redeem himself when a German Zeppelin, laden with bombs, flies over London in the night. [*Turn to page 48*]

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

Romeo Probably Played One

FOR centuries the lute has been an object of passionate interest in literary circles, particularly among the poets. Shakespeare's famous reference to "Orpheus and his lute"—which, by the way, was probably a harp—is one of a host of instances in which the instrument has received favorable mention from the bards. I rather suspect that the chief reason for its lyrical popularity is the fact that it is about the only musical instrument that rimes with another. When Dryden mentioned "the soft, complaining flute," he was irrevocably committed to pairing it with "the warbling lute," even though he might have perferred the violoncello or the slide trombone.

The Aguilar Lute Quartette of Madrid

I suspect, too, that Dryden never heard a lute; for even in his day it was well on the road to obsolescence. Moreover, if he had heard one he probably wouldn't have described it as "warbling." A lute does several things, but it certainly warbles no more than a mandolin whistles or a piccolo croons.

What sounds it does produce were delightfully expounded this season by the Aguilar Lute Quartette of Madrid, who opened their first American tour last winter with three immensely successful recitals in New York's Town Hall. The quartette is a family affair, composed of three brothers and a sister; and, appropriately enough, they play a family of lutes. Elisa Aguilar plays the ordinary lute of song and story; Paco Aguilar plays the so-called grand lute, the bass member of the ensemble; and the brothers Pepe and Ezequiel play the small lutes, which might be designated the first and second sopranos of the quartette. All four being excellent musicians and deeply in earnest concerning the possibility of lute-playing, they have won widespread European renown by demonstrating that the instrument, despite its antiquity, is still a factor to be reckoned with in modern ensemble music.

The lute of medieval and Tudor times was strung somewhat like a guitar, its strings being attached to a low bridge that was simply glued to the sound-board of the instrument. This structural weakness made it impossible to stretch the strings very tight, so that any considerable volume of sound was out of the question. The lute consequently went down before the sturdier and more powerful mandolin, and vanished from the musical field almost literally until the Aguilars revived it.

The lute that the Aguilars play is the modern Spanish lute, and is more practicably built than its ancestor. In essentials, however, it is the same lute that Romeo probably played upon for Juliet, and you might find it interesting, therefore, to know what it looks and sounds like.

It looks much like a large mandolin at first sight, but with a neck proportionately shorter and a body much broader and shallower. The small lute is about a third larger than the average mandolin. The ordinary lute is about a third larger than that; while the grand lute, with its bass strings, is really an armful. It is harder to play than the mandolin, for it has twelve strings, tuned in pairs, against the mandolin's eight. The lute employs gut strings, whereas those of the mandolin are of wire.

Like the mandolin, it is usually played with a pick or, since the lute is, after [*Turn to page 148*]

To the Woman whose husband is wedded to his work

WHAT if his business day seldom ends at five . . . that's little reason for you to become an overtime widow. Perhaps if he had a cheery, comfortable place of his own at home where he could get things done . . . Why not? Something as quieting, as inviting, as the room illustrated?

Happy thought! And let's not call it a *den*. First, we won't make it fussy . . . nothing to disturb his masculine sensibilities. Even the floor must be sedate, have a businesslike dignity. Well . . . why not the same type of floor he walks on all day long?

A splendid start—for with a softly colored floor of Armstrong's Linoleum we can literally make over any room of the house, even transform spare-room space that always foiled past decorating efforts. What pattern shall we pick? There are scores to choose from. We can even design our own floor with the new Linosets (fashionable figured inserts), and Linostrips (feature border effects).

The new floor, too, can be all in place

before he comes home for dinner; yes, in time to let you fix up the whole room. And that means permanently cemented over linoleum lining felt.

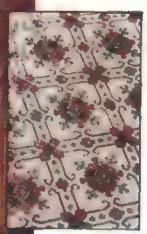
You won't have to tiptoe in when you bring him his slippers. This floor is quiet. If he paces up and down when he solves knotty problems, it won't remind him—or you. It's so springy, so foot-cushioning. Warm, too.

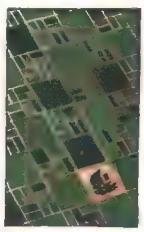
Another thing you'll both appreciate. An Armstrong's Linoleum Floor won't spot or stain. Even ink wipes right up. That's a feature of the new Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing keeps it like new. Should the floor need frequent washing, just renew the surface with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Breathes there a man overburdened with business cares who wouldn't welcome the soothing quiet of a room like this? Here even the floor invites repose. It is a quiet, foot-easy Armstrong's Linoleum, Design No. 63.

Like some help?

Draw a little diagram of the man's room you'd like to plan—or any other room you intend to redecorate. Describe the furnishings. Hazel Dell Brown of our Bureau of Interior Decoration will gladly lend a hand, send you complete color scheme set-ups of actual materials for walls, woodwork, draperies, and floors. The complete story of this free service is explained in Mrs. Brown's latest book—"New Ideas in Home Decoration." Ten cents in stamps brings you a copy. (Canada 20¢.) Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 327 Lincoln Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.





Left—Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid No. 3058. Right—Another Embossed effect now showing, Design No. 6007.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN ~ INLAID ~ JASPÉ ~ EMBOSSED ~ PRINTED ~ *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

When artist meets mechanic - WAR!

ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES *No.* 21

The sound of a military march thumped through the windows of a homey house in a little Eastern town. A blue-eyed young woman answered the door and my question about soap.

"Come in," she said, "and I'll tell you about it. That fearful noise is Peter practicing his march for the school entertainment." And Peter, just 5 years old, sat spic and span in a white sailor suit, playing with *both* hands!

"You'd never believe that angel could get dirty," smiled his mother ruefully. "But he does! And Robert, his brother—he's in the garage building an airplane. Yesterday Peter was practicing and Robert was hammering, and Robert said Peter's practicing bothered his hammering and Peter said Robert's hammering bothered his practicing—and so they threw MUD at each other."

And she smiled as only mothers smile when they're so proud of their children that they're even proud of their *badness*.

Mrs. Osgood* teaches music. That explains Peter. And she uses P AND G White Naphtha soap. That explains why she can keep house, teach music and keep Peter and Robert clean as angels —when they're through throwing mud.

* Not her real name of course.

Two blouses a day for 1 week equals 14 blouses plus all the other household linen. That's Mrs. Osgood's weekly laundry. "P AND G doesn't waste away like some other soaps," she says, "and it gets clothes clean with hardly any rubbing. It's a wonderful soap. And it's so nice and *white*. I prefer white soap, don't you?"

Yes, I do. And I *know* P AND G is wonderful—it combines naphtha with fine white soap. It loosens dirt—in hot or cold water, hard or soft. And it *doesn't* waste away in the water, because it's so firm.

Why *does* such a good soap cost so much less? The reason really is: P AND G is used by more women than any other soap in the world. So—P AND G is made in enormous quantities—and Procter & Gamble can buy the fine materials that go into it at a great advantage. This means that a very large cake of P AND G can be sold to you for actually less, ounce for ounce, even than ordinary soaps.

So P AND G costs less *because it is so popular*. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap*.

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

FREE! "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Send a post card for free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*, to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. NM-30, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Women today are depending on *white* soaps. Our P AND G visitor recently found 3 out of 4 women in one Michigan city using P AND G. "Oh," said one, "I want my white clothes to be *really* white—so I use P AND G."

The largest-selling soap in the world

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MARCH McCALL'S 1930

The next moment, even as she watched him, he sank out of sight

Can a woman's heart deny the command to love? This theme is carried to a triumphant conclusion in

FIRE OF YOUTH

By Margaret Pedler

Illustrated by **W. C. HOOPLE**

THE little bay of St. Torrens lay very calm and tranquil, almost asleep it seemed, beneath the hot summer sun. A placid blue sea crept lingeringly up its sloping shore. To the right, a low, craggy headland jutted out toward the water, forming one arm of the bay and revealing glimpses of gray walls betwixt the foliage of the trees which crowned its summit, whilst to the left a narrowish tongue of land, scattered with seaweed-covered rocks, constituted the other arm. Beyond this ran the stretch of beach and golden sands which fronted the quaint little town of Torrenby.

The beach was dotted with bathing-tents and big, bright-colored sun umbrellas, but on this hot July morning it was tenanted only by the figure of a man lying on the sand, his arms folded lazily behind his head, his eyes closed.

Anything more luxuriously indolent and reposeful could hardly be imagined. A tiger lying basking in the sun might have presented a similar appearance of sheer, care-free, physical enjoyment. Yet a glance at the man's face conveyed an abrupt contradiction. It was that of a man of forty-six or thereabouts and still retained an undeniable beauty of feature. But it was lined and haggard as though the weariness of his spirit had at last set its indelible mark on the flesh—a restless, unhappy face.

Suddenly a clamor of mingled shouts and laughter broke across the stillness of the little cove, and at the

sound Guy Wetherby jerked himself into a sitting posture and his glance traveled inquiringly in the direction whence issued the gay hubbub of voices. For a moment no explanation was forthcoming; the next, a couple of canoes, each manned by a man and girl in bathing kit, came sweeping round the corner of the headland. Obviously a friendly speed competition was in progress, since both couples were paddling their hardest.

As Wetherby watched their approach a mingled expression crossed his face—half tolerant amusement, half irritation, and underlying these a familiar, never blunted pain. Those four lithe, vital young creatures who were flashing by in the canoes were his children—his and Monica's. And Monica, the woman he had idolized with an almost crazy devotion, was dead. She had died sixteen years ago in giving birth to the youngest of the four. His mouth twisted wryly. He would have swapped the lot of them for one touch of her hand, one sound of her voice to tell him that she still lived and moved on this earth which had been nothing but a wilderness since her death . . . .

THE race drew to a swift conclusion as some one of the quartette caught sight of the solitary individual on the shore. Immediately arms waved and vigorous young voices came ringing across the intervening water. Then a slight figure stood up in one of the canoes, balancing itself precariously. Followed a plunge, the boat rocked perilously, then righted itself, and an instant later a girl's brown head bobbed up to the surface of the sea. With swift overhand strokes she swam toward land.

Guy's face softened a little as he watched her. If there was one amongst his children for whom he really had a definite regard it was for his elder daughter, Phil. Now and again some tone in her voice, gesture of head or hands, reminded him of Monica. Not that she actually resembled her mother, for the latter had been a very lovely woman, and even the most partial observer could not have accused Phil of any pretensions to beauty.

She now ran quickly up the slope of the shore to a promiscuous heap of gaily colored peignoirs and towels that had been tossed down on the sand, and, picking up one of the latter, sauntered across to where Guy was lying.

"Lazy man!" she observed accusingly, when she reached his side. "Why don't you ever come and bathe with your offspring in a morning?"

He contemplated in silence a moment the blue expanse of water in front of them.

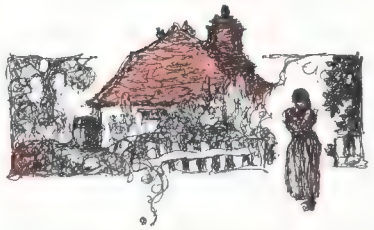
"The sea—your English sea—is so extremely wet and cold," he complained at last, with a shiver of distaste.

"'Your English sea'!" A faint note of indignation glowed in Phil's voice. "I believe you're really more than half a foreigner."

Again he was silent. Then he looked at her with an indulgent smile.

"Do you know, I believe I am," he admitted. "I feel far more of a stranger over here than I do on the Continent. After all, it isn't very surprising, is it? I suppose I haven't spent sixteen months in England during the last sixteen years."

"Hurt? Are you hurt?" His words were charged with terror



It was quite true. Since Monica's death he had lived almost entirely abroad, only paying an occasional flying visit to Wetherby Grange—the big gray house on the headland overlooking the bay—out of a vague sense of obligation. He would much have preferred to remain abroad altogether. Every stick and stone of the old place was haunted for him—the rooms in which she had laughed and wept and loved him, the gardens where she had been wont so busily to play at gardening, the woods in which together they had spent so many gloriously happy hours . . . .

But he supposed a man owed it to his children to be with them now and then, and, although he had little enough affection for any of them excepting Phil, there was one other whom he still cared to see—Jemima, his dead wife's sister, who lived at the Grange and tried to fill her place toward the children she had left behind.

"How long are you going to stop with us this time?" Phil's question followed as a corollary to his last remark.

He flashed a quick glance at her from under his lids. There was something Puckish and disarming in his expression.

"I've been here a month," he suggested.

"And that's as long as you can stand it, I suppose?" she returned.

The direct question brought its answer.

"Pretty nearly," he replied candidly. "*You* know I can't stand being very long in England. Everything that made it worth while went ages ago. At least one can amuse oneself abroad. There's sunshine, and it's gay. And there are always the tables where you can gamble and forget the things you don't want to remember." He gave a short laugh. "I'll present you with a piece of valuable advice, Phil. In this life you can't alter anything that's happened. So make the best of what's left."

She paused in the process of drying her hair and regarded him gravely. "I don't think you do that," she commented. "You don't make the best of your children—of us. You don't even try to."

Guy shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear, I was giving you a piece of sound advice. Really sound. But, unfortunately, I can't take it myself."

Phil dropped the towel she had been using onto the sand beside her and clasped her hands round her bare knees. Now that her hair was dry it showed bright little touches of gold here and there where the sun had caught it just as her father's did.

"I suppose that means you are going away again, then," she said flatly.

"Who's going away?" called out a boyish voice.

BY this time, the remaining three occupants of the canoes had brought their skiffs safely to shore and beached them; and were making their way leisurely toward the spot where Phil was sitting with her father—a trio of whom any normal author of their being might have been reasonably proud, she reflected with an inner flash of resentment.

"Who's going away?" The speaker was a boy of seventeen.

In spite of his undeniable plainness he bore a certain elusive likeness to Phil herself which labeled them brother and sister. Only while she was merely slender he was actually boney, and the sun which had tanned her face to a desirable "all-over" golden brown, had freely besprinkled his with freckles. None the less, there was something very pleasant about Budge Wetherby's blunt, squarish features, crowned by a thatch of rumpled wet brown hair, and in the half-humorous glance of his clear brown eyes.

"The Parent is going abroad again." Phil answered his inquiry with an expressive dryness of intonation that was quite unconscious.

"Can't ever stick us all for long, can you, Father?" suggested Budge, with a grin.

A faint smile crossed Guy's own lips. He was perfectly aware that he had long ago been tried in the balance by his children and found wanting. But it didn't seem to him to matter very much. Nothing had ever mattered much, really, since Monica died, except to get through life as best he could.

"I can't say," he answered Budge coolly. "I've never tried 'sticking you all' for any length of time. Better put it that I can't stick England for long."

The boy nodded.

"It does sound better that way," he agreed bluntly.

A slight look of annoyance passed over Guy's face and he sprang to his feet. "Why are Piers and Venetia loitering like that?" he demanded irritably. He glanced at his watch. "It's close upon lunch time. Give them a shout to come on."

Budge shouted obediently, and the two remaining members of the canoeing party waved a reply and resumed their progress over the sand. But quite unhurriedly. Still deep in discussion, they came sauntering along together, regardless of the fact that they were keeping a hungry and impatient parent waiting.

In appearance both were so amazingly unlike either Budge or Phil that it was almost difficult to believe they were actually another brother and sister. As Phil herself sometimes ruefully remarked: "They're undoubtedly the beauties of the family, Budge. You and I weren't around when the Wetherby quota of good looks was being handed out."

It was true. Piers Wetherby was possessed of a dark beauty that frequently led strangers into putting him down as of Spanish or Italian extraction. Black hair sleeked back over his head, somber-dark eyes with straight black brows above them, and a skin, naturally olive, which wind and sun had burned to a deep bronze, all combined to give him a somewhat un-English appearance.

THE girl at his side offered a very complete contrast. A slim, unformed slip of a thing she was, with dark blue eyes and hair that shone copper-gold in the sunlight—as fair as he was dark. Someone had once said of Venetia that "she was far too beautiful to end happily," but her young loveliness seemed to afford her father little satisfaction, for his glance seldom rested on her if he could avoid it. She reminded him too poignantly of Monica, whom she closely resembled and whose life had paid for her existence.

Instinctively, therefore, when brother and sister came within speaking distance, Guy disregarded her and addressed himself to Piers.

"Don't hurry yourself on any account," he said with mild sarcasm. "Perhaps you haven't observed that we are all waiting for you."

Piers' dark head went up haughtily.

"There was no particular reason why you should wait for us, was there?" he retorted.

The eyes of father and son met combatively. It seemed as though some undercurrent of mutual dislike flowed between them.

"There's no particular reason why we should have to do so," returned Guy shortly. "That's why I suggested you should obviate the necessity. It's already lunch time, and, as you know, I prefer my meals at the proper time."

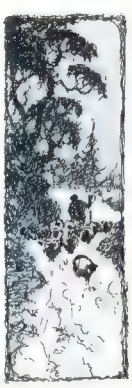
"By all means, then, let the animals go in to be fed—by clockwork," replied Piers. And marched on ahead without another word, Budge and Venetia following behind him.

"That young devil badly wants wheeling into line," remarked Guy, as he and Phil brought up the rear of the party.

"Well, and whose job should that be?" she rejoined composedly.

He looked down at her with a whimsical smile. Somehow he was never offended by anything Phil chose to say to him. "Mine, I suppose you mean," he admitted. "Sorry, Phil, but I can't tackle it. Life itself will do it for him in time, same as it does for all of us sooner or later," he added with bitterness.

"You don't approve of anyone for giving up what they like?"



He did not speak again, and Phil followed him in equal silence up the narrow zigzag path which climbed the headland, forming a private way between Wetherby Grange and the shore.

Usually she extended a half-amused tolerance toward her father. There was a certain lovable side to his character which he had shown to her more than to any of the others. Once in a while she would catch a glimpse of the almost unbearable loneliness and disillusion which had made him what he was. But now, all at once, a wave of resentment against him surged up within her. He had failed his children, failed them completely, and because of that they would probably have to pay, and pay, and pay when they ultimately came to grips with life.

IT HAD always been called the playroom, ever since the days when the young Wetherbys had emerged from the nursery and taken possession of it for the various pursuits demanded by their increasing years. And here, this afternoon, the four Wetherbys were gathered in conclave discussing the news which Phil had elicited during the morning—the news of their father's intended departure for the Continent.

"When's he going?" demanded Piers moodily. "Did he condescend to tell you?"

She nodded.

"I asked him," she replied. "He's off by the early train tomorrow morning."

"Humph! And so we go on, he thoroughly enjoying himself at Monte Carlo or somewhere, while we're left to muddle along any old how." Piers' dark young face held a passionate resentment.

"It *is* awkward having only a Visiting Parent," acknowledged Phil with a sigh.

"The chief awkwardness," put in Budge drily, "being that his checks are almost as occasional as his visits."

Phil looked across at him with friendly commiseration. She knew very well what constituted Budge's ambition in life. Dowered with no special gift, he had an unusual faculty for managing animals, particularly horses. It seemed almost as though some secret sympathetic understanding existed between his mind and theirs. Even a thoroughly bad-tempered horse would yield sooner or later to his hands and voice, and many a farmer in the neighborhood had to thank him for breaking in some wild young colt that no one else seemed able to gentle into good behavior. Budge's real desire in life was to breed polo ponies for sale, breaking them to stick and ball himself. "Only it needs capital to start," he was wont to say dejectedly. "And I haven't a bean."

"I've a good mind," Piers took up the thread of the family grievance, "to tackle the Parent before he quits this time and insist on his making some definite arrangement."

"For you to study painting, do you mean?" Venetia, prone on the divan, her chin propped on her clasped hands, suddenly flung in her contribution to the discussion.

Piers' glance roamed discontentedly from one to another of the sketches which adorned the walls. "Yes," he grunted. "Look at those rotten objects. If I don't begin soon it'll be too late!" [*Turn to page 78*]

Andrew waited in agony while the plane shot up like a skyrocket in a tortured twisting climb

DRIVING MISTS

When a woman of thirty loves a lad of twenty must she pay the price of her folly? Or is there an even greater toll—the boy's faith in life? This riddle is etched against the skies in a story of unending beauty

By Marguerite Jacobs

Illustrated by W. E. HEITLAND

FIRST Lieutenant Andrew Quentin Burchnell swung his sharp-nosed, single-seater speed plane into the wind and lifted it off, tilting it straight toward the low clouds. The air was rough as a choppy sea, the plane rocking, slipping and dropping, requiring constant handling and all his skill at the controls. Even at this altitude the cold was bitter in his nostrils. Four hundred miles through storm this morning and he had taken off again without lunch. Two hundred miles still to go and darkness would come early. Below him as he climbed spread dense mist; above the sky was low and leaden. A sensible pilot would turn back and trust to better flying weather another time. But that letter of Lucy's— Again the motor roared to his climb, the plane plunging and tossing, until at twelve thousand feet, emerging suddenly from the opaque gray, he discovered blue sky, smooth air and smiling sun.

"Hello, Phoebus," he greeted crossly; "thought you had quit on the job."

Checking his direction by compass, he relaxed at the controls for the first time that day. Again his sister's letter haunted his eyes.

They were going to operate, Lucy had written, and she was worried. Not for herself, but for Rennie. She would face the valley of shadows, though she didn't like it. But when a woman reared a man-child to the age of twenty-one, putting into him all the wisdom she had been able to wring from living, he was her very life work, and her real tragedy would be seeing that life work cheapened or marred. Of course there was a woman in the case. Could Andrew come? Lucy believed he might help her.

Could he come? Lucy had been eleven when he was born and their mother died and she was the memory of all the mothering he had ever known. When his war marriage had ended in catastrophe, it was Lucy's understanding that had washed away the hate and bitterness poisoning his brain. Now along marched Rennie, just eleven years his junior, to extract an only son's toll of anxiety from her heart.

Determined to fly, Rennie had come to him this last year as often as escape from college would permit. He remembered the first unofficial lesson—Rennie scared and stiff at the controls. "I wouldn't try to squeeze juice out of the stick, Rennie," he had reminded him. "It's metal, you know." Then that gradual, sure limbering into oneness with the plane. Any instructor would have been proud of him. Daring, but taking his orders like a gentleman. Conscious of his quick adaptability to the air, but not losing his head over it.

Those nights they had spent at Andrew's quarters, smoking and reading, each on his own side of the stove. And the look in Rennie's eyes when he had confessed to being in love. A man, Rennie, for all his youngster's years. A man's passion in voice and accents, in the restless stride with which he had betaken himself to the window as if he had counted on the darkness without to cool the white fire which the mention of his beloved had aroused.

Cheapened and marred, Lucy wrote. Unfortunately it happened to the whitest fire all too often. He ought to know. But somehow that night Rennie had touched to life some sleeping thing in himself, had dragged from vast subconscious depths a haunting sense of loneliness and unhappiness. Or rather hadn't all that started before, with the sight of that girl?

Suddenly Lucy and Rennie were forgotten and there sprang full-tilt in his imagination the street of a distant city and a woman from whose face he could not take his eyes, watching an airplane high above. But the airplane had disappeared in the distance, and she in a shop entrance. Scarcely enough to stir ultimately his emotional sluggishness, perhaps, had not a month later coincidence reproduced the same girl for him—this time in an east-bound Pullman. Using a magazine as a blind, he had watched with increasing fascination through the long afternoon the brown delightful head. Some deeply unassertive quality intrigued him. The old-fashioned nouns, "fortitude", "nobility", sprang to mind. But they scarcely had spirit enough, and all were contradictorily rugged to link with the long-fringed dark eyes, the fine olive skin, and the gently oval structure of her face.

An older woman, evidently her mother, who nagged without surcease, accompanied her. "And you prefer being a nobody and struggling along for every bite you eat—" came to him once as the train slowed down. Later she wept, and the girl weary, but undefeated, rang for water and gave her an aspirin tablet from a tin box.

Then that climax later in the diner—the sudden crash, lurch, and sickening half-overturning of the car. Chairs, food, human beings flung about. The thing had scarcely started to happen when instinct had carried him toward her. But the miracle of miracles was that shielding her mother with her slender arms and body, her eyes had flown past the pitching, snatching figures nearer her, straight to his. Fear in those eyes, but courage, too, they were not seeing him for the first time. They were reaching to him lightning-swift, eager, hailing him with a revealing sense of intimacy, triumph and appeal, as might some spirit akin in very essence in a strange world where bodies were not and finite conventions had never been. He had not reached her through the welter of wreckage, blood and cries, when a blow on the head had struck him unconscious and he had awakened disgustedly in an ambulance on his way to a village hospital. And she had been gone—

THE cold was intense. It must be zero. His compass needle showed him going true north. But how to tell where cross-winds here were carrying him when he couldn't see the ground. He had been plunging along for almost an hour. In another hour he'd feel his way down and see where he was. He settled back to his stick, eyes wandering over his instruments, ears attuned to the even, crashing song of his motor, each flight sense subconsciously alert.

Lucy—operation. What on earth did she think he could do about Rennie's love affair? What could men know of women? Weren't they all fools to beauty? Would he trust his judgment even in the matter of that beauty that had cast a sort of enchantment over his days since his chance encounter with it months ago. Before that for years, indifference and peace, the thought of a woman rarely coming between himself and his strenuous activities. Was he now to be forever aching for a thing he had never known, would probably never know, or which once known would doubtless collapse from glory to mere dust? Queer this thing of living! Above him an infinity of space. Twelve thousand feet beneath him, a hidden planet which he'd strike if he fell. Between the two, himself, a mere lonely atom. Yet within, a fiercely living cosmos all its own in this strange, unhappy longing.

Far beneath he saw suddenly that the cloud blankets had broken, flinging out trailing veils of mist upon which the sun played with an unearthly glory. Upon impulse, he tipped the nose of his plane toward them, watching with a sort of savage joy the needle swing past the two-hundred-mile-per-hour mark. Lower down he pulled a map from under his leg and tried to locate himself. About forty miles off his course, he judged. But with a plane that bettered two miles per minute, that was a small matter.

As he circled over the modest municipal airdrome where he was to land, he saw an automobile and a single figure waiting near the hangar. Rennie, as he lived! It waved an arm. Andrew looped in response, and sideslipping into the narrow field, landed smoothly. As he taxied up, Rennie, his dark eyes flashing, hopped to the stirrup step.

"Everyone's gone," he explained; "but the caretaker left me the key, so we can run her into the hangar and lock her up. Cigarette? How are you Drew?"

Arrangements, cigarette first, greetings after. Like Rennie. As Andrew stamped circulation into his legs, swung it into his arms, they looked at each other, grinning.

"How do you happen to be home?" asked Andrew.

"Spring vacation. Forgot your youth, ancient?"

"May morn has passed me by, sap. Shall we get the plane in?" They lifted, tugged and wheeled it, berthing it in the gloom of the hangar.

"How's Lucy?" asked Andrew.

"Better today. And all-fired anxious to see you.'

"Why wasn't I told sooner that she was sick?"

"None of us were," explained Rennie. "Even now mother won't talk about it. Pain shan't keep her, she says, only when it has her clutched by the throat. When she's free, she wants to forget it."

THAT somehow struck Andrew in the chest. He dragged off his flying togs, Rennie stuffing them into the little plane. "What do the doctors says?"

"It's an operation, of course. But hang it, Drew, Mother's *young*." Youth's inexperienced faith in life spoke in Rennie's optimism.

They drew together the hangar doors, Rennie pocketing the key. Andrew bearing the [*Turn to page 52*]

"You!" Laura gave an involuntary little cry, her wide dark eyes half-frightened

SON OF THE FORESTS

who found the glory of living as he journeyed from the timberlands to fame

By James Oliver Curwood

Quaint little Americans—Jimmie and Amy Curwood

WE WERE at my cabin in the north woods of Michigan, where for ten weeks—from sixteen degrees below zero until the coming of glorious spring—I had shut myself away from the outside world to work on a novel, and to live, while writing my story, in closest touch with that nature which I love so deeply and which to me is as beautiful and as significant when clothed in ice and snow as when invested with the softer and more luxurious raiment of wild-flower time.

Through the open windows and door of my cabin of logs the cool night air brought with it a perfume of pine and balsam and fragrant cedar, breathed like an incense from an unbroken wilderness of valley and swamp and hill, and mingling in my humble abode with the sweetness of trailing arbutus which we had gathered.

The night was filled with stars so bright and clear that heaven seemed to have drawn nearer to us; and in their friendly light, an hour before, we had seen a mother deer and her fawn across my little clearing.

So bright were these thousands of other worlds, and so bright had they been for many nights, that they made me think of friendly homes filled with light and happiness and with no curtains at their windows to shut out their inspiring cheer.

ALL about us was the green and black wilderness; a wilderness that breathed and whispered and softly told tales to itself on this night; a wilderness that beckoned and waved to us gently; that sang a lullaby to the cabin as if the slaughtered timbers in it still had their living friends to comfort and to grieve; a wilderness vibrant with its life and mystery, a Greater Book written by God Himself, a little sign given to man that he might, in time, come to understand the sacrilege and blasphemy of worshipping man-made words and the little tin idols of man-made sects and creeds.

Against the stars in the sky this forest had built itself in spires and towers and battlemented tabernacles as far as the eyes could see; and over my cabin it bent and whispered, while all about was a vast silence so that the man who was with me, my friend, fancied and guessed what I already knew—that in its voice were not only inspiration and hope, but also a yearning to be understood. To me it was a whisper from the Great Master protesting gently against the madness and barbarism of fanatical creeds and religions that have sown discord and dissention throughout the earth since the beginning of human thought, a plea even more gentle for man to take out of his eyes the blinding egoism that had, and forever will until he frees himself from this bondage, bar him from the sublimity and the glory of the one and true understanding of life and of death, and of that indestructible mystery in him which, for lack of a better name, he calls his soul.

I voiced these thoughts to my friend, and after a while he laid a hand on my arm. "Write your story," he said. "You are a part of this. You were born with its blood in your veins. You understand its language. Your heart is a part of its heart. You have told me often that if God has no place for the creatures of nature then you, too, are lost.

You believe that even the trees and flowers have souls, that same indestructible something which is a part of yourself. Write the story for us all."

"I think I shall try," I said.

We sat on the ridge-top for hours, with the moon sailing higher and higher above us. The night itself was growing a little tired when we returned to my cabin and went to bed.

IT WAS in the late snows which precede the spring break-up, one hundred and thirty-four years ago, that a valiant young Dutchman from Schenectady went into the country of the Mohawks and the Oneidas in quest of adventure and fur. His name was Griffein. He was big and blond, smoked a long pipe, and loved the wilderness so well that he was as much a part of it as the Indians themselves.

Somewhere—the exact location has been lost in the passing of years—this adventuresome Dutchman came to a Mohawk village not far from the headwaters of the Canada river, where he was deeply smitten by the beauty of a young Indian maiden. I speak with authority when I say she was beautiful because she was my great-grandmother, and my mother often told me about her, especially when I was a boy. But my grandmother's pictures of her were clearest. She was tall and slim, she said, with magnificent black hair and eyes,

The humble birthplace of a genius for story telling

The novelist in his studio overlooking the banks of his beloved Shiawassee

and she wore shoes—when my great-grandfather induced her to give up moccasins for these more modern contrivances—that were no larger than the palm of my grandmother's hand. Besides, a further proof that she must have been beautiful is the fact that she roused a Dutchman's phlegmatic passions and held them securely and proudly through more than half a century. My mother remembered her, as a very small child, when our forest princess had grown to be more than eighty years of age; and even then in my mother's words, "her hair was glossy and black, like a crow's wing, and she wore such small shoes that at ten years of age I could not get them on."

So of all things I am proudest of my beautiful little great-grandmother from the Mohawk tepees.

At just about the time young Griffein was telling his forest sweetheart how pretty she was, and how dark and somber the world would be for him without her, another event very important to me was happening over in England. Frederick Marryat, afterward a famous naval officer and writer of still more famous stories of the sea, was born. I mention this fact because Captain Marryat happened to be my great-uncle; and at just about the time my mother, as a little child, was marveling at the size of my great-grandmother's tiny feet, this famous great-uncle of mine was occasionally entertaining a lad named James with thrilling tales of adventure—tales so marvelous and inspiring that, a little later, they encouraged this same James to run away to sea, come to America, find my mother, fight through the Civil War, and become my Dad—the finest, cleanest, bravest, most honorable Dad that ever lived.

I MUST have been a great tribulation to my father; and I think his burden of worry began to grow about the time I was between five and six years old, at which age, in company with my chum, Charley Miller, I was the disgrace of West Town, in Owosso, Michigan; where Charley's father ran a combination hotel and saloon and mine an old-fashioned shoe store. This place is now a beautiful little city of fifteen thousand people, but was then only a village with hickory-nut trees growing in the middle of the streets, and cows and chickens and geese feeding wherever they pleased. Right across from our store was a great common filled with pine trees. There were millions of fish and dozens of swimming holes in the river then. Now there are factories and stores where the old pine trees stood, and our sewers empty into the stream.

I have tried at times to make myself believe that the dirtier fun is with honest soil the more godly it is. I suppose that is because, at six years of age, I was one of the dirtiest youngsters living.

And the tragedy of it was that my father was a gallant gentlemen of the old school, exquisite in his courtesy, and that my mother was one of the sweetest, proudest, most quietly refined women imaginable.

Until the day of her death, in 1923, my mother never tired of relating an incident which was entirely typical of my average appearance at that time, in spite of scrub brush and soap and the hours she wasted on me. A gentleman had called upon my parents, and he observed me when I was sucking a few last drops from a beer bottle picked up behind Billy Miller's hotel. As he watched Charley and me—we had just come from painting the interior of a pigpen with the yolks of eggs which Charley had pilfered from the hotel—he expressed a sincere pity for us, a disgust at conditions which could make such appearances possible, and voiced a bitter condemnation of the mother who would "let a child go about like that."

"Who is the child sucking at the bottle?" he asked.

My father would have answered promptly and honestly. But my mother was desperate. Through her mind ran the thought that in some way she would later get hold of me, clean me up again, and the gentleman would then never recognize in her child the little outcast with the beer bottle.

So she, too, expressed sympathy for me, said that the boy lived up the street, and was just on the point of cleverly withdrawing with the gentleman when I ran up to them, and said, "Mamma, can Charley and me have a penny?"

I do not personally recall the shock of that moment. But I do know that it lived for more than thirty years with my wonderful mother, and I believe her mind had gone back to those old days again when, dying in my arms, her last words came to me in a faint whisper, *"Jimmy, be a good little boy."*

And I was good in those days of my juvenile rascality, for any boy who loves his mother and his father as I loved mine must be good in spite of himself, no matter how deeply the shame of dirt may lie upon him.

In me there was already born a kind of story-expression to which I was beginning to give physical manifestation. The first stories I wrote were mud pies. My first novel was a series of thrilling escapades in which Charley and I adventured for other people's eggs, sucked beer bottles, robbed the hotel kitchen and came to the final smashing climax when we cleverly stripped the till of Billy Miller's saloon, dividing our plunder equally by tearing each bill in half, and afterward pasting the halves on the inside of our pigpen, where they were found days later, much to the disgust of the local police.

I had two ambitions in those days; to achieve that monumental pinnacle of opulence where I could buy a whole bunch of bananas, and, still mightier desire, to ride astride, as if on horseback, the beautiful bustle worn by Kate Russell, the hotel cook, when out promenading with her young man. My mother wore a bustle, of course, along with all other ladies of the day, but none of them wore a bustle like Kate's. No romping, leaping mustang of the plains ever held a greater lure for young adventurers than Miss Russell's bustle held for me.

Possibly if I had continued to live in West Town I would have become a genius. But fate carried me to a cleaner environment. My father failed in business. Being honest, he paid his bills. With what little he saved he decided to buy a farm, or at least make a first payment on one. Now my father had adventured at sea, had fought through a great war, had driven my mother in a covered wagon from Ohio to Texas when my oldest sister was a baby, but the buying of this farm proved to be the topping adventure of his life.

In the dead of winter he went with my brother, Ed, who was sixteen years old, down into Ohio, where Dad had done his courting. He bought a small farm—forty acres—with two feet of snow on it. At least he thought it was a farm. But when spring came and the snows went, he discovered a stone quarry.

I WAS six years old then. And for seven years thereafter we lived on that forty-acre depository of stones. I began picking up stones the first summer. I picked them up for seven years. My brother did the same. And my father, too. As fast as we could take off one crop of stones the plow would turn up another. We built stone fences. We had stone-piles as big as our house all over the place. From these piles the county bought two thousand loads of stone at ten cents a load for a swampy stretch of road. Stones everywhere. It was hard to find the dirt, so Dad built a shoe-shop in the corner of our apple orchard and did the country-side cobbling.

But how I did love that stony farm! Not for any other period of my life would I exchange the seven years that it was my home. They were not only happy years, but years of tremendous significance for me. The stones, which filled them, hard, hot, blistering in summer, began the building of my character when I was seven. They set me thinking. They made me see there was something in life besides school and good times. This other thing was a *duty*—a grimmer thing that became more and more necessary to my existence as time went on.

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"I dreamed of make-believe worlds when I was nine"

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

By Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D.

TWO mighty and antagonistic forces encounter each other in modern society: the lust for battle, and the love of peace. They are preëminent, persistent, irreconcilable. The one is inherited from an ageless past: the other efficiently entered upon the scene two thousand years ago. None need wonder that war has been crowned as the foremost achievement of the race. How could it be otherwise? For seventy known centuries, and for many more behind these, about which scholars dimly speculate, the weaponed man enjoyed woman's love, received the imitative obedience of children and youth, and the honors and rewards of society.

His praises were chanted by poets; his deeds recorded by historians; his person decorated by kings. He dictated the course of Empire; the division of the spoils of conquest; the beliefs and customs of the nations.

Then a Babe came to Bethlehem. Among His many titles was "the Prince of Peace." Since His birth, the reign of war and its fascination for popular imagination have been under sentence of death.

Bloodshed and Brotherhood are diametrically opposed. Armed conflict and New Testament Christianity cannot be synchronized. The one must perish if the other is to survive. There is no possible compromise, no middle course.

As mankind advances in moralized intelligence, the mad folly and uselessness of war will outlaw it among civilized States except for police purposes.

IT IS already significant that in America's Hall of Fame the warrior does not lead the list of our illustrious dead. Sixty-five of these now comprise the number elected. Of the total, fifteen were authors; twelve, rulers and statesmen; five educators; five theologians and preachers; five scientists; five military and naval heroes; four, lawyers and judges; four, inventors; three, musicians; five artists or actors; and one each in the fields of medicine, engineering and exploration.

The temper of our time is slowly hardening against the anarchy of physical violence. Nor does there seem to be any escape from its eventual extinction. The wolf and the lamb will yet feed together in the golden age to be.

A distinction should be drawn, however, between wars wantonly aggressive, and defensive warfare. The former are usually ferocious and always criminal; the latter has been the agent of progress and well-being.

No sane individual proposes at this late hour to impeach William the Silent, or George Washington, for having waged their prolonged and determined campaigns for right and freedom. The circumstances justified their resistance; the outcome abundantly vindicated their policies. Nor must it be forgotten that the world is still a considerable distance from the halcyon environments which Messianic pacifists imagine existent. Those who tell us that universal peace is at the door, or complete disarmament about to begin, are more comprehensive than accurate.

The saintliest and most tranquil souls now and again feel the hereditary urge of the fight. If the younger generations, who did not experience the horrors of the Marne and the Somme, are allowed to grow up without instruction and warning from those who did, they will respond to the bugle's call to renewed battle, as their ancestors have done from times immemorial.

A few summers ago I watched the famous Coldstream regiment mount guard at St. James Palace, London. It was a thrilling spectacle, entrancing hundreds of young men and women, and enjoyed by the casuals who are usually present. The splendid Band of the regiment played Handel's march from Scipio: the troops presented arms, their bayonets glittered in the morning light; their colors, inscribed with names like Waterloo and Inkerman, ruffled bravely in the wind.

One could appreciate the glamor of military pomp and circumstance, even though he knew they cleverly concealed the bestial actualities of war's sickening shambles.

The same day I sat in St. Paul's Cathedral, and listened to the following words echoing through the pillared spaces of that noble church:

> Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth. And the former things shall not be remembered . . . .
>
> They shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for calamity . . . .
>
> The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox . . . .
>
> They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith Jehovah. (Isaiah: LXV. 17-25.)

Surely there has not been a bolder contrast to brute strength as a nation's chosen weapon than this idyllic picture of the Lord's fortressed hill of justice and security. In it the wildest beasts of the jungle are to foregather with the gentlest creatures of the fold.

Since nothing on the planet is so dangerous as man himself, once he is really tamed, it will be comparatively easy to subdue the rest of the animals. But whether the Prophet's vision is interpreted as the bewildered dream of a fanatic, or as Heaven's own message to Earth, one thing is certain—it endures. It has inspired numberless ideas and homilies which filled the minds and mouths of preachers, reformers, poets, philosophers and painters with renewed hopes for humanity's deliverance from war.

The solemnly joyous reading of the lesson for the day in St. Paul's Cathedral hushed for me the resonant music of the Coldstream Guards Band. I could imagine St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, and good Sir Thomas More meditating on Isaiah's song of hope and glory when they wrote about the "one far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves."

MODERN writers and statesmen, no less than Henry IV of France and Hugo de Grotius, have anticipated the prophet's verification. The League of Nations, the World Court, and kindred associations have been obedient to his visualization of a warless world. If we could but understand the deep, passionate longing for Justice with Peace which myriads of our fellow men and women experience today, we should know that sooner or later Church and State will have to unite to accomplish these great ends.

No clergyman in recent times more clearly pointed the way to this achievement than did Bishop Brent of Western New York. For many years he was conspicuous in the forefront of civic and ecclesiastical affairs at home and abroad, always as a [*Turn to page 97*]

IS YOUR LIFE LIKE MINE?

Asks a City Girl Living in a Small Town

***THERE** are thousands like her—city-wise folk who every day are being thrust peremptorily into the midst of small-town customs and cliques. Are they made to feel at home or are they always outsiders? This is the brisk and sprightly story of one man's wife, a city girl, who went to live in Craleytown.*

ONE evening, in the third year of our marriage, my husband reached home from the office in a daze. He had been dabbling a little in stocks. I knew the market had collapsed.

"Have we lost everything and more besides?" I ventured, mustering a false cheer.

"You will think so," he said, nervously. "I am being sent to the Craleytown branch."

Then it was not money losses. It was business!

I was the stunned one, now. "Craleytown? Not to live? I thought you were a fixture here in the company's New York home office! Why, it's exile! You might as well take me to prison!"

He winced a trifle. Craleytown happened to be his native town. He was accustomed to small towns. I never saw one, except from an automobile or car window, until he took me to his mother's after our honeymoon.

Suddenly I blanched. "Must we live with your mother?"

"I thought you might like that phase," he faltered. "Mother's the easiest person in the world to get along with."

"She's a mother-in-law," I retorted, icily; "terribly deaf and old-fashioned." I looked at him accusingly. "Did you ask for a transfer?"

"I was as flabbergasted as you are," he declared. "Business is changing. It is reaching out in gigantic chains and creating new frontiers—"

"I have no desire to be a frontier woman," I broke in, furiously. "Business may be changing, but Craleytown isn't and I can't. I just won't!"

"That remains to be seen. I am helpless in this matter. It is a distinct promotion and a definite opportunity. You will, at least, give the old burg a trial, won't you? Other young married city women are in your identical situation. Why not do as they do? Make Main Street a sort of social adventure."

"Adventure? In Craleytown? If you want to bury me alive, go ahead!" I exploded, hysterically, and burst into tears.

Of course, I went. Like the Washington Monument, in Mr. Coolidge's cryptic metaphor, the town is still standing and I am still there, after a number of years. And all of my former friends, including most of my relatives, frankly believe I am penned there by a brute of a selfish husband to whom, they tell me, I give too great a loyalty.

I am in my early thirties, one of hundreds of thousands of women of large city rearing who, owing to circumstances in their husbands' affairs, are trying to become small-towners. I often wonder what their experiences are, and whether they are similar to mine; and how they solve their problems.

Are we hopeless misfits in the cross-word puzzle or anagram of America's changing life?

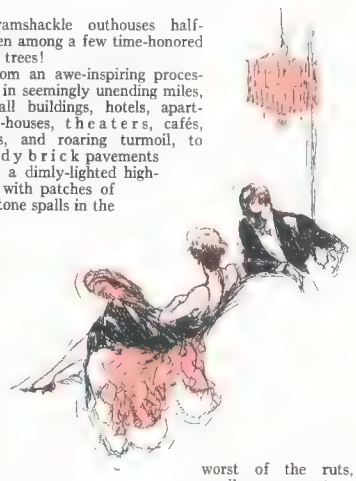
Ours is not the married life we had planned. I went through girlhood with never a care and hardly a thought which was not fleeting. I was self-supporting. My chief concern was to be smartly groomed and dressed and to have a coterie of men for dances, dinners, parties, and the theater.

My husband, when I met him in a business office, was just out of college where he had graduated in industrial engineering. It sounded very impressive; and he never once struck me as rural born and bred. He was charmingly cosmopolitan.

His salary and expectations justified marriage. We rented and furnished a small, modern housekeeping apartment in a desirable neighborhood, joined a bridge and golf club and were figuring on a suburban home and a car, all safely within his mounting income.

In a twinkling, all that was changed.

A veritable revolution swept us into its vortex, taking me unawares and totally unprepared. From Broadway, or what Broadway and Fifth Avenue represent, to Main Street! From an exquisite, steam-heated flat, with every conceivable time- and labor-saving appointment, to a draughty, old frame house standing, in shabby gentility, in a tangled yard with rotten wood walks leading to ramshackle outhouses half-hidden among a few time-honored fruit trees!



From an awe-inspiring procession, in seemingly unending miles, of tall buildings, hotels, apartment-houses, theaters, cafés, shops, and roaring turmoil, to weedy brick pavements along a dimly-lighted highway, with patches of bluestone spalls in the worst of the ruts, smelly open gutters, and ancient and decrepit buildings shouldering, dismally and forlorn, against one another!

From the Big Town to the Small Town where, under the same roof, came the inevitable clash of the two civilizations—the Old and the New.

My mother-in-law represents one; I, the other. Between us, sympathetically, helplessly, often agonized, stands my husband watching, as I have heard him say, grimly, "the pieces fly all over the house."

A trio, such as ours, who come through without cracking must be freaks. Whenever I read of divorces in such families I fully and charitably understand. So does my husband. He appreciates my problem. I recognize he has a problem, too.

These problems are radically different from those of married couples born, bred, and living constantly in the same or a larger environment. What are they?

Chief among them is the question of readjustment in a mental as well as a physical sense.

When I stepped from the train to an unaccustomed plank platform, at Craleytown's bleak, branch line railroad depot, on dreary Front street with its timid array of slattern-looking general stores, dingy restaurant, barber shop, tobacco stand, and billiard rooms, I quailed. Instinctively, I clutched my husband's arm for protection.

It wasn't fear—I felt alien, remote, and crushed.

I glanced apprehensively into my husband's face. It was beaming in recognition as he nodded cordial greeting to a group of ragged and bewhiskered depot loafers with harsh, forbidding features.

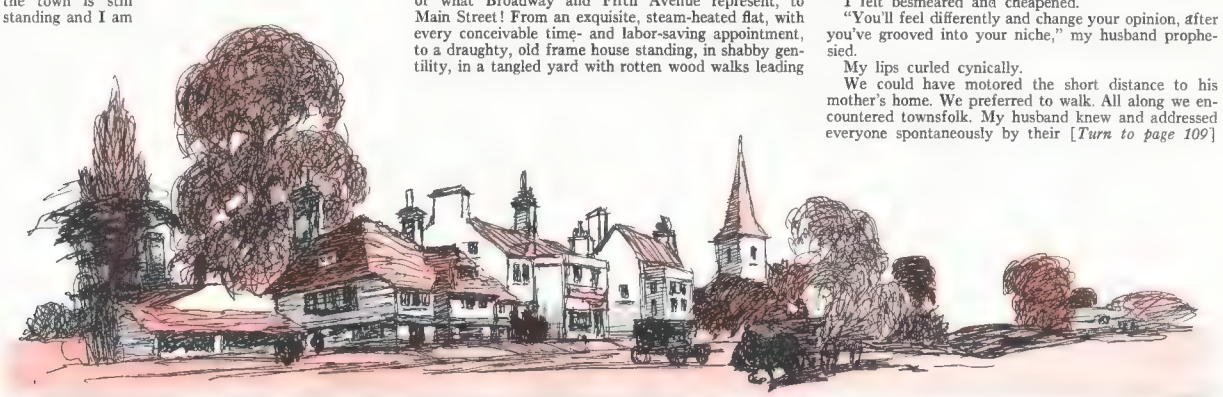
"Good Heavens!" I whispered, shuddering. "What an archaic setting for those human antiques! Craleytown is the last resort for the struggler and an abiding place for the hope abandoned." This was my first impression.

I felt besmeared and cheapened.

"You'll feel differently and change your opinion, after you've grooved into your niche," my husband prophesied.

My lips curled cynically.

We could have motored the short distance to his mother's home. We preferred to walk. All along we encountered townsfolk. My husband knew and addressed everyone spontaneously by their [*Turn to page 109*]



CHEAP

By Nelia Gardner White

Illustrated by WALTER BIGGS

IN AN age of freedom and self-expression, can love be bargained for? Or must it be gained at the old cost—a soul's devotion.

"I'm sick of selling things!"

SHE was a MacFadden and the MacFaddens had been bargain hunters for four generations. So when she came to love, she wanted that cheap, too. She got it, though for a time she was afraid she would have to pay dearly.

The first time she saw Jerry Hilver was one winter day in holiday season. She had come out with Rags and because this had been their favorite haunt for years, had run over the fields with him to a little wood by a small frozen pond. There she had stood, back to oak tree, her hand tightly gripping Rags' leash, and let her blue eyes go a brooding, hurt gray. She had planned with her father the selling of this piece of the old MacFadden homstead. She had exulted in his landcanniness that had waited till the land was at the peak of its value. She had gone to a gay party in town with him the night after the papers were signed. But now, perhaps because it was holiday time, she wished it were theirs again. The pond was swept clear of snow and its silvery stretch was like a picture out of her childhood. It was her pond. Her father resented the fact that the new owners scorned them. She never had, but now she did resent the fact they'd sold her land to people who would scorn them; and the resentment was for the moment so keen that the familiar oaks and shining ice blurred to her vision.

Then they came, swinging down the opposite bank with much laughter and shouting—Jerry Hilver and his sister, Pamela.

"Still, Rags!"

She saw them at first through the blur, a kneeling man and a slim, dark girl in red. Then two singing, glad young things who laughed and talked as they skated. The blur cleared and she saw Jerry Hilver, not far away, his head erect, his thin, homely brown face alive with the cold, his eyes dear with the dream that lay ever back of their awareness. Jerry Hilver. All in that moment she wanted him—she, Janet MacFadden, who had, since babyhood, had everything she wanted.

She pulled at Rags' leash and went quietly off through the wood toward the road.

She came into the house by the kitchen. Cousin Mary, one of the MacFadden bargains, was making rusks. Since she was four, Janet had come to the doorway at rusk-making time, leaned her red head against the doorframe and smiled ingratiatingly up at Cousin Mary, till Cousin Mary broke off one of the delectable brown rolls, handed it to her and said, "For goodness sake, child, why don't you eat at mealtime?"

BUT Janet did not smile for a rusk now. She sat down by the table, pulled her white tam from her rusty, rumpled curls. "Cousin Mary . . . ."

"Yes, honey?"

"Society is a stupid thing—and wicked, isn't it?"

Cousin Mary buttered the tops of her rusks. She looked all blue gingham and kind, rosy face. But she was very wise and had grown wiser living with the MacFaddens.

"It is if you let it be," Cousin Mary said. "You can let it be cruel or you can let it not matter at all."

"I don't believe it's as easy as that," Janet said. The kitchen looked strangely new to her and its cleanliness and warmth and quiet seemed to mean something. Looking at the glowing stove, she did not see Cousin Mary's tender, troubled glance.

"It depends," Cousin Mary conceded.

The next morning, at breakfast, David MacFadden said: "Jan, come in to town with me! I'm lunching with the Bardeens and they're right on the edge of buying next to Hilvers'. You always help me cinch a bargain!"

Janet grinned a little, then sobered.

"Dad, let's not sell any more of the homestead!"

"Not sell any more? Why, chick, it's worth more this minute than it'll ever be again!"

"I can't help it—let's not! I'm sick of clinching bargains with—with folks like the Hilvers!"

David MacFadden chuckled, though a little dryly.

"Been high-hatting you again, have they?"

"No, but—"

"Let 'em, Jan! Ten years from now they won't—no, nor five! Your Great-grandpa MacFadden used to drive an old yellow buckboard around to auctions, true enough. I've heard tell he haggled half a day over your spool bed! But I'll bet if you looked the Hilver tree over you'd probably find out the first Hilver wasn't any lumber king, either! He probably chopped rails!"

"Oh, I'm not ashamed! Only I'm tired of rich people around!"

"You're well on toward being rich yourself, Jan!"

But she wouldn't go to town with him and presently she went to her room and stood before the quaint old walnut mirror, one of the fruits of Great-grandpa MacFadden's farm auction trips, and stared at herself. Her slim, quaint face with its rumpled, rusty curls above its endearing, one-sided smile, stared back.

"I'm sick of selling things!" she said aloud.

She turned toward the window, looked down on the snowy yard with its mulberry tree, its round stone well, its wall. Beyond the wall stretched away on every side the old MacFadden homestead, little by little now being clutched by the inexorable fingers of progress. The Hilvers—how she and her father had angled for the Hilvers! And there the Hilvers were, over there beyond the woods, beyond her pond. It had been fun, the landing of them, but looking out now toward the great stone house the Hilvers had built, the fun seemed to have gone flat.

I'M SICK of selling things!" she repeated. And that meant more than she knew; for all her life had been a continuation of Great-grandpa MacFadden's buckboard bargaining. A kiss for a schoolmate's kitten, a smile for a composition, an evening reading to her father for a pony—these had been the warp and woof of her life. She'd always paid something, but the something had always been little.

Sharply, she remembered Jerry Hilver's face. She had had her loves and knew what loving meant. She loved her father, his tenderness and his Scotchness. She loved Cousin Mary, who loved her in return with deep wisdom. She loved the little brick schoolhouse, from whose windows she had watched, past her spelling book, the brightening of sumac and oak, hawks soaring or milkweed seeds drifting on their aimless silver way; or heard the drone of locusts, the first love calls in spring, the stirring chant of young frogs from some boggy meadow. And this yard—she loved it. The doll house beneath the mulberry tree, the great clumps of peonies and the hollyhocks that made mural decoration against the milkhouse and wall, the big barn and the wall that hedged all in and made it safe and one's own. She'd felt part of it, even as the bees that zoomed there in summer, now to clover, now to canterbury bell. And the old stone house was dear to her, too—its quaint spool beds, its old square piano, its old walnut desk and Revolutionary-dated andirons, its fine dishes of mulberry hue, its high-backed rockers and queer little stools. Yes, she had loved it all, but this that had come so suddenly and yet so surely—this was something quite different. Something that was sweet and yet hurting something that couldn't be taken for granted.

If only the Hilvers hadn't snubbed them so! She'd never have a chance to know them now. Never. She turned sharply from the window, saw again her own face, its pointed charm standing out warm and alive even in the mirror. She smiled suddenly at herself, relieved. She had made that charm work for her a thousand times; why couldn't she do it again? Why, they were just two jolly young folks; they'd never be rude! She reached for her sweater and tam, let her rusty hair show beneath the white of the tam. You never got anything unless you just went after it!

"Where you going, honey?"

She jingled her skates defiantly. "To the pond!"

"That's not our pond any more, child!"

"Oh, no one'll be there so early!"

She counted on that for a lie. She swung across the fields and through the oak grove to the pond. She felt sharply alive, assured. They were just two friendly young people, like herself! Her skates were on and she was being a rust and white bird up and down the pond's length when the Hilvers, with a silver clanging of skates and laughter came over the knoll. Janet paused sharply, skated to shore, bent to take off her skates.

Pamela Hilver called out, "Oh, don't go!"

Janet flushed. She colored easily.

"I'm trespassing!" she confessed, charmingly guilty.

THE two Hilvers laughed and with Jerry's laughter, that queer hurt came again and she looked up at him. He was homely. But he was so lovable, so eager, so clever-looking.

"Oh, do stay!" Pamela urged again.

For an instant Janet had a swift feeling of shame. It had been too easy. She wished she hadn't meant so that this happen. Then her hands in Jerry's—down

with the wind—up against the wind. How could she be ashamed after that? Next day they insisted that she come to the house for toast and tea after skating. It was ridiculously easy. It wasn't, she saw, that their wealth had shut her out before; it had only shut them in. They asked her to a costume party; she went as a Quaker. They asked her to a dance in town. They asked her to a coasting party. It was easy! Just no pretense, that was all they asked of her.

Janet began some gentle thing of Beethoven, waiting all the time for Jerry's answer

But all the time it was as if she were in a dream, a dream too sweet to be quite true. Never pretend; be herself. Just remember that and the dream would go on. She couldn't think much about real estate nor Wellesley, where she had planned to go because Pamela Hilver went there, nor anything except Jerry.

In the spring she walked with him by the little old brick schoolhouse, where she had gone because her father refused to pay school taxes without getting something for his money.

"1863," Jerry read. "What a queer little school!"

Never pretend. Just be herself.

"I went to school here," she said.

Then she told him about it—the warped old blackboards and kind old Miss Tenney and this wood at recess time.

"I've been in private schools all my life," he said; "till now—at State. You don't know how you ought to kneel down and give thanks for this old schoolhouse! It's kept you simple and unspoiled. You're Janet MacFadden; but me, I'm just one of a million. It's been horrible just getting my chance to study forestry. I don't know how to keep the bars up about my own personality, but you have—you've had it done for you!"

She became sharply aware that she was not simple at all, aware and troubled. He thought all this had just happened so. It had not just happened at all; it was all planned.

All spring she longed for summer. But, in the summer, Jerry was not there. He was in a little shack high on Mount Monadnock, looking for forest fires. He wrote her twice and the letters seemed different than any letters she had ever had. She read them thin. She saw a good deal of Pamela, who was very modern and sophisticated, but nice, too. She wanted to hurry Jerry into loving her, but felt curiously helpless. She felt queer about life that summer, anyway—her house, her friends, her life—all seemed wrong.

"Jan," David MacFadden teased. "What's got into you this summer? You used to do half the selling, and you aren't worth your salt these days!"

"I don't know, Dad. Just tired of it, I guess!"

"Well, the Hilver girl's come down off her high horse, hasn't she? You'll have her to give you a start-off at Wellesley, after all!"

They'd always been frank about going after things.

"Sometimes I think I won't go to Wellesley!" she said.

But of course she went, and went under the shelter of Pamela's wing, as they'd planned when they sold the Hilvers the land.

She saw Jerry Christmas time. He came with Pam and a crowd one night. Janet sat at the piano and played gay, silly songs. Then, looking around at the rest, she saw Jerry's face, clever and brown and straightforward, and she thought of that day on the schoolhouse step. She began to play simple songs, the country-school, unadorned kind, and he came and turned the pages. Afterward, as the rest were noisy about the fire, he leaned to her across the piano, and said, "You're so sweet, Janet!"

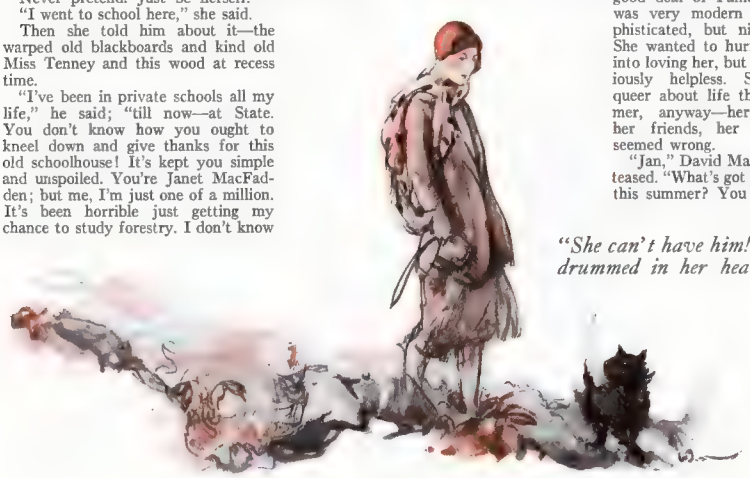
Her heart began to pound queerly. The gods were too kind, to let his voice be so sincere, his gray eyes so steady.

"You don't know me very well if you think that!" she said quickly.

She rose and joined the rest but she kept hearing his voice. She wished suddenly that she were all alone with Dad and Cousin Mary and that she were a little girl again. She wished she were at the country school, not at Wellesley. She wished the Hilvers had never—no—no, not that!

"I'm not sweet—not sweet at all!" something insisted in her mind. But she was quite aware that she looked sweet, sitting there on the floor by the fire, with the light making beauty of her cloudy hair and her brown velvet dress, and the hurt was somehow deeper because she was so aware.

After that there were letters and one day, when Pam brought her one, she said, too casually considering that it had never been mentioned before in [*Turn to page 98*]



"She can't have him!" drummed in her heart

AT THE HEARTHSIDE OF AMERICA

Little Jacky Lamont during vacation time on the farm

By Letitia Preston Randall

WHAT is the American point of view toward children? Are our youngsters suffering from over-indulgence, or is each dependent for his development on what he can win for himself from life?

Has the modern home widened to include the playground, the football stadium, and the automobile, or are the ideals of our fathers still guiding the destinies of our youth?

These questions are answered in this group of interviews with the wives of our Cabinet members. Drawn from every section and every class, these women represent the maternal heart of America. Their thoughts are mirrored in every home.

UNDER the dome of the Capitol, where the laws of the nation are born, a procession of eager-eyed children passes, year in and year out: Children with curls or bobbed tresses, children grave, and children laughing, children whose names are known from coast to coast, children whose names will resound in the future. They are the sons and daughters of men and women in the limelight of officialdom, children who spend their most impressionable years in Washington, D. C., coming there from every corner of these United States. They go to school with the children of other officials, children they would never have known but for the accident of parental election or appointment.

Photo by Harris & Ewing

Mrs. Arthur Hyde

They play in spacious governmental parks which are mere postcard views to their unofficial contemporaries; they sit in the legislative galleries and they grow up as accustomed to the social customs and political conventions of the City of Red Tape as country children are used to their cows and chickens, or city children to their trolley cars and automobile horns.

How are they brought up, these children of our national leaders? What sort of home lives do they lead? What kind of parents are men and women of affairs?

To answer these questions, asked with each change in the personnel of Washington's chief industry, is to answer another as well:

What sort of children and what sort of parents have we in this country? Certainly no laboratory for the inspection of human beings could be more indigenous to the United States than that unconsciously set up in Washington, where age, religion, wealth, birth and occupation play no part in the selection of inhabitants.

Photo by Harris & Ewing

Mrs. James J. Davis

Here we have farmers and bankers, college professors and business men, gathered together in the national capitol to operate the complicated governing machine. These men come out of social backgrounds as different, one from the other, as the mill towns of Massachusetts are different from the orange groves of California. They bring with them wives and children as varied in appearance, disposition and living habits as if they were not countrymen at all.

Yet when it comes to questions of home and family, the involved problems of proper relationship between parents and children, the ideals and principles with which to imbue boys and girls, who will be tomorrow's leaders, Washington's parents are unanimously modern. They are in tune with the educational theories of this twentieth century. They are free from the exaggerations of either conservatism or liberalism. Where you might expect bromides and dogmatic assertions, you find original thinking and open-mindedness. Where you might anticipate strong clashes of opinion, you encounter ideas with common bonds.

Take the families of the Cabinet members, those acknowledged leaders of Washington life. They come from Massachusetts, Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, California, Pennsylvania. Six of the nine men occupying posts in President Hoover's advisory council have families. The families average three children, not counting the two men who have no children and Secretary Mellon's family of one married daughter, whose mother is dead. Three of the six family groups contain grandchildren. The ages of the mothers range from thirty-four to sixty-two. The mothers are society leaders, sportswomen, housewives, artists.

And all these women agree that parenthood is a partnership between husband and wife, a division of labor in a mutual undertaking. All want their children to be comrades and friends rather than respectful little votaries. All believe in trying to see their children's point of view instead of making the children accept the parent's word as law.

When they were approached for their views on child-raising, not one of the mothers of Cabinet children spoke of "sparing the rod and spoiling the child." Not one threw up her hands in desperation at the actions of the much-maligned younger generation. To a woman, they were level-headed, efficient and charming modern mothers, of the sort popularly supposed to have sprung into being, like Athene from Zeus' brow, about the year 1900. At that time most of these mothers were carrying out the principles about which young women today talk so learnedly.

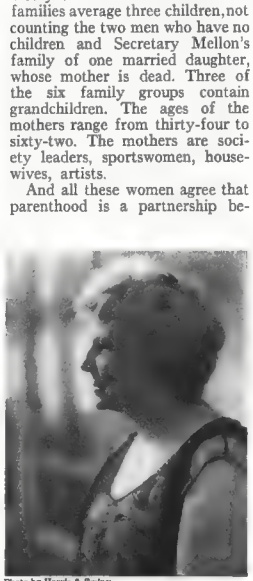


Photo by Harris & Ewing

Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur

Robert Lamont and Toodles, his dog

This unanimity is all the more remarkable when the essential differences of character and philosophy of the six women are realized.

Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, from conservative Boston, is patrician, given to forthright speaking. She stressed the importance not of education nor tradition, but of a mother's playing with her children.

Then Mrs. Robert P. Lamont of Chicago, wife of the Secretary of Commerce, who has traveled in Europe and been popular in social circles there, said she did not believe in too much society for young girls.

Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur, the scholarly wife of the Secretary of the Interior, who is president of Stanford University, from which Mrs. Wilbur herself was graduated, credited the inexorable laws of inheritance with more power than any other one factor in the lives of children. Both the father and grandfather of Mrs. Wilbur were doctors.

These three women, the grandmothers of the group, despite their divergent outlooks, had a common denominator of respect for their children. But it did not spring, as might be expected, from their double experience with children and grandchildren, for listen to the theme of the non-grandmothers' theories:

There was Mrs. William Dewitt Mitchell, wife of the Attorney-General known in her St. Paul home as a horsewoman of prominence, who was the protagonist of the "Never say *don't*" adage.

And Mrs. Arthur M. Hyde, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, from Missouri, declared a parent had to be logical in dealing with children, for children are thoroughly logical within the limits of their knowledge.

Mrs. James J. Davis, wife of the Secretary of Labor, a pretty, gay and purposeful woman, the youngest of the group, thought athletics at an early age one of the best ways to develop children physically and to teach them to be good sports and good pals.

The underlying principle, that of coöperation rather than dictation, was in the philosophy of Mrs.

Photo by Harris & Ewing

Jewel, Joan, Jean, Jane and Jim Jr.—the five small Davises

Wilbur, with her faith in the scientific laws of inheritance, as well as in the theory of Mrs. Davis, with her *mens sana in corpore sano* doctrine.

The wives of the Cabinet members, typifying intelligent American mothers, appeared to be far advanced in their dealings with family problems regardless of whether they have lived in thriving industrial communities or not far from the lumber camps of the North, whether they are women of the world or neighborly housewives, whether they themselves have been brought up in the days of society's growing pains or

Miss Gertrude Lamont

whether they have adapted themselves to the new order, although taught by earlier standards.

Parents and children must have similar interests, the psychologists say. In Washington, where none of the mothers quote textbooks, this is the invariable rule. Not only do the boys and girls who live in the shadow of Capitol Hill develop enormous curiosity about the machinations of government, with strong loyalties in whichever direction their own families bend; but the simple, ordinary phases of life are shared with their parents also. The days of parents and children have the same color.

At holiday times the Adams' house is the scene of a round of parties in honor of the Harvard son, who has always thought his parents the most perfect hosts for his college chums.

Mrs. Lamont and her two adult daughters visit art galleries together, for the mother's talent for drawing and painting has been handed down to the children.

Science is the link of the Wilbur family. Mrs. Wilbur has two sons who are physicians, as is her husband; and Mrs. Wilbur, the daughter of a surgeon, was well on the way to becoming a doctor herself when she was married instead.

Technical discussions are fun in the Secretary of the Interior's home.

The Mitchell sons often are seen on the bridle paths 'round about Washington with their mother, who has ridden with them since they were little boys, and always joined them on camping trips.

Mrs. Hyde, who is an excellent chauffeur, taught her daughter to drive when she was only a young girl.

The day Mrs. Davis expressed her ideas of child-rearing, she was in a hurry because she was going to a football game with her son.

Oh, yes, they are good friends, the parents and children of the Cabinet, and the fathers are members of the inner circle as well as the mothers. They do not seem to put the burden of bringing up the children on their wives, as old-fashioned fathers were wont to do. In every division of child training the fathers and mothers act as units. If they differ, it is out of earshot of the children. But there is not much room for differing in a relationship which brings as much joy as the family-as-a-whole system does.

When the family group sprouts new buds, in the form of grandchildren, the same rules of friendship apply between grandparents and grandchildren. Mrs. Adams attested to this.

"My mother never played with us when I was little, so when I had my children I decided I would," said the wife of the descendant of John Adams, and John Quincy Adams, second and sixth Presidents of the United States. "Now my daughter goes sailing and on picnics with my grandchildren. They are great friends, just as we are. It is so important to be friends with our children, for only on this basis will they come to us and talk things over."

Mrs. Adams' daughter is Mrs. Henry S. Morgan of New York. When her daughter was living at home, Mrs. Adams practiced what she preached by being one of the circle of her daughter's friends. Now she is a companion to her college son and his classmates. Is she bored with these adolescents? Never.

"They are so interested in things and enjoy the world so much, it is contagious," she said, with the dignity for which she is known. "Besides, I feel the home is a tremendous power for good. Parents must understand their children's viewpoint and not alienate them by being too critical. But if a child has the right surroundings, the love of good things will be part of his nature."

Love of good things is part of the natures of the three Lamont children, too. These children all are grown. They are Dorothy, now Mrs. Chauncey Belknap of New York, Miss Gertrude Lamont, one of Washington's debutantes of this season and Robert P. Lamont, Jr. who with his wife and small family, lives on a ranch in Colorado. The son was decorated several times during the World War. The daughters are artists, like their mother.

At a time when society girls were not addicted to professional hobbies, Mrs. Lamont encouraged her elder daughter to study art in Chicago. This also is the plan for the younger daughter. Mrs. Lamont believed in making her children self-reliant by having some interest in their lives entirely and irrevocably their own. She wanted them to trust themselves. That was why, when her son was eleven, she sent him all alone to Florida to visit friends.

Photo by Harris & Ewing

Mrs. Charles Francis Adams

Photo by Harris & Ewing

Mrs. William Dewitt Mitchell

Mrs. Lamont supervised the intimate training of her children herself. She does not feel that capable nurses can do more than administer to the physical needs of the children.

"A tired mother makes a poor companion, though," she admitted, with an upward quirk of the lips that betrayed her irresistible sense of humor. "Of course, being a companion is the most important thing a mother has to do for her children. But I believe in obedience, instant obedience, from children. You never can tell when the time is coming when you will want a child to obey you without any questions or a moment's hesitation.

"If a child is crossing a street and you say 'Stop!' you have no time to explain while a truck rumbles toward you. You can't say, 'Mother wants you to stop, dear, because automobiles go fast these days and one is coming that may hit you.' No, you must have obedience first and explanations afterward."

She said it without severity. Her eyes as well as her lips smiled.

"We cannot demand obedience without reason," she added. "We must be logical and reasonable, for children know the difference."

"Children respond to the power of suggestion," stated another Cabinet wife, Mrs. Wilbur. This scientifically-trained woman has a firm faith in the goodness of human nature.

"Children," she said evenly, "would rather be good than bad. They are born with intelligence; and intelligence says that being good is the sane thing. A parent must begin right and be consistent. Children never beg if they know that when you say 'No' you mean it. I don't believe in delivering ultimatums, of course. When children are old enough they must be given detailed explanations of the reasons for the 'No.' But the 'No' or the 'Yes' must stand."

Photo by Harris & Ewing

Mrs. Robert P. Lamont

Mrs. Wilbur stands with Mrs. Lamont on the question of delegating the care of children to any hands other than those of their parents.

"Your child is worth something, surely? Then the best is none too good," said this cool, emphatic person.

Mrs. Wilbur has no hard and fast rules for the training of her children. She did not even set out to make them scientific-minded. That two of her sons, Dr. Blake C. Wilbur of San Francisco, and Dr. Dwight Locke Wilbur of the Mayo Clinic, became physicians, she attributes to inheritance. Likewise with her married daughters, Mrs. Leonard W. Ely and Mrs. Max Harper of Palo Alto, California, who have a wide knowledge of practical medicine useful in the home.

Mrs. Wilbur's fifth child, the youngest son, who, she maintains, is an only child because [*Turn to page 150*]

Heartsick Town

ARE they lost—these modern youngsters in little towns all over the land? Do you agree that they are puzzled only by the problem, "Does he love me?" or do you feel they secretly despise the sham and glitter of their existence? Whether you are sixteen or sixty you will find this brilliant story voices the highest hopes of Youth

By Arthur T. Munyan

Illustrated by JOHN LA GATTA

Wilding caught her in his arms. "You're unbelievable!"

THE long blast of a motor horn outside announced that Stan Beals had arrived, and three staccato snarls a half minute later that he was being kept waiting. Dorothy flung a scornful silhouette across the curtain.

"Oh, tuck it in!" said the sweep of her hand. "Who cares about your rush? I'll be down, when I'm ready."

At her dressing-table mirror she heightened her coloring to a hectic unreality. Retreating a few steps from the glass, she spun on her toes for a final inspection. The blue georgette frock with its jacket of transparent velvet gave a foil to the pale shimmer of her hair, reflected a blue depth to eyes clouded tonight with reminiscent sadness. Once the blue ensemble had seemed so very brave. It had raised the excited question: "Won't he love me in this?"

Sickening now to remember that! Clarence Orr had long since left town, heart-free and adventurous; Dorothy and all her set were sick of the blue frock now; and there were no more eager questionings. She was nineteen, fed-up, sick of Dayville.

She clicked off her light and ran downstairs, paused in the library doorway at the sound of her father's voice. He was speaking to Louise, her stepmother, in a tone of gentle irony. "I believe I'll have Joe Marsh just take that doorbell out. Nobody but a book agent uses it, and we get our book from the postman."

Louise spoke to Dorothy, with an aggravating drawl: "We were wondering, darling. Is that boy outside just like all the others? Or have you a fatal gift for attaching the particularly awful ones?"

"Stan Beals is about average," quietly.

"Wasn't there one named Clement Orr a while back? What ever became of him?"

"Clarence Orr. He got a job in New York and went there. And when you were my age, they didn't push doorbells, they pulled them— Oh, I'm sorry. But what on earth's all the fuss? One noise is as good as another, isn't it?" She turned to go.

"Dorothy! Your make-up! It's altogether too much!"

"I know it. But if I used any less I'd look like a ghastly snowbird beside the others. Anyhow, it's my face . . . "

She left the house thinking: "I'm a wreck. Oh, I'm so bored! And miserable! What makes people behave so when they see you're unhappy?"

Stan kicked open the car door nearest the curb. "Hello, Dodo. All set?"

"Yes. Who's around tonight?"

"Same as usual," he told her. "Jane-'n'-Pete. George-'n'-Adele. Oh, and Lois! George dated her while Adele was away, and somebody spilled."

"I'll bet somebody met her train to spill it! And Adele's hopping, I suppose! After running around with half the stags in Cleveland herself." She yawned daintily. "Who else?"

He named several others. "And a new chap named Wilding."

"What's he doing in Dayville; is he an explorer?"

"Airport expert," Stan said. "An awful clinker, though," airily. "By the way, what d'you hear from Clarence Orr?"

Dorothy narrowed her eyes, pressed her lips together. She regarded her clenched fist wistfully. No, let it pass. "Oh, he's doing awf'ly well," she improvised.

They drove two half blocks and were at Jane's, where the party was. Stan's nonchalance increased. Dorothy keyed herself, by habit, to the vivacity expected of her and ran up the steps.

"Hi, everybody."

"Hi, you two. You're late."

"For *what?*" Stan asked, unanswerably.

Dorothy glanced over a scene unvaried in its familiar detail. Young men in tweeds or lounge suits; girls in more formal afternoon frocks. Adele's tawny curls; George's shell-rimmed glasses. Jane's black Dutch bob; Pete's rowdy knickers. Lois, clean-cut and boyish. The glow of light on the metal of banjos. Strumming; and noisy, laughing talk.

"Dorothy, you look sweet. I wish," impulsively, "*I* was tallish and blonde!" That was Jane, nice youngster, engaged, at seventeen, to Pete MacNair and so happy that her affections brimmed over. She was very young, rather touching. For Pete, after all, was—what?

In an access of confused emotion Dorothy kissed her and heard her whisper: "Clarence Orr's here! Don't let 'em throw you, darling!"

Clarence back! Without a line! Without even a phone call to her! Dorothy gasped. A snub, unkind and unnecessary! Her friends had schemed to dramatize it publicly; Stan had set the scene with a malice she could not fathom; Jane had saved her.

She whirled about to face the man who once had filled her waking hours with desperate dreams; and she said: "Oh, hello there! Are you back?"

Clarence himself was self-conscious. "Well, Dorothy! How *are* you?"

ABOUT as you see me, Clarence. When did you get in?" For a moment her hand had trembled, her color had ebbed away to leave her make-up stark and ragged. But now she was cool; something had happened! The fever over Clarence Orr had run its course and burned out, leaving her immune. She could not comprehend it, could only feel the relief and joy of *not* caring, after months of wretchedness.

"Got in just this afternoon," he was lying. "Late." She did not care now. She could look back with odd detachment to the poignant efforts she had once made to

believe those sleazy falsehoods of his. Poor darling, did he really think—?

"And how was the metropolis? Pretty big and bad?"

"Well, I'll tell you . . . " he began.

"You must," she interrupted sweetly, "sometime...." and sauntered past him. Across the room she joined a group and, such as it was, the conversation. The drift of it was not hard to catch.

Adele was letting her fiancé know that she intended to run wild over half a dozen states to proms and house parties as she liked. Meanwhile she did not tolerate this Lois person for him. George Ballou's eyes were like those of a polo pony being yanked by the bit.

"Have you seen the new knickers the men are wearing?" Adele asked. "On the golf course, I mean, of course," as a dig in passing at Pete. "All the men in Cleveland had them."

"Yes," said Lois. "If the old kind were plus-four, the new ones are plus-a-foot. They'd make almost any man look a freak."

"Pete!" said several voices at once. "You'll have to get you some!"

Moist red lips curled back from sharp teeth. Adele's glance contemptuously swept Lois' simple frock, returned smugly to her own expensive one. She shrugged, fluffing the gardenia at her breast.

"You work, don't you," superciliously. "Do you like it?"

Lois replied that she did not mind working and did like getting a salary. That sounded like such perfect candor and sense to Dorothy that she experienced a sudden admiration for the girl. How very clean and forthright those gray eyes looked next to Adele's fevered brown ones! If George would—

GEORGE stirred suddenly and someone uttered a stifled scream as a glass tinkled to the floor. Lois jumped up in dismay. Her frock was ruined, drenched with fruit cup. A bright garter, a narrow crescent of warm flesh above her knee, showed through the wet chiffon, and she stared in consternation. A minor tragedy for her.

"I ought to be drowned," George told her miserably. She whirled on him; and smiled. "My dear, you didn't do it, *I* did."

"What luck anyhow," drawled Adele, "that it was just a plain little thing." Over her shoulder Mark Wilding glanced at Dorothy and held her eyes with an unspoken question. She nodded, shrugged. Yes, this crowd was like this. What about it? Wilding scowled.

A doorbell rang somewhere and Jane cried: "Oh, Lord, I'll go; it's the maid's night out. Lois, run upstairs and take it off. Maybe we can get the spots out."

She was back presently with her arms full. "Jus' some flowers. 'Scuse me a minute? I'll have to put them in vases."

"Who's sending you flowers?" Pete wanted to know. Jane explained. "Cut flowers, darling. For the table. I ordered them myself." Her fiancé snorted. "You ordered flowers from a *florist* just to stick on the table!" Jane said of course; they were pretty! "Well, you'd better get over that habit, fast!" he told her. "Flowers! Not if you're going to marry me! Let that sink in right now. Put them down; you stay here with your party!"

"Why, all right, Pete," she gasped.

Dorothy herself took the flowers to the kitchen, was clipping their stems, when she became aware of Wilding. "Hello," she said, casually. "How do you like Dayville?"

"It looks all right to me."

"It's not New York . . . Don't you find it pretty hick?"

"Hick?" he snapped. "What's that! You have the same movies, jazz, radio stuff, Feitelbaum clothes, and book-of-the-month as New York. You have some lawns and trees besides. This is a fine town."

Strange! She hated Dayville herself, yet would have defended it, would have disliked this man if he had been condescending. She surveyed him with a fresh interest. Tremendous energy, emotional and physical. Taut line, pronounced; fine profile; an air of power. He leaned his tall frame against the ice machine, and added:

"—But of all the little beasts and snobs and bounders I've ever met, this crowd here tonight . . . " He broke off there, inarticulate with disgust.

"Oh," she said. "There's a quaint local custom here. I'd better tell you. In Dayville you don't call a girl a little beast under her own roof—"

"Jane?" he asked. "Nice kid! I'm talking about that insect she's engaged to. So da— so useless he's decided to be superior. Comes to his girl's party looking like a tramp, and insults her before her guests. Why does she take it? Will you tell me? I pass."

"Yes, I'll tell you. Girls are a drug on the market in this town, and men are scarce."

"Oh, are they! Well, it's too darn' bad they're not extinct, if MacNair and Beals are samples. Yes, and Orr, too. What does Jane see in this fellow MacNair?"

"Good heavens!" Dorothy flared. "She's only seventeen. She's in love with romance. He's older, she's flattered . . . *I* don't know. What about Stan Beals?"

"Men," scathingly, "are supposed to fight men, with edged tools or fists, and Beals fights you, a girl, a friend, with an old maid's weapons. He steered you into Orr out of a sheer cussed desire to hurt your feelings. I sat here and heard the whole lousy thing planned. Want to know who your friends are? I can tell you—it won't take long. No? You tell something, then. If girls are such a drug here, why does young Ballou stand for that pampered moron, the one who looks like a fat chinchilla?"

"Because he thinks he's in love with her, my dear man. And she knows how to keep him that way. She can treat him as she likes; she doesn't have to worry about being left on the shelf in Dayville. She can get out, meet men, anywhere, any time, she likes."

"Well, he's a sap. Why, that girl Lois—"

"Oh, so you approve of Lois!" She felt a most irrational twinge of real jealousy.

"Yes. And the joker in that seems to be that she's not *in* the crowd. A sort of free-lance who just happened in."

Dorothy nodded. She could go all the way with him on Lois. "But aren't you neglecting me? What's all wrong with me, while we're on it?"

"I can't talk about you," he said quietly. "You probably know it anyway, so it won't do any harm to say I think you're very lovely. So lovely that I get confused when I try to think about you. How could you and Orr—! No matter. None of my business. I just can't see— Why, the fellow hit me for a job, and I wouldn't have him around me. When I hire liars, I hire good ones!"

"And that," she caught him up, "brings us to the burning queston. Who are you, to come strolling in here putting everybody under the hammer?"

"I'll tell you," he said gravely. "To begin with, I'm an engineer, here in

[*Turn to page 116*]

"Who are you, to come strolling in here, putting everybody under the hammer?"

"I wouldn't steal Jacqueline's happiness —even if I could"

WILD WIND

A stirring drama of the women who wait—for love or loyalty

By Temple Bailey

Illustrated by C. D. MITCHELL

FLAGS fluttered fitfully in the breeze; war drums throbbed; and the shuffle of marching feet laid icy fingers on the universal heart of womankind, when Jacqueline's lover, Kit, went gallantly to war. As the echo of his tender farewell faded, unending days and nights followed for Jacqueline—long hours chilled with anxiety, hours when that grim thing of blood and cannons raging in France seemed too terrible to be real. Surely it was a nightmare and she would wake to find Kit safe and sound, and her wedding bells ringing! But Kit's brave letters brought no promise of his homecoming. The tedious passing days grew heavier for Jacqueline's frail shoulders; for hers was the task of caring for her sister, Mary, afraid of life and cringing, and Mary's small children. Joel, Mary's husband, had gone to join his regiment and he had said, "Look after Mary, Jack."

And then Sue Gilman came, charming, attractive Sue, who had no lover overseas and who had loved Kit always. Why hadn't Kit fallen in love with her? Jacqueline put the question from her mind. Kit was hers—it had been planned so from the beginning. But men must have cared a lot for Sue . . .

Joel came home, invalided, one leg gone—Mary's Joel, so strong, so brave! She was bewildered; life had bruised her cruelly. And there was yet another stinging blow ahead; she must undergo an operation. These sorrows merged as the glad cry "The Armistice!" rang 'round the world. To Jacqueline, this meant that Kit would be coming soon. When he came, she would tell him of her promise to Mary to postpone their marriage. Kit would understand; he always did.

And at last the day of Kit's homecoming dawned. She saw him striding up the hill. Her heart beat with ecstasy. The wild wind ruffled his curly hair. Oh, darling Kit . . . ! She ran down the path to meet him.

Part II

THE whole thing is—preposterous."

Christopher flung out the words at white heat. "Preposterous. Do you think I am going to stand for it?" He and Jacqueline had had their high moment out there on the bluff. Kit had caught her up in his arms when he reached her, and it had seemed to her as if he would never let her go.

And she had cried, "Kit, Kit," and had clung to him. And when he had set her down it had been only to catch her up again and say with a sort of fierce breathlessness, "If you could only know how I've wanted you."

And then they had come back to the house—to the bright living room, where the fire leaped and sparkled, and where, presently, Kit was raging and ramping on the hearth-rug as Jacqueline told him that she couldn't and wouldn't marry him until Mary was better.

At first he laughed at her, but after a while he had not laughed. "Do you think I'm going to let you put me off like that? I've come back to marry you, and I'm going to do it now."

"But Kit, I've promised Mary."

"You promised to marry me before you promised Mary."

"But—how will she manage without me? And Joel? And the children?"

He dropped down beside her on the chintz-covered sofa. "Don't I know what they've done to you?" he demanded.

With her bronze head in the hollow of his shoulder, the wide folds of her blue taffeta flowing across his knee, she murmured, "I've done it myself."

"They've made a pack horse of you."

"No . . . no! What else could they do? Think of it, Kit—suppose you had come back to me as Joel came to Mary?" she shivered in his arms. "I should have died."

"I know. But you're *mine*, Jack. Can't you understand? The thing that swayed me level through the

months overseas was the thought that I was coming home to—my wife. And now you tell me to wait."

"Only a little while, Kit."

"A little while will seem—eternity."

"Really, Kit?"

"Really, dearest."

It seemed to her incredible that he should care so much. He was such a marvelous person with his military carriage, his bronzed handsomeness, his alert and laughing manner. She wondered that she could set herself against him. But there was no way out of it—"We'll be married in the spring, Kit."

"We'll be married before that. You're going to have a honeymoon in March—in India."

She raised her head and stared at him with startled eyes. "In India?"

"Yes. The war has done a lot of things to our business. And I've got to go out to see what's left of it. Uncle Timothy is needed at this end . . . so that's that. And you are going with me."

"In March, Kit?"

"Yes."

She sighed with content as she leaned against him. She liked his masterfulness; and by March Mary would be better. . . .

Christopher had her hand in his and was turning the ring he had given her back and forth on her finger. It caught the light and glimmered with little mystic fires. "I have your wedding ring in my pocket," he told her; "I had hoped in a day or two that you'd be wearing it."

She pressed her face against his coat. "Kit, darling."

He had to bend down to hear her. "Yes?"

"Let's not argue," she insisted softly. "Just—love me, won't you? It has been—so long."

YOLANDA, coming in to announce dinner, stood poised like a pink flower on the threshold. She had on a pink dress and a pink hair ribbon and pink socks and slippers. Her little face was eager and illumined.

"Hannah said to tell you."

She came further into the room and looked up at Kit. "I didn't think you'd be like this."

He had risen, and stood smiling down at her, "Like what?"

"Well, Daddy didn't have any leg."

"Did you think I wouldn't?"

"I didn't know. And you're so tall and Aunt Jack's so little."

"That's why I'm going to marry her. You see, I can pack her in my kit bag and carry her off."

Yolanda adored that. "Would you really?"

"I might."

"Would you cut holes in the bag like we did for our kitty?"

"Yes."

"And carry milk in a bottle to feed her?"

"Of course."

Yolanda laughed rapturously. Here was a man after her own heart. "Will you tell me more about it at dinner?"

"Yes."

"Then you'd better come on. Hannah said the turkey was on the table." She tucked her hand in his confidingly, and drew him toward the dining room. "You're to sit at the head and Aunt Jack's to sit at the foot, and I'm to sit in between."

The table was charming with red candles in silver holders, with holly and mistletoe in a bowl of gray pottery, and with the turkey on an old blue platter. Hannah, who had exchanged her bonnet for a huge cape with a frill, passed the plates and beamed on everybody.

Kit carved, and Jacqueline served the scalloped oysters. It was all very domestic, and Yolanda was enchanted. "Next to Daddy," she told Kit, "you're the nicest man in the world."

"How do you know?"

"Because I feel it."

"You must tell your Aunt Jack that, so that she'll think so too."

"She does. They teased her about it at Sue Gilman's. I said she loved your house because she loved you, and they laughed."

"They would," he smiled across the table at Jacqueline. "How did my dove get along in that nest of starlings?"

"What makes you call them that?"

"Well, they all talk a lot—and they're hard and handsome."

"Sue isn't hard—"

"Sue's a good enough sport," he said, carelessly; "but Paula would walk over anyone's dead body to get her way."

Yolanda, deeply interested, demanded, "Why would she have to walk over a dead body?"

"My dear child—" he was helpless until Jacqueline rescued him. "Uncle Kit didn't mean a real dead body."

After dinner, Yolanda had her presents from the tree, and Kit produced a lot of parcels. Things from Paris—a superlative doll for Yolanda, and for Jacqueline a bracelet which matched her ring. "It was to have been your wedding present. But I want you to have it now."

Yolanda had gone to show her doll to Hannah, and the lovers were alone.

"Oh, Kit, you're too good to me."

"I couldn't be," he bent and kissed her.

"Dear child, you can't know the awfulness of the years I spent away from you. And you were always the star in the blackness. I used to think of you in the dark; then I'd light up and read my Bible to find words lovely enough to describe you—'my dove', 'my fair one', 'my lily among thorns'."

She laughed a little to hide her deep feeling. "Your dove among the starlings?"

But he did not laugh. "No matter what comes, you are mine always. Oh, I know that plenty of men say things like that. But I mean it—these years have taught me. There was never anyone—in France. Whether you marry me or not, Jack, there shall never be for me another woman."

HE TOLD her, after that, of what their life would be in India. He would go into the remotest parts, looking after the tea plantations of his company, coming into close touch with natives. "There will be temple bells and ivory towers, dearest, and strange and wise old men, and young and eager women emerging from centuries of seclusion. And we'll make the trip on a slow-going boat, to prolong our honeymoon."

A smile flickered across her lips, "Will it end when we leave the ship?"

"Our honeymoon? It will never end."

She settled back against his arm and stared into the fire. "Paula Gilman says that no sensible woman will ever take a wedding trip on a boat."

"Why not?"

"Because she'd be bored to extinction before the end."

"Paula might be bored, but not you. You're all moonshine and starlight. You would feel that you were sailing straight to

"Let's get out of this, Jack. I've had enough"

Jacqueline

Paradise. Paula would be sailing straight into the arms of the British Colony, and wondering what they would think of her."

It was not the India of the English, he went on to say, to which he would first introduce his wife. "We can come to that later. Just at first I want you to find the romance."

As he talked, Jacqueline was aware that this land to which her lover would take her was a land of richness and color, like one of its own rare shawls. She saw it all in a pattern of vivid loveliness, she felt wrapped in it as if Kit's dreams and hers were woven into a garment.

It was late when at last he called up Sue Gilman. "You must do it," Jacqueline had told him. "They are all so fond of you."

Christopher, running his fingers through his ruffled hair, had disputed that. "I am not sure they are fond of anyone. They are a queer lot."

"I like Sue."

"Sue's the best of them, and Paula next. Mrs. Gilman is a bit of a snob, and so is Phoebe in a negative fashion. But Paula was a great beauty and a great belle before she lost the man she was going to marry —and some of her charm still lingers."

"How did she lose him?"

"Nobody knows. She went to visit his people, and one day she came back and said that the engagement was broken. That was the last word. Nothing more could be gotten out of her. Nor out of him. He is still unmarried, and lives in London. I saw him when I was there, and he spoke of Paula. He's sixty if he's a day and she's in her late forties. She hates men and lets them know it. It's a great mistake. Why blame all the world for what one man may have done to her? That's the trouble with all of them. They're one-sided, prejudiced."

He was calm in his analysis, judicial. For the first time Jacqueline had a peep at the man Christopher, who was not her lover. "I am not sure," she told him, frankly, "that I like to have you talk of them in that way."

HE HAD been leaning back in his chair, but now he sat up and looked at her. "You darling child, you wouldn't. You'd decorate all their faults with the little frills of your charity and hide the ugliness.

He smiled at her as he rose to go to the telephone. "You must always decorate my faults with your little frills."

Sue answered the telephone. She asked a great many questions, which Christopher relayed to Jacqueline. "She wants me to come over there tonight instead of going back to Boston, and you're asked to breakfast. Sue and I will ride over and get you."

"I'll do it, if Joey is better."

He told Sue that, then hung up the receiver. "What do you think she said to me?" he asked Jacqueline.

"What?"

"'Kit, how did you have sense enough to pick out that pretty child?'"

Jacqueline flamed. "I'm not a pretty child."

He laughed again, and swung her up to him. "You're more than that . . . You're everything."

There was a discreet cough as old Hannah appeared on the threshold. "Miss Jack, I'm sorry. The baby's worse."

"Oh, Hannah—!" Jacqueline had a horrible feeling that she had neglected the baby—little Joey—hot with fever and choked with cold! "I shouldn't have left him!" She ran on swift feet up the stairs, and Kit followed her.

They found things very bad. The change had come suddenly. Christopher telephoned, Hannah heated water, the doctor came, and a nurse was sent for. Jacqueline donned a blue kimono in place of the blue taffeta, and sat with the baby in her arms while he struggled and fought for breath.

It seemed hours before the nurse arrived, and by that time the doctor had eased things up a bit. Jacqueline went down then to Christopher who still waited. Her bronze braids had loosened and hung to her waist. In her blue robe with her hair unbound, she looked to her lover like a pre-Raphelite angel. "I can't stay a moment," she said, "but I must say 'Goodnight'."

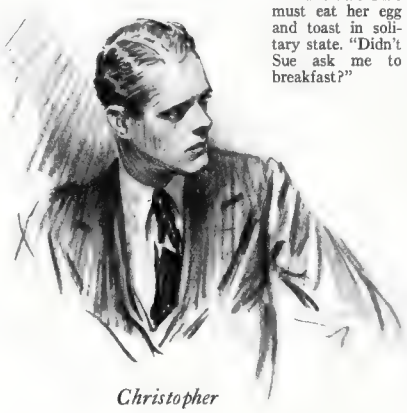
His arm went about her. "If only you'd let me take care of you," he said, with a sort of fierce tenderness.

She made a sudden turn toward him, and laid her cheek against his coat: "You are taking care of me, Kit. Just to have you here is—heaven!"

He was moved by that. "My dear one . . . " He kissed her gently. He felt that she was in need of his gentleness. She was so young and brave and burdened.

THE next morning the baby was much better, and the nurse proved a treasure; so it was with a free mind that Jacqueline made her plans for the day. She and Kit would spend an hour after breakfast with the Gilmans then go to Boston to see Mary.

Over the telephone she and Christopher talked about it. He and Sue would be there at eight. It was raining, but that need not stop them. Yolanda protested vigorously when she found that she must eat her egg and toast in solitary state. "Didn't Sue ask me to breakfast?"



Christopher

"No. Just Uncle Kit and me," Jacqueline told her.

"He isn't my Uncle Kit yet," Yolanda insisted firmly.

"Don't you wish he were?"

Yolanda was honest. "I wish it, if he won't take you away."

Jacqueline had a sudden impulse for confidences: "What would you say if I were to sail—to India . . . ?"

"Oh, you *couldn't*. Not while Mother is sick, and Daddy."

"But when they are well? And back here with you and Hannah?"

"Why can't you live in Salem in his house?"

"Because, he's going out to buy tea in India, and he wants me to go with him."

Yolanda, fire in her eyes, flung out, "I'm never going to be in love with anybody."

"Why not?"

"Oh it changes people, Aunt Jack. It has changed you. You don't like to be with me as you did. You just want to be with Uncle Kit."

And how could Jacqueline lie before the look in those candid eyes?

"Well, anyhow, I love you darling," was all she could say as she went to her room to get ready.

Yolanda took her loneliness out to old Hannah. "Sue didn't ask me."

"Your turn will come, dearie."

"When?"

"When you are a young lady, and men fall in love with you."

"Do you think men will fall in love with me, Hannah?"

"Why not?"

"Did anybody ever fall in love with you, Hannah?"

"Yes, and indeed, my lamb. I wore a pink hat and a pink dress, and he brought me roses."

Yolanda took Hannah's love affair seriously. She saw nothing incongruous in the bonnet and the bunched-up gown. Hannah had been young and had been wooed and won. All the grown-ups had been young, had loved and been loved, her own turn would come.

"Tell me about it," she begged Hannah.

And Hannah who liked nothing better, rehearsed her romance while she seeded raisins for a white fruit cake, and Yolanda, curled in the kitchen rocker, the morning sun shining on her daffodil locks, listened and forgot her wrongs.

And when Hannah had finished, the child said, "May I bring my book and read in the kitchen?"

And Hannah said, "Yes." So Yolanda brought her book, and the fire burned bright, and Hannah baked her cake, and there was a great smell of spiciness, and at last Yolanda looked up from her book and said, "Aren't we happy, Hannah?"

And old Hannah said: "As happy as clams at high tide, my lamb."

SUE GILMAN, driving Jacqueline and her lover through the rain was not happy. She wished she had let Kit come over alone. He could not, of course, have suggested it, but the chances were that he would rather have had Jacqueline to himself. The night before he had said little about her, but that little had shown how he felt. It was, Sue had realized, a kind of adoration. The kind that men who are virile, yet idealistic give to women who meet them in mind and spirit. Kit had always been like that—a vigorous, dauntless youngster, harboring a flock of dreams . . . .

The whole family had waited up to welcome him, and they had done it with open arms. He had kissed Mrs. Gilman and Paula and Phoebe, and then he had kissed Sue. She still felt the touch of his lips on her cheek . . .

And now here he was, sitting in her little car with Jacqueline between them, and for all that she meant to him Sue might have been a thousand miles away. He saw only Jacqueline—had eyes and ears for no one else . . .

She broke in on her thoughts, "I hope you two aren't crowded."

"We would be if Jack wasn't so thin. I'm going to fatten her up, Sue. You won't know her when I bring her back from India."

"*India?*"

"Yes. Our wedding trip."

"How soon?"

"As soon as I can get this child to drop her family cares."

Sue's tone had a note of sharpness. "You needn't flatter yourself that she'll ever do that. She has a self-sacrifice complex. What we used to call in the old days 'unselfishness'."

She saw Kit's hand close over Jacqueline's. "Perhaps we'd better still call it that."

Sue shrugged her shoulders. "Call it what you like. She'll go through life making a doormat of herself . . . "

She left the subject then to talk of other things. She talked well, and lighted as she was by an inner flame of excitement, her wit and humor sparkled. She sketched the fortunes of the family since Kit had left them. "Their reaction to the war was priceless... Mother, having no sons, played *grande dame* to the doughboys. Aunt Paula played up to the officers, and

Sue

Aunt Phoebe played her own particular game of being comfortable."

She embroidered the theme, telling how Mrs. Gilman had brought lovely manners to a lot of roughnecks and got no thanks for them. "You should have seen her dining them in six courses. They didn't know what to do with their hands and feet and forks and finger bowls, and they went right from our house to Skipper Barnes' old joint down by the docks, and had a roaring time with drinks and poker. Mother didn't know that, of course. We kept it from her, and got her to play hostess at the Barrack dances, where she shone upon the warriors from afar.

"Aunt Paula flirted with everything in gold braid and buttons. She always had a lot of young officers about her. And she was never better looking. The whole thing pepped her up. As for Aunt Phoebe, except for the food regulations, she didn't know that the war was on. She had enough to eat and enough to wear, and the rest of the world might go hang for all she cared. But when they began putting us on war rations, she hid little bags of sweets everywhere. She loves them and she wouldn't be without them. I found chocolate drops under her pillows, and sugar in her jewel box. She was like a wee gray mouse, nibbling."

The gay voice rattled on. Jacqueline, listening, was not sure she liked the things that Sue was saying. It was all very funny, of course, but her own code included silence as to the faults of her family. She wouldn't have talked about Joel or Mary for worlds—not to anybody. But, then, Sue was different. She believed in frankness. She was, in a way, like Yolanda, without Yolanda's deeper sense of values.

At breakfast Kit sat on one side of Mrs. Gilman and Jacqueline on the other. Sue was opposite Kit. She wore a simple morning frock of cinnamon brown. She had taken off her hat and her red hair blazed. It was very beautiful hair with a wave of its own. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining.

Paula, watching her neice, saw the change in her. Sue had not lighted up like this for ages. "It is because Kit is here," was the older woman's shrewd deduction. "And he hasn't eyes to see it."

Sue was saying, "He's going to take Jacqueline to India with him."

THERE was a chorus of exclamations, out of which Jacqueline's voice was heard: "I'll go if I can leave Mary."

Paula weighed that last sentence. Sue was, it seemed, to be reprieved for the moment. And who knew what might happen if Kit went out alone? Men forget at long distance, and Sue might still have her chance. And why shouldn't she? There might even be a trip to India, with Paula playing chaperone. They had often talked about such a trip, and Sue had been keen for it. "We both have adventuring spirits, and I don't want her to suffer as I have suffered," was Paula's mental defense as her conscience questioned her. And anyhow that child wasn't the mate for him. Anyone could see that. She was charming, but not spectacular. And Kit would need a wife who was a bit spectacular. He had a position to maintain and Sue had money. The Howland house was the place for her. Paula, having settled all this to her satisfaction, and having finished her breakfast, lighted a cigarette. Smoking was one of the accomplishments she had acquired during the war, and she was proud of it. She was a pioneer, as it were, of sophistication, in her home town. It gave her a sensation of daring, of youth renewed.

It had been a wonderful breakfast—honey-dew melons, crisp ribbons of bacon, hot rolls and honey, but Jacqueline had eaten little. She had been glad to sit at her ease, her eyes roaming the table, noting the fineness of the linen, the heavy, old-fashioned silver and cut glass, ugly, but adding none-the-less, a touch of elegance. She knew as well as if she had seen it with her own eyes, that this was the way Kit had lived in the house next door, he and his mother with their Canton and Sheffield, and with trim maids moving about the table.

Yet as she weighed the Gilmans in the balance against the Howlands she was aware of the difference in the two families. Both had pride of race and lived up to it; but Kit had what none of the present generation of Gilmans possessed—an understanding of the high meaning of democracy. In him was the spirit of the men who had made America, men who banded together could make the laws of a nation, who could vote, administer and represent intelligently. Only a weak people needs a dictator. Democracy is the ideal of the strong.

They were all talking together now, leaving her out of it. It seemed to Jacqueline, all at once, as if everybody wanted to claim Kit, to make him theirs, while she, who was to be the wife of his heart, was shut out. She knew she was unreasonable to be thinking such thoughts. It was her own fault since she had been too tired to exert herself as she might—but, oh, she wished that she and Kit were alone—shut away from the world.

"I had hoped in a day or two you'd be wearing your wedding ring"

Then suddenly, as if he *knew*, Kit glanced at his watch. "Great guns, do you know what time it is? And Jack and I are due in Boston by noon." He rose and laid his hand on Jacqueline's shoulder. "Can you tear yourself away?"

The look he bent on her was the answer to all that Paula had been thinking. She was stirred to anger by the sight of his devotion. Here was a thing she had lost in her life, and now Sue was losing it!

But to Jacqueline the touch of her lover's hand was a glory—like that of the moon at night! And when Kit got her at last into the train, he said, "I wanted you to myself."

"Did you, Kit, really?"

"My darling, yes."

JOEL and Kit! Army and Navy! Both of them hating war. Yet both ready to fight again for a worthy cause.

Jacqueline loved seeing them together. Joel was to lunch with them, then drive with them to the hospital to call on Mary. He limped down the corridor of his own hospital beside Christopher. He had done away with his crutches. The two men towered tall. Joel was big and bulky and handsome; his dark hair brushed straight back from his forehead, his little black moustache, his brown eyes with their quick glances. Kit's slenderness and freshness of skin stood out in almost boyish contrast to Joel's swarthiness. Many eyes were upon them when, having been whirled along the snowy streets for a few moments in a taxi, they entered the big hotel in Copley Square and made their way to the dining room. Many eyes rested, too, with appreciation on the slender child between the two tall men. She wore a not-so-new coat of gray squirrel and a small round hat that matched. But the ends of a sapphire scarf knotted in the opening of the coat, brought out the color of her eyes, and there was about her as she looked up first at one big man and then at the other, an air of soft radiance that was enchanting.

Christopher was host. The two men got on very well together, although their acquaintance had been short. They matched experiences, as they scanned the menu. "Go to it, Joel," Kit said; "these are the days we eat. Shall we have onion soup and an omelette in memory of our days in Paris? And new asparagus? Vinaigrette?"

Joel thought not. "If you'll leave it to me, I'll have an English mutton chop. Heavy and hearty. They've been giving me fluff at the hospital."

"Jacqueline?"

"May I have what I want?"

"Yes."

"Chicken salad and chocolate ice cream?"

"My dear . . ."

"Oh, I know . . . it's bromidic, Kit. But it was always what Mary and I had on high feasts and holidays—and this is such a high feast."

Joel broke in, "If only we had Mary with us . . . !"

WHEN she's well enough," Kit said, "I'll give a party. We'll all doll up and dine here and go to a play afterward . . ."

At the end of the feast they drank Mary's health in little cups of coffee. Their hopes were high. There in the rose-lighted dining room, with its Yuletide decorations, its mirthful music, its laughing crowds, the shadows which had hung over them lifted. Mary would be better soon; they would bring here here, and she would make a quartette of their trio. Life would swing back to its old careless happiness. The things that the war had brought would be forgotten . . .

So a little later, they came to the hospital, bringing into Mary's still room, a sense of vitality which lifted her for the moment out of the languor which had chained her, and enabled her to welcome them with a sort of smiling ardor: "Merry Christmas, my darlings," she managed to exclaim. [*Turn to page 156*]

"G'wan! Cut out de Chinkie talk and let's play!"

EBONY AND AMBER

A daughter of the cotton fields and the son of a mandarin meet in the Bowery

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by DALTON STEVENS

SINCE the Creator, taking various impure matters and kneading them with His divine pity, fashioned Feng Tao, the stick-up man, the gambler, the hired assassin in the employ of the Seven Azure Dragons Chinese Benevolent Association, fashioned him, perhaps, to watch how this sort of worthless yellow boy might behave under certain extraordinary circumstances, we, being only human and fallible, have no right to damn this same Feng Tao's eyes.

Let us consider his case, then.

Vague his birth, where Pell Street plays hide-and-seek with the Bowery; father killed in a brawl with a red-bearded Finnish sailor; mother drifting into the gray shadows soon afterward. His upbringing, that of chilly Chinese charity, public school and corner saloon. His early decision was that a world to which he owed nothing, owed him a living.

And so we find him showing industry only in evil pursuits—a thoroughly unsavory lad, slippery as an eel, crooked as a Malay dagger, cruel as a wild-cat. Bill Devoy, detective, attached to the Chinatown beat, frequently remarked that "of all them Chinks this here Feng Tao was the only one who ever *really* got his goat—never *could* catch him with the goods—horny-souled Mongol roughneck!" But Bill's description was unfair. For while all he said might fit Feng Tao's character, the outer man was rather good looking, with his clean length of limb, his slim hips, his broad shoulders, the ruddy glow of his square-jawed, powerful features, the flash of his white, even teeth, the neat cut of his clothes, the rakish tilt of his brown derby—and he had been known to do many kind things.

"Swell looker, that Chink!" was the feminine comment as he strolled down Mott Street toward No. 179a, which housed the "Canton Mutual Endeavor and Temperance Club." This appellation was in the nature of a Chinese jest, the club's main reason for existence being a large room on the ground floor, furnished with a dozen or so felt-covered tables that supported roulette wheels, poker paraphernalia, bridge decks, dice and Mah Jong tiles—proving that, at least in games of chance, the Celestials are cosmopolitan.

Here, of an evening, the rich men of Chinatown foregathered; and here, tonight—as almost every night, Feng Tao was wending his way. For he was a typical crook, making his money by devious methods, of which stealing was the most honest. The day's labors over, he wasted his substance across the felt-covered tables.

THEN, too, there was a little negro girl. A very black little negro. A ten-year-old negro, called Eliza. Surname problematical.

Similar to Feng Tao's, Eliza's personal recollections of her early life were sketchy. They revolved mostly around a grimy tenement in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge and around the plum-colored arms, always bare to the elbows and covered with soapsuds, of her mother who called her "honey chile" and sang sweetly.

Her next recollection dealt with a large clergyman of the African Baptist Church whose face shone like a highly polished chocolate Easter egg, with a stream of people following a hearse, and herself the center of neighborly interest, admonished and wept over and comforted with crooning songs and moist sticks of peppermint candy.

On the next day had come an expedition into unknown realms of topography and finance under the guidance of a small, fat, important boy from her native block. He led her up to a two-wheeled cart presided over by a gentleman with a checked cap, fuzzy sweater and doubtful finger nails, who was handing stacks of wet newspapers to a scrambling mob of children, occasionally interrupting his work by curses which seemed splendid and admirable to Eliza. Her small knight-errant introduced her to this gentleman. A liberal and intricate credit system was agreed upon; and thus she became a citizeness of the world, independent and economically self-supporting. Henceforth she tramped the city streets, with all the world's news for sale at three cents a throw; wars and strikes and divorce scandals and Presidential messages; also, once in a while, a vivid paragraph about a Pell Street robbery, and the reporter quoting detective Bill Devoy of Second Branch that "sure—he knew who done it—he'd have that dog-gone Chink stick-up gent behind the bars in no time—y'bet!"

A DECEMBER night it was, with a hard, glittering snow coming down in gusts, and a bitter wind booming up from the East River; and men and women hurrying along, their breath frosty [*Turn to page 139*]

CROSS MY PALM WITH SILVER

So say the soothsayers. And here is a fascinating picture of their practices, viewed without tea leaves, gazing globes or charts

By Grace Hendrick Patterson

Illustrated by GEORGE HOWE

ONE of the first rackets internationally perpetrated was the profession of soothsaying; only unlike our own dauntless gangsters, these mystic interpreters use the velvet glove. Roughly speaking, twenty-five per cent of the phrenologists, astrologists, numerologists, palmists, and clairvoyants are sold on the veracity of their system. Wagonloads of books, both erudite and sensational, have been written on every one of these subjects and by an amazing assortment of people. Plato and Plutarch, Pythagoras, Isidore of Seville, Richelieu, William Lilly, Cicero, Savonarola, Mr. Richard Garnett, and in our day, Conan Doyle and Evangeline Adams, are authors of volumes and treatises on occult matters. Also, if one wants lighter and less analytical reading material, there are countless brightly-bound pamphlets on sale at newsstands or book shops whose authors hide their identities under such startling cognomens as Kennilworth or Alla Axiom.

There are innumerable arguments to clear the nebulous doubts of those who want to believe, and there is the indisputable fact that many of the prophecies made by these seers come true. If one is willing to discard the fact that scientists are skeptical in spite of the enormous amount of evidence laid before them, it is very easy to become a bull in the psychic market. Nothing is more fascinating than the search for knowledge of future events both personal and universal, and particularly personal.

This winter, I spent a month wandering among the esoteric enthusiasts. I picked out those who had practiced for several years and who are known not only to have made excellent predictions but who were convinced of their individual infallibility.

THE first lady who scrutinized me was a clairvoyant. She was a willowy creature, with a lovely brow and a liverish skin. Her voice had a peculiar, distant quality which, intentional or not, provided excellent atmosphere. Her room was comfortably furnished and dimly lit so that when she sat down opposite me at a table and proceeded to shuffle a pack of cards, her face with its large slanting eyes stood out in relief against the dusky background. She asked me to give her something I wore, a ring or a pin; and placing it against her forehead, she closed her eyes and went into what seemed to be a mild trance.

While in this state of sublimation she told me, speaking very fast and in rather a high voice, the color of my aura. Then she described the places I would be in during the next five or six months. She did not give names or geography. It was as though she were looking at a series of rapidly moving pictures of which I was the central figure. She came out of her trance and set to work with the cards. These she arranged in various cryptic positions and, talking naturally again, she worked out a series of future incidents which were as nebulous as her effort at precognition had been arresting and interesting.

I picked those who were convinced of their individual infallibility

There is a theory that genuine clairvoyants can read your subconscious mind with their subconscious minds. The channel from their subconscious to their conscious minds being broader and freer than the average, they have no difficulty in telling you, while they are in a state of focus, what they see. After she had milked the cards dry, she gave me a reading of my character that was terrifying in its searching veracity. My virtues, all the faults I admit and even the scurrilous little ones I hide from my own kind eyes, were hauled out and inspected. At the end of an hour I was released, slightly limp in spirit from this soul-scraping. I found the card business unconvincing, though its devotees rise like alfalfa when the subject is mentioned.

The next week I went to a numerologist. The atmosphere of her establishment was not of the gardenia quality which characterized that of the clairvoyant. She was fresh, plump, businesslike, and as avid for publicity as her confrère, though in a dreamy but forceful manner she was leery of it. The numerologist broadcasts over the radio, and she told me that in spite of a natural love of home and the culinary art, "the divine truth" had revealed to her through numbers that her mission was to spread it. She took me into a bright little room, upholstered in yellow chintz. In it was a blackboard covered with figures.

Here, she said, she gives lessons in numerology. I asked her what she thought of astrology, palmistry, phrenology, etc., to which she replied that anyone who has the power could use either of the sciences as mediums for expression. She had chosen numerology because it "appealed to her intellect."

WE SETTLED ourselves and she wrote down my full maiden name and date of birth, tracing under them a formidable series of numbers. These she subtracted and divided into a few simple numerals. After the searing analysis I had undergone from the clairvoyant, it was inspiring, if a surprise, to find out that I had a "master mind." Also, my life from thirty-five is going to become more and more interesting and varied. I asked her what she told the unfortunates whose later life was not as rosy as mine. She admitted that a good many people were problems. There was one lady who came to her, obviously, from her dress and jewelry, a woman [*Turn to page 152*]

Far beyond the rim of cities these things happen, for in the midst of loneliness realities often lie just over the edge of dreams

"Ploughin' ain't nothin' to her! An' I've saw

THE MAN

THE Brownlie woman and her children were at supper, eating in their usual depressing silence. Kendall left the table and plunged into the sunset glamor of the out-of-doors. The small yard gate, weighted with a wired stone, slammed behind him. He paused and looked out over the canyon, drawing a deep breath at its beauty.

"A landscape in a dream," thought Kendall. But from infinite distance to the dream's very edge, encroached the dun, incredibly level plains. And that forlorn and hideous little house from which he was fleeing! It squatted there, a toad on the brink of this wonder.

He straightened his shoulders, thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his new riding breeches and swung off on the road leading out of the horse pasture. A spare, graying man, wearing eyeglasses and an expression of worry. He had the nervous and kindly face of a schoolmaster, which, in fact, he was. He must, he decided, get away from this place for a few days. He had been tempted to clear out entirely, but he had paid a month's board in advance and couldn't afford to lose the remaining three weeks.

His convalescent, city-worn nerves had craved the open. The remnants of his savings and of his vacation, which illness had not consumed, he had come to spend on this ranch in the Southwest. He had hoped, when planning the trip, that the region possessed at least some tinge of that charm so lavishly depicted in western novels and moving pictures. Of course, he admitted to himself, he had known it wouldn't *really* be like that. But to have it turn out so humdrum, so devoid of color . . . It was all like a grim, practical joke at his expense; coming to this forlorn place run by a hag of a woman.

Kendall came to a pause at the big gate that opened into the pasture and stood with his arms on the top rail. He felt himself prey to piercing melancholy, and started walking quickly back to the house. He would see the woman and arrange to go on the thirty mile drive to Tulia in the morning. He would stay in the town a day or two, get his mail, buy a stock of papers and magazines and, thus fortified, return, and try to live out the rest of his month. With an inward sigh, he relinquished the last vestige of his dream of cowboys, roundups and romance.

The ever-changing beauty of the canyon had more than offset coarse food and a hard bed; the pure air admirably fitted the doctor's prescription; yet it was no antidote to this atmosphere of human hopelessness. He had wished to be among the plains people of romance; and instead he was daily confronted with their tragedy as epitomized in Mrs. Brownlie and her children. Her strident voice assailed him before he had reached the yard: "Here you, Andy! Run out them hogs—they're rooten' in the garden! Ain't I told you to keep watchin' out?"

Andy, the youngest of the three boys, leaped into action: a scrawny, small figure in blue overalls.

With the help of two dogs there followed a commotion of shouting, barking and squealing; and the invasion was put to rout.

The incident was typical, thought Kendall, of the harassing inefficiency of the place: the fences had been unrepaired for so long that an endless driving out of the hogs had come to be the accepted means of restricting them. The cattle and a cultivated field east of the house, known as "the feed patch" were the dominant points of interest in the lives of these people; and so completely did the care of these drain their strength that they appeared hardly conscious that there could be other demands in life.

As Kendall opened the gate, the little girl, Lily, was sitting on the porch steps nibbling half-heartedly at the last bit of her supper—a biscuit soaked in molasses. The brown molasses streaked her small, delicately pretty face, and she brushed back yellow curls with sticky fingers. Lily was the only member of the family on whom the curse of toil had not fallen; her problem was a superfluity of leisure and a dearth of playmates. The mother's consistent, fierce refusals to allow the child to help about the house, even when she cried to do so, were to Kendall a much-pondered anomaly. It must be that in the shrunken woman—with whom it was difficult to connect even a tradition of beauty—some memory, some realization had kept alive and created this complex which made her exclude Lily from even the lightest of manual work.

"No, you cain't peel them potatoes," the mother would say; "it'll spoil your hands." And: "Don't let me ketch you weedin' in that garden again—you're tanned enough a'ready!"

But Lily was not tanned. The few freckles across her snub nose only served to accentuate the transparency of her delicate little face.

She was kept perpetually "dressed up." Kendall noted the daintiness of her blue linen frock, white socks and

her rope an' tie a steer quick as any man"

FROM OREGON

By Mary Arbuckle

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFMAN

kid slippers; incongruous in this environment. She responded dimly to the friendly smile he gave her.

He walked to the back of the house and stood in the doorway of the hot kitchen which was filled with the hum of swarming flies and the clatter of dish washing. "I'd like to go to Tulia tomorrow, Mrs. Brownlie. Could you let me have the team?"

She looked up from her dishpan vaguely. "I reckon." Her voice was flat and lifeless.

"Could you spare it for two days?"

"I reckon so," she said as before, going on with her work.

She hung the dishpan on a nail behind the stove and dragged from the closet a barrel churn. The thing was heavy, unwieldy; and Kendall stepped forward to take it. "Wouldn't you like it outside where it's cooler?" he asked.

"Well, yes," she said indifferently. He set it on the ground and placed a chair for her. When she had poured in the cream and was swinging the churn by its handle, Kendall seated himself on the doorstep and watched her.

His mind reviewed the half-heeded gossip he had heard from the man who had brought him out from town: "Worthless cuss, Emmet Brownlie was," Hastings had said. " 'Bout as good dead as livin', I reckon. Helluva time the woman's had a-raisin' them four younguns an' runnin' the ranch. She done nigh all the work about the place till the boys got old enough to he'p her. Ploughin' ain't nothin' to her! Why, I've saw her rope an' tie a steer quick as any man—an' her not bigger'n a minute neither. She cain't quite make it when it comes to bulldoggin' 'em, though."

Small wonder such feats had left her body warped and spent of resiliency! Yet it was not the woman's physical aspect alone that made her charmless; she was soddenly unresponsive, with a queer blank look, as of something dead, in her eyes. She directed the activities of her sons with a passionless harshness; even her scolding was mechanical. Only in her adamantine determination that Lily should not work, did she show feeling; a fierceness entirely disproportionate to the decision she clung to. Yet Kendall had never seen her caress the child or even glance at her tenderly.

Emmet came toward them from the sheds carrying the full milk pails. He was sixteen, with a loose-hung body and dull, accepting eyes.

"Takes after his father," Hastings had told Kendall.

The boy went into the kitchen and when he came out, his mother spoke without glancing at him: "Keep up the roans tonight. Mr. Kendall's goin' to Tulliar tomorrer."

"All right," said Emmet, and slouched back to the barn.

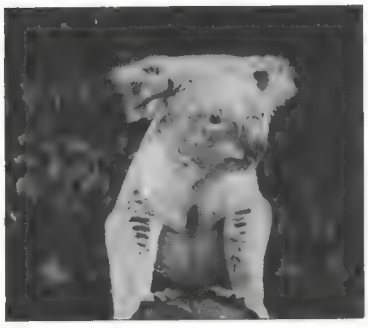
The butter had "come"; and the woman ladled it out and put it away with despatch. Then, emerging from the kitchen, she made for the wire fence with her loping stride, and began to take down the wash she had that morning strung there to dry. The coarser garments, overalls, shirts and aprons, bordered two sides of the yard, while Lily's dainty little dresses had a space to themselves near the front gate. As the woman's bent figure moved along the fence in the fading light, stacking the garments in her arms, she looked like a gnome fantastically overshadowed by a huge burden.

Kendall rose and, to escape the sight of her, walked to the windmill. The stars had come out in a deepening sky. He could see the dark figures of the boys moving about the sheds; they were throwing bundles of hay over the fence to the horses in a lot. One of them was whistling—Oscar, of course. The small figure of Andy, the eight-year-old, approached Kendall on his way to the house.

"Hello, there," called Kendall, with forced cheeriness. The child turned his head slightly, made an indistinguishable murmur, and padded by in the dusk. It was uncanny for even children to be so queer and unapproachable. They never played like real children; perhaps they didn't know how. They were all too busy to play, except Lily. Poor Lily! Her lonely, time-swamped childhood was as tragic as the overwork of her growing brothers. And the mothers' attitude toward her lent that mother a tinge of mystery.

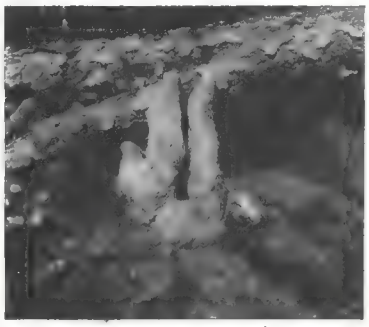
"Naw," drawled "Old Man" Givens, Proprietor of the Tulia House; "ain't nothin' in this here dry farmin'—Maw an' me has tried it out. Looks like the woman's bound to get a raw deal in this country any way you fix it. There's that Miz Brownlie where you're stoppin'. I reckon she's had it worse'n any. What with Emmit always ailin' an' the work of two [*Turn to page 186*]

SOME FISH CLIMB TREES!



A gentle koala from Australia and below a gibbon which walks and runs erect

A world-famous naturalist reveals to you some queer facts about common animals you have seen and some uncommon facts about queer animals you have never seen



A sloth which hails from tropical America and at the bottom an Indian cobra

By Dr. Raymond Ditmars

ONE curious result of this mechanical age in which we live is the declining interest in animals. Motor cars have crowded horses off the streets. Dogs can't be kept in most apartment houses. Children have kiddie-cars and scooters instead of pets. Airplanes frighten away bird life.

In strange contrast I find myself more engrossed than ever with animals. Granting all the marvels of machinery, my belief is that there isn't a branch of science that compares in adventure and fascination with the study of wild life.

"For instance?" I can hear the reader ask.

Yes, for instance: Did you ever hear of a fish that climbs trees? Or a frog so big that it can swallow a rat? A snake that flies like a bird? An ant that runs a dairy? An animal that always walks upside down?

Some of these creatures we have on hand in any well-equipped zoo. Others can be found in the form of stuffed specimens in many museums. Then there are plenty of photographs, moving and still, to confirm their startling performances.

There are several species of fish capable of climbing out of the water. One of these, the gurnard, is found in the fresh waters of the East Indies and is about the size and shape of a small sculpin. It has three finger-like projections in the front of its breast fins by which it is able to drag its body along. The movement of the fins is alternate, giving the fish a firm, steady gait like that of an old man determined not to let age conquer him.

These climbing fish don't hesitate to come right out of the water and prowl around the branches of dead trees which dip down from the banks. In this fashion they can cross from one pond or river to another.

A RELATED species that has always amused me is the so-called "archer fish." It hunts its prey in the same fashion a schoolboy pesters his playmate in the old swimming hole; taking a large mouthful of water the fish swims along and squirts it with deadly aim. Its marksmanship may be judged from the fact that by this method it brings down small flies and other insects sunning themselves on green leaves overhead. The archer fish has been known to knock a spider out of its web several feet above the water.

Most people picture a small fish as a rather stupid, helpless creature completely at the fisherman's mercy. But I think the 18-inch piranha of the Amazon and Orinoco would make a ferocious wild-cat seem tame by comparison. There are many tragic cases of cattle wading into the river during hot weather only to be disemboweled by the bloodthirsty piranha. I know of a lady who thoughtlessly trailed her hand in the cool water while being paddled by a native who should have warned her of the danger. Suddenly she felt what she thought was the blow of a club. Jerking her hand upward she was horrified to see a piranha dangling from it. The next instant the fish dropped off carrying with it two joints of the lady's middle finger!

More canny than the archer fish and subtler than piranha is a common species found in European waters known as the "fishing frog." Unlike most fish it is far too slow in movement to overtake the prey its diet demands. It survives by one of the strangest performances of any sea animal.

In the first place, its body blends perfectly with the ocean bottom, being decorated with thin filaments that look exactly like seaweed. Then it has an enormous mouth that can be closed quick as a flash. Over this mouth the fish hangs a long stalk-like arm on the end of which grows a small irregular piece of cartilage. This arm is nothing more nor less than a *fishing-pole* and the cartilage does as bait. What happens is that when the fishing frog is hungry it sits on the bottom of the sea with its mouth wide open. It swings its bait in front. A small fish swims by, sees a gaping hole in the sand with what appears to be a morsel of food floating near the entrance. The small fish makes a dash for the food, the "hole" closes with a snap and the fishing frog swallows its meal!

The frog I referred to earlier as being large enough to swallow a rat is a real frog found in the Cameroons along the equatorial belt of West Africa. Some specimens attain a weight of over five pounds and, when stewed native style, make a meal for a whole family.

FLYING snakes are found on some islands of Malaysia. Let me give you a hovering humming bird's eye-view of the creature. The snake is about two feet long. It is resting quietly, far out on the horizontal branch of a huge tree. A hundred feet below lies the tangled mass of tropical jungle, alive with buzzing insect life. Fragrance of exotic flowers is wafted upward in the torpid air.

The snake is awaiting its meal of raw lizard. The little lizards on which it lives are forever restless. They, in turn, live on insects which they chase about interminably. The snake, lying motionless and nearly identical in color and form with the supporting branch, is invisible to the lizards. One comes near him. He makes a quick dart, wiggles his jaws in the curious engulfing process of a snake, and the unfortunate lizard has disappeared.

When the insect life on one tree diminishes the lizards scamper on to another, followed by the flying snake. Partly due to laziness, and partly because the trunk may be alive with fearless "fire ants," he prefers to avoid the long journey down to the ground and up another tree. Nature has taught him a short cut.

First he flattens his cylindrical body against the branch. He does this by rolling forward his hundred-odd slender, circular ribs. In a few seconds he looks as if he had been run over by a steam roller! Then he gently slides off.

In effect, he doesn't fly but glides. He sails through the air like a toy airplane. To an observer from the ground it looks as if an extremely elongated, sword-like, black leaf had broken off and slithered down almost parallel to the ground. His aim is good. He does not collide with useless branches. Many yards away he checks his speed by curving upward the front end of his body, much the same way an air pilot would use his elevators. With a soft thud he lands on the solid branch of a distant tree and by a short climb can attain his original elevation.

Ants have long been known as among the most highly organized animals so far as their communal life is concerned. Their military and foraging operations, their buried cities, their efficiency in ant labor, all set them apart from larger animal forms which tend to live in more limited groups.

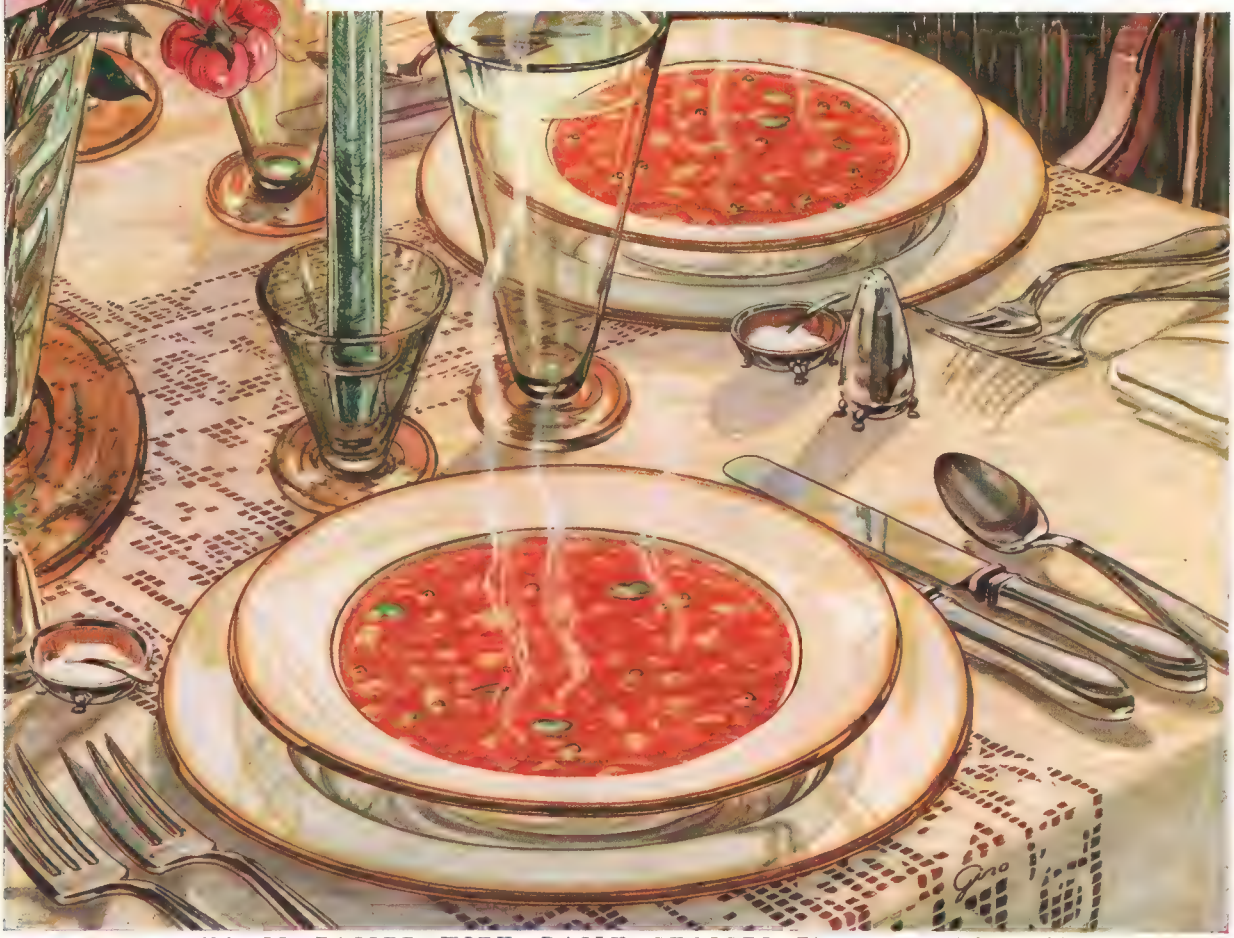
Most people look on ants with disgust because the little insects appear parasitic. [*Turn to page 124*]

Your desire for *more variety* is answered in these delicious soups!

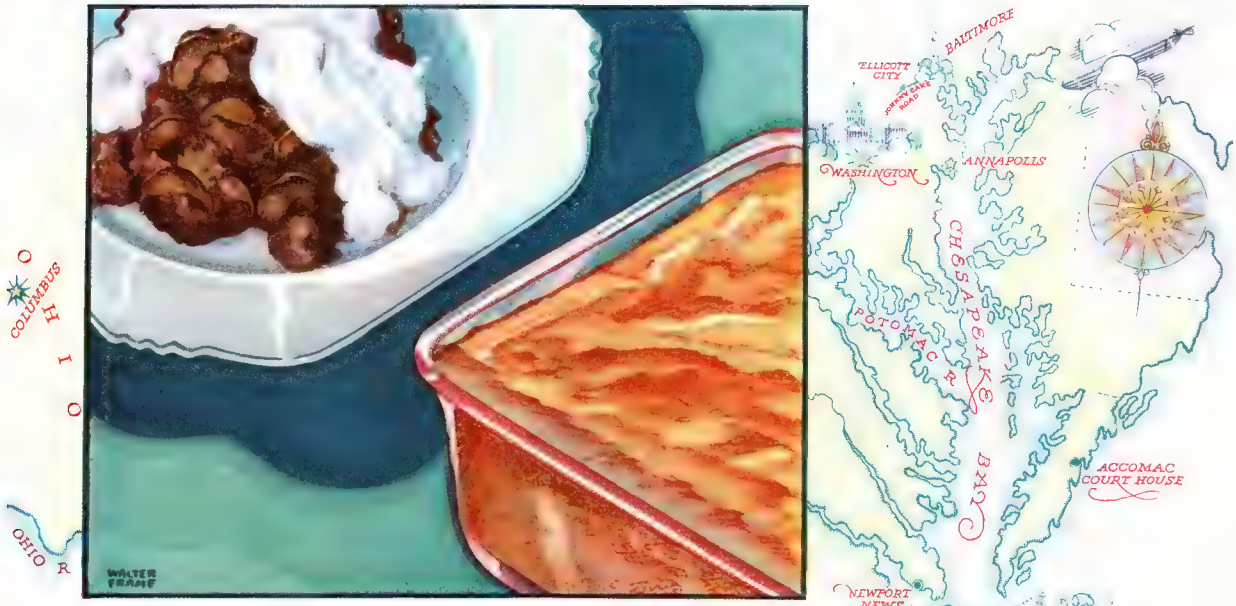
Variety! What woman does not know how important it is to keep her meals constantly fresh and different? Here are twenty-one different soups awaiting your daily choice and bringing the most delicious quality to your meals. Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. That is all you do to have these soups, hot and savory and inviting, on your table! Today enjoy Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Its 15 vegetables make it a meal! 12 cents a can.

Your choice . . . Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus	Chicken	Julienne	Pea	Tomato-Okra
Bean	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot	Vegetable
Beef	Clam Chowder	Mulligatawny	Printanier	Vegetable-Beef
Bouillon	Consommé	Mutton	Tomato	Vermicelli-Tomato
Celery		Ox Tail		



MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS



The southern apple dish and the Virginia hot bread I learned how to make.

From Johnny Cake Road to Accomac -- good cooking all the way

I've been loitering down through the Chesapeake Bay country which is as chock full of history as a cherry pie is full of cherries, looking for interesting Crisco recipes for you. And I found marvelous recipes, with the flavor of by-gone days, quaintly phrased, calling for "yeast powder" instead of baking powder and speaking familiarly of "saleratus."

And I found marvelous cooks who know about Crisco and the wonderful delicacy foods have when they're cooked with it. In many an old family cook book I saw tucked away the page of cookie recipes I gave you last year in this same magazine.

I met a woman in Baltimore who said, "even Baltimore oysters are *proud* to be fried in such a good fat. Just drain them, season, dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs and use plenty of Crisco in your skillet. And they're marvelous—all crunchy and crispy."

On to Washington over a stretch of the old Johnny Cake road where teams of oxen still wind their way through Ellicott City, where stands a 200-year-old flour mill, now converted into a modern doughnut-machine factory. Which reminds me that Crisco's the best fat I know to fry doughnuts in, too. They never absorb the fat and stay fresh flavored and sweet for weeks.

Then to Annapolis where the loveliest woman showed me her great-grandmother's handwritten cook book with a recipe for Brown Betty entitled and misspelled in the most ladylike hand, "a fine recipe for a *frugel* housewife." It called for unsalted butter! Not so frugal now!

I have given you this recipe, too, for Crisco costs so little in comparison that you can afford to be lavish with it. Yet it tastes for all the world just like freshly churned sweet butter.

Finally across the bay to Accomac Court House, Virginia, and out to a white-pillared house, where, from the colored cook, I got a recipe for real Virginia spoon bread. I was told that this cook, who hovers over her shiny kitchen stove like a pianist over his Steinway, is famous for miles around.

This Virginia spoon bread isn't like *ordinary* corn bread. It is light and rich, and full of flavor —don't hide its own deliciousness with jelly or syrup.

But you must make the spoon bread with Crisco. This fine cook told me she likes the delicate flavor Crisco gives to foods. She knows too, that Crisco stays fresh, fluffy and snowy white even without ice box help.

I have a cook book, "12 Dozen Time Saving Recipes," that you'll find interesting. You may have it by writing me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XM-30, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

SPOON BREAD

4 eggs
2 cups milk
1 cup white corn meal
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons melted Crisco
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt

Scald milk and salt in double boiler and pour over corn meal. Cool. Add sugar and beaten eggs. Stir in baking powder and last the melted Crisco. Beat well. Bake in Criscoed deep baking dish in moderate oven (350° F.) for about 45 minutes. Spoon out and serve with butter.

"FRUGEL" BROWN BETTY

2 cups crumbled bread (not too fresh)
4 cups finely sliced or chopped tart apples
4 tablespoons Crisco
1 cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt

Mix sugar, spices and salt. Brush baking dish with melted Crisco and add layer of crumbs. Sprinkle with sugar mixture. Dot with Crisco. Add layer of apples. Repeat until dish is full, ending with layer of bread crumbs and dotted Crisco on top. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until apples are cooked (about an hour). Remove cover the last 15 minutes so top gets crunchy and brown. Serve hot with soft lemon custard or hard sauce.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter and Gamble Co.

Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

[*Continued from page 17*] was achievement, an achievement of my own not learned from books, a creative process, a thing that began to *build me* along with itself. I found that when I had done three piles of stones I experienced a greater thrill than when I had done two. Thrill grew into pride, pride that I had built something really worth while in this world.

Let your boy and girl know that inside our heads are many groups of tiny brain cells. A large number of these groups work instinctively; several, for instance, control the movements of the eyes, others the movements of our arms, our legs, every muscle of the body. There are a thousand "workers on duty," if you want to think of them as that, and each worker is made up of a separate and distinct group of cells. These are what we might call mechanical workers, born with us. Whether we are ignorant or intelligent, worthless or of some value to our fellow men, a savage in the heart of Africa or president of a university, these inherited laborers do their service for us. Every boy and girl has them.

I WISH that mothers and fathers might explain very clearly to their children that they also possess in the locked and guarded treasure-vaults of their brains many precious groups of cells that are *sleeping*, waiting to be roused, watered, cultivated and made to bloom into an unending variety of possibilities. And the great awakener is *thought*. That is why we have schools. That is why we are made to sacrifice ourselves to that horrible torture called algebra even when we know we are never going to teach it or even use it. We are struggling to rouse the sleeping giants within us—the slumbering groups of brain cells which make the great artist, the famous writer, the inspired musician, the clever surgeon, the brilliant statesman, the preacher, the explorer, the inventor, the financier. Only through this medium of thought can we dig down into the treasure-mines which are a part of us.

And now, realizing these truths, I look back at the stone-piles of my boyhood as among the most important things in my life. For if it is thought that develops the best that is in us, it is equally true that duty and responsibility are the inspirations of thought. Over my stone-piles I built so many castles in the air, and had so many thrilling adventures of the imagination, that the desire to give some physical manifestation of these make-believe worlds of mine, in writing, began to possess me when I was nine years old.

I was not a prodigy. What little success I have achieved has been pounded out with naked fists through many years of hard work. It does not seem to me that heredity has helped to ease that work very much. I know many successful writers who have had a literary inheritance from great-uncles or great-aunts to help them along, most of them have climbed the ladder more easily than I. Because I was destined to write steadily for ten years before I sold my first story—and that for five dollars—and because it was to be my fate to write for twenty-one years before I could actually make a living at it, seems to mark me as rather stupid, and to emphasize that lack of genius which a few optimists seem to think I should have inherited from my famous great-uncle, Captain Marryat. My Indian blood, I think, overcame that possible advantage. From my earliest boyhood every instinct in me has urged me to hold myself away from people and bury myself in the wilds. Yet, what wonderful make-believe world the lovely Indian maiden who became my great-grandmother may have built up for herself, just as I built mine!

"My mother, so sweet and proud"

Two things of importance to my future happened when I was nine. They emphasize the significance of little things in childhood. A few words, an act, an interest or a lack of interest by a relative or a friend may be of monumental importance to a boy or girl in this most plastic age of his life. I began writing little stories and drawing crude pictures to illustrate them. The stories did not run over a hundred or two hundred words in length. They were filled with human gore and the roar of guns, and I suppose they were very, very funny. Even my dear mother and father failed to take

At seven, when pigpens were painted with stolen eggs

an interest in my creative genius at that time, and in the little red brick schoolhouse up at Four Corners, Erie County, Ohio, I was laughed at by other boys and girls and averaged at least a fight a week in defense of my brain-children.

Then my married sister, Amy Gaylord, came to visit us from Michigan, which then seemed to be a vast distance away. Instantly she took an interest in what I was doing, not in a casual, make-believe kind of way, but seriously. This was the sister who always insisted on taking me along in a baby carriage, as a chaperon, aged three, when the young man whom she married was courting her. Now she became an equally interested partner in my writing. She did not lie to me, for which I have always blessed her, but explained to me very frankly what a long, hard task I had ahead of me before I could hope to put on the paper the kind of stories I loved to read. But she urged me to go on and become a great writer, and was so proud of what I had already done that I was inspired with an undying ambition and determination from that time on. I think she added five years to my mental growth when she sent one of my impossible creations to the editor of "Happy Hours," and a little later received a letter from him in which this mighty man complimented me on my effort and assured me that I would surely become a writer if I had the courage and perseverance to keep at it.

James Oliver Curwood whose first stories were mud pies

From that time I would not have exchanged places with any other boy in the world. Over my stone-piles I built even greater stories. At least once a month I received an encouraging letter from my sister away off in Michigan. There lived in Owosso a young man, Fred Janette, afterward newspaper editor, who at that time was writing successfully for "Golden Days," receiving the enormous sum of three hundred dollars each for his juvenile serials. My sister interested him in me. After that nothing short of death could have stopped me. I was bound to become an author, a great author, a writer whose stories would thrill boys as other writers' stories were now thrilling me. I had not progressed far enough to think of ever writing stories for old people—that is, for people who wanted love affairs in them. My stories were to be entirely of pirates and Indians and fighting.

In this same year of my life came a second event of importance. I "got religion." I got it so hard that along with my story-writing I became a seven-day wonder in our rural community. Up to a certain point, in the matter of religion, I was like nearly all of the other boys and girls about me. My egotistical and unreasoning religion taught me that God had created only two things worth-while—the Earth and Man. All other living things I was told were meant solely for men. All the rest of the universe, with its thousands and millions of other worlds, counted for nothing. God had picked on the Earth as His chosen spot.

From the Church I received my first vivid pictures of hell, as a seething and roaring furnace wherein devils with forked tails tortured their victims. My visions of heaven were made equally vivid, a place of golden streets, and of angels with harps—angels with white wings and long flowing hair. I received the impression that God was a mighty man who sat at a big desk somewhere up above the clouds, and that he had a great ledger in which he kept careful accounts.

REVIVAL meetings were being held at Joppa, a mile distant from our farm, when the Holy Ghost entered into me in a most amazing way. It was at night meeting, which had reached a high pitch of excitement, when I suddenly leapt to the platform of the little country church and loudly proclaimed my salvation. If ever a boy was inspired I was that boy, and that first night of my salvation I went home alone, going cross-lots through dark fields and ghostly woods. My love of nature made me unafraid. But this night I was not alone. An angel walked with me. Through all my life I have carried a vision of that angel. She was tall and very beautiful. Her wings and flowing robes were snow white. Beautiful hair, which even at that age I adored, streamed all about her face.

"A gallant gentleman—my father"

My mental glorification was such that I made no effort to keep my secret. First I confided in my people. And then, I think fortunately for me, I let it be known at school. What followed this last disclosure is impossible for me to describe adequately on paper. I was actually possessed with the desire to kill any other boy who laughed at my angels. And of course they all laughed, because I was working like a fiend to encourage them to "go forward"—a term which meant the act of religious conversion in those days. Laughter meant fights. I had two or three a day. And how I could fight when thus inspired! But after a certain number of scrimmages I began to wear down, until at least once each day I got a good drubbing. Slowly but surely I was licked back into mental health again. My angels appeared less frequently. Finally they were pummeled out of me entirely. I have never seen them since, but they long remained with me as tender and beautiful memories.

With a growing love for life and things as I began to see and feel them under the open skies there was born in me, even at this early age, the first spark of the great faith which possesses me so fully now, and which assures me that not only human life [*Turn to page 40*]

By Hildegarde Fillmore

That Alabaster Look

SOMEONE once determined that the human heart, with the power it exerts in a year, could lift a cruiser out of water. If this sounds fantastic, let me remind you of the work of another physical mechanism—the skin. It's a delicate, yet resistant covering of the body that has a great deal to do with our health and usually determines whether or not we may be called good-looking.

For most of us, the skin has to function smoothly in extremes of intense heat and bitter cold. It has to function in temperatures that would be too severe for many fine pieces of machinery. It must resist an atmosphere that is often over humid or over dry. Besides being a barometer of beauty our skins regulate the body temperature. Of course, the skin must be proof against the penetration of water or we could not enjoy the soothing benefits of a lazy warm water bath.

Let us forget for a moment that a beautiful skin is the first essential of loveliness. Let's think of the skin as a delicately organized machine that requires a certain amount of attention and care to keep it efficient. In this connection one dermatologist points out that "the skin cannot be more healthy than the person inside the skin." Given normal health which, of course, is dependent upon the right amount of sleep, exercise and fresh air as well as proper diet, what is the most important requirement of this "skin machine"? The answer is simple—*cleanliness*. When dirt and foreign particles get into a highspeed engine, we are not surprised if it misses or slows down or in other ways shows that its functions are being interfered with.

In a healthy skin nature provides the machine with its own lubrication. When it fails to do this we must do the obvious thing: apply softening oils to the surface and try to normalize the skin's functions until the skin itself furnishes the amount of oil it needs to keep it smooth and supple. One of the chief functions of the skin is to throw off perspiration and waste and to slough off dead worn-out cells from the surface. So it doesn't seem too much to ask even of a non-technical person that she consider the skin's functions closely.

BEFORE the world discovered that there was such a thing as soap, people cleansed their skins in all sorts of ingenious if rather harsh ways. After oiling their bodies, the Romans used scrapers. Cleopatra's maidens, they say, removed with abrasive materials the dirt which the royal skin collected. Today washing with soap and water may seem simple enough. Yet there are many women who still scrub their faces harshly and hastily and who often forget that last stimulating dash of cold water that is so good for the circulation. Rather than scrub your face with a washcloth, rub the skin briskly with a towel when you dry it. This brings up a nice glow and takes off any loose dead cells. When we think we must scrub hard with a washcloth, we are forgetting that soap dissolved in water instantly releases the natural oily coating of the skin that holds the dirt. Once these particles of oil and dirt are loosened, the soap bubbles hold them until they can be carried away in suds and rinsing. Fragile as it may seem, a soap bubble is really remarkably tenacious. We have all seen children blow bubbles that floated about the room for several minutes. Because of the chemistry of soap itself, a soap and warm water wash should always be gentle and soothing.

It seems odd today to remember that there was a time hundreds of years ago when soap, like fine perfume, was only for the rich. In England, in 1711, soap was considered such a luxury that a tax was put upon it. To Americans, wise in the ways of health and cleanliness, it seems incredible that the tax was not abolished until 1853. Today soap is so essential to human well-being that it is produced in quantities which make even the finest toilet soaps comparatively cheap.

Since cleanliness is so simple to achieve, it seems unbelievable we do not eliminate more of the common dangers of infection and the too-persistent accumulation of dirt on the skin. There is, for example, that much-discussed matter of the compact powder puff. Carried every day in our purses, used frequently, it simply cannot remain clean unless it is washed often. And if you ask women whether they wash their powder puffs, I am afraid that you will find the custom is not any too common.

Many women, of course, do not object to the little expense for extra puffs, and buy them frequently. But most of us have become hardened to the evil of the gray powder puff and think nothing of putting dirty powder and dirty puff back on our faces constantly. If you are one who washes her puffs daily or attempts some other means of keeping the powder conveyor clean, then look around you, as I have done, in smart hotels, in metropolitan office buildings, or study women in their own homes. I'll wager that you will see the gray specter of soiled powder puffs everywhere you look. A simple way out of the difficulty is practiced by many clever women, and I'll be glad to tell readers of this page about it, if they will write to me.

During the daytime, particularly if we are away from home and circumstances do not permit frequent cleansing of hands and face, we must try not to touch our faces with our fingers. Consider a thing as universal as money, and think, if you will, of the thousands of contacts money has made before it comes to you. One authority calls the germs that cling to everything we touch "hitch-hikers." They actually do "hitch-hike" from money to hands and thence to our faces if we are not careful. One excellent habit of modern women is the quick clean-up during the day. It is usually accomplished by the use of a liquid cleanser applied on cotton. One of these is golden in color and has a bracing, clean smell. Another looks amethystine and its makers claim that it will help to preserve a fine skin texture. Others are clear as crystal, and still others are faintly tinted.

LIQUIDS for cleansing have another use besides that of a quick clean-up. They must always be used after you have cleansed your face with cream. When you use cream to cleanse, you apply it to the skin, then take off cream and dirt with cleansing tissue. But until recently, comparatively few women who used cream for cleansing recognized the fact that the cream lodges with the dirt in the tiny depressions in the skin. The only way it can be thoroughly removed is by using a liquid solvent. This should be either soap and water or a liquid made for the purpose of dissolving traces of cream. Soap and water, of course, [*Turn to page 148*]

In This Soap . . . *the Secret that keeps Face Pores Unseen*

You can feel it shrinking the pores . . Cleansing deeply . . the very first time you use it!

Keep your skin lovely and smooth—the skin he loves to touch—by keeping the pores fine!

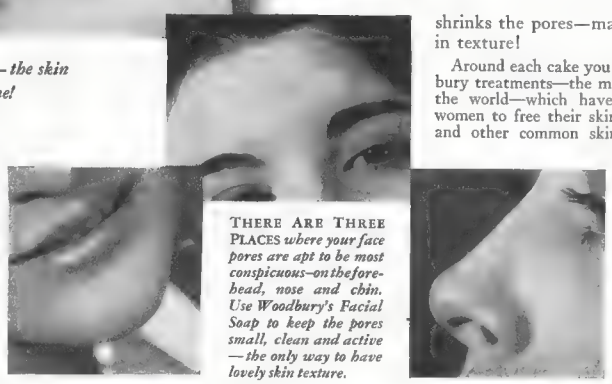
BIG PORES, coarse texture—they are almost never seen in a very young skin. Definitely, unmistakably, mercilessly, they say of a woman—"middle age!"

Keep the pores of your skin small and fine! Small, clean, active pores mean lovely skin texture—freedom from blackheads and blemishes.

Even if your pores are becoming enlarged—you can overcome this condition. Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place. This is your opportunity! With the right care you can arrest this coarsening process and make the new skin, as it forms, smooth—clear—fine-textured.

A skin specialist has created the soap that will help you to do this—Woodbury's Facial Soap, which was formulated after a lifetime of study of the skin and its needs. Woodbury's gives you lovely skin texture because it actually *shrinks the pores*—freeing them of the hardened fatty substance that has caused them to enlarge, contracting them to natural size, keeping them small, clean and active. The first time you use Woodbury's you will feel its astringent action on your skin. You will feel how much finer and smoother it is than ordinary soaps—how much more deeply it cleanses.

Begin using Woodbury's today! See how it shrinks the pores—makes your skin finer, lovelier in texture!



THERE ARE THREE PLACES *where your face pores are apt to be most conspicuous—on the forehead, nose and chin. Use Woodbury's Facial Soap to keep the pores small, clean and active—the only way to have lovely skin texture.*

Around each cake you will find the booklet of Woodbury treatments—the most famous skin treatments in the world—which have helped literally millions of women to free their skin from blackheads, blemishes, and other common skin troubles. To meet a skin specialist's exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use. Get Woodbury's today and let it help you, too, to have "A Skin You Love to Touch"!

WOODBURY'S *is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.*

Send for the large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1505 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

© 1930, The A. J. Co.

but all life, even to that of trees and flowers and inanimate things, is a precious and indestructible part of the Great Arbiter's scheme of spiritual as well as physical existence. Of course I did not realize that anything like this was beginning to happen to me then. With my gun and my traps I went on killing, and the more I killed the happier I was. I perpetrated crimes against life and nature of such an atrocious character that the boys of today would regard them generally as impossible and barbaric. Yet they were common then. The boy who made a collection of eggs and wings of birds was not unusual. He was in every community, and frequently there were a number of them, each rivaling the others in his efforts to possess the largest collection. I robbed not only the nests of birds but took their lives that I might dry their wings and pin them against the walls of the den I had made for myself in the haymow of our barn.

I also frequently made friends with the things of the wild. I had a one-legged pet blue jay I had caught in a trap, and this blue jay would follow me and hop about me for hours at a time when I was picking strawberries or making stone-piles, and when it fell in our rain-barrel and was drowned I grieved for days. I shot a crow, and maimed it for life, and that crow was a pal of mine for two years. I had a pet woodchuck and a squirrel, and three skunks that I dug out when they were babies, although their mother died hard and kept me from going to school for two weeks. And always there was a dog at my heels, a big-footed, knotty-tailed mongrel hound named Jack.

I believe that one cannot associate very long with dogs and birds and wild animals and flowers and trees without "building up" somewhere. I believe, for instance, that very few men who love to tramp the streams and woods are found in jail. I am confident that the greatest heritage we can pass on to our children's children is this treasure of nature—our woods and lakes and streams and wild life, which for unthinking generations we have recklessly destroyed.

THERE were no automobiles then, no moving pictures, no flying machines, no radios or phonographs. In our community a pair of new shoes was an event of neighborhood interest, and a girl who came to school in a new calico dress was envied and admired, for calico, like a certain coffee at two pounds for a quarter, was then in high vogue. Decoration Day, next to Christmas and Thanksgiving, brought with it the most exciting events of all the year. From miles about we would assemble in the little village of Berlin Heights and follow with awesome thrill the men of the Grand Army of the Republic as they marched with real muskets over their shoulders, until our greatest moment was achieved when those mighty muskets roared their salutes over the graves of the dead. A Presidential campaign rocked the very earth under our feet. But the most exciting event, I believe, was the passing of the first bicycle many of us had ever seen along our country road. I recall very clearly that our teacher excused us from the schoolroom that we might behold this miracle of a man traveling on two wheels.

Simplicity of event could only be compared with the modest fashion of our living. We lived in a square white house which I thought was a palace then, but which, when I revisited it in the years of my manhood, I found to be a very small and humble dwelling. About it were spruce trees through which the wind whistled and moaned on blustery nights, and just under the window of my little square bedroom was the pump which we so frequently had to thaw out with hot water in the morning. And how glorious were those pancakes every morning—pancakes to be eaten with bacon and gravy or the syrup we boiled down from the sap of the maple trees in our own woods. On the armorial bearings of our family escutcheon a pancake rampant should be most conspicuous, for the pancake, as I recall those priceless years, was poetically and yet modestly symbolic of our happy poverty. For we were happy, my father and mother and sister and brother as well as I, although we did drink coffee at twelve and a half cents a pound and could fill up on eggs only once a year at Eastertime. But there was cheer about our humble table, and bright lamps and games of Euchre and Seven Up at night with pop corn and apples on the side. As a matter of fact nearly all the people about us were poor in those days, if having just enough to eat and drink and wear could be called poverty. Yet often in later years I could look back on those days as the richest of my life.

In our big, old-fashioned kitchen I wrote my childish romances, while the teakettle sang cheerily and the wood crackled in the stove. I wrote of pirates and outlaws and Indians and great hunters, and of the heroic days when my Dad was fighting in the war of the Rebellion.

SON OF THE FORESTS

[*Continued from page 37*]

In my eleventh year something came about that was destined to change the entire course of my earthly existence, an event, inexcusable and disgraceful on the face of it, which influenced my whole life.

I licked my lady teacher! Later I could smile, but it was a terrible thing at the time. There was no softening vindication of circumstances. I deliberately and with foul intent dared her to fight, and when she accepted the challenge I did my best and vanquished her.

That we may be honest to that boy of eleven I must put forward his brief. From time immemorial the little red country schoolhouse has claimed a heterogeneous population. We had thirty or forty pupils ranging from kindergarten age up to sixteen or seventeen; we had our school bully, which I never was, simply because I was not big or strong enough to hold that prized position; we had half a dozen girls in the school who were first rate fighters, and one of these, a great hulk of a raw-boned lass, had licked me intermittently from the time I was seven. To fight a girl, in our community, was neither unusual nor unchivalrous.

LANCELOT

By Mary Carolyn Davies

But Lancelot was a lithe young knight;
And Arthur was a cold, stern man.
And moons were on the lilies.
And that's how it began.

But Lancelot was a laughing lad,
And Arthur was a solemn king,
The sort who never was quite glad
Of anything.

But Lancelot was a playmate gay,
And Arthur never played with her.
I understand so well the way
It was with Guinever.

And I, who've wed a king, now watch
A knight ride by with helmet white.
And lilies wake, and it is Spring;
And there's a moon tonight.

MRS. BACON was a nice portly lady of about fifty, with hair turning gray. She had twisted my neck a few times when I had misbehaved and I had not resented it. I liked her. On this particular day in our English class I was filled with more than usual restlessness and she told me that unless I corrected myself she would box my ears. The bully was sitting just behind me, and instantly he whispered, "You're a coward! You don't dast tell her!"

Before I knew it I had blurted out the fateful words, "You don't dare!"

In a slow and stately fashion Mrs. Bacon rose out of her chair, and, meanwhile, the bully, whose prowess I worshipped while I hated him personally, was prodding me on from behind. "Don't be afraid. Put up your mitts an' give it to 'er. You can lick 'er. Go on."

I did. Right there on the open floor as an arena our lady teacher and I staged one of the most thrilling fights the juvenile eyes of our countryside had ever seen. I almost lost, for my opponent was solid and heavy. Stomach punches were what saved me mostly, and every time I delivered a good one the whole school could hear Mrs. Bacon grunt. At last she sat down on the floor and began to cry, and from that moment I was a hero in the eyes of the bully.

Of course I was sorry and I told her so afterward. But that failed to keep the township school board from calling on my father, and with considerable trepidation I learned that people were sent to jail for less than I had done. The bully, who was really a bad youngster as well as a tough one, took me under his wing and proved his friendship a few days later by licking an overgrown German boy who was threatening me. This led to an association which within a week brought about the second act in an avalanche of fate that had already begun to descend upon me. I smuggled from home and brought with me to school a small caliber revolver which my mother had carried when she was with my father in Texas. My prestige had grown in the eyes of my fellow pupils since my more intimate association with the bully, and now, with this pistol, I was possessed with the ambition to crown myself with a glory that would not soon fade away. When three little girls, all pets of the teacher, headed by Gertie Smith, a mite of a thing who weighed a hundred and eighty pounds twenty years later, came prancing and laughing from the school, I began joyously to bombard them with blank cartridges. I was well along with my third broadside when interruption came in the form of the teacher.

Now, with something like an explosion, my bubble burst. The three little girls were in hysterics. Open-mouthed and white as my sun-bleached hair, I was a prisoner, with the teacher's hand fixed firmly in my collar. When she found the little girls were only frightened and not injured, and when her hand grew tired she let me sneak away, and I scurried for home, cross-lots.

IF A huge black pit without a bottom was a future, then I could see it. I saw only doom ahead of me and on all sides of me. From childhood I have had a horror of being hanged, and it was a vision of that frightful possibility which began to press itself upon me as I hurried home. When I reached there my sister told me that Mother was visiting up at Mrs. Vincent's on the other side of our apple orchard. Dad was cultivating corn, and Ed, my older brother, was helping him. So I had no difficulty in getting a few things necessary to the continuation of my flight. I hit first down into Black's Woods, toward Lake Erie, which was three miles away, wondering how long it would be before my pursuers would be after me.

My mental condition may be judged by the fact that I took with me neither my dog nor my gun, but only some bread and butter and fishing tackle, and a long knife which my chum and I had hammered out of an old file. I was an unreasoning and very much frightened individual, and had no plans at all in mind except to get away. I continued in the direction of the lake, reaching it just before dusk at a point where a small stream called Old Woman's Creek emptied into it.

This was a favorite rendezvous for my friend Skinny and me, and we had made many good catches of fish in the deep water where the crest widened at its mouth. There was an abandoned barn close by, with old hay in the big mangers, and in one of these I slept through this first night of my flight, after eating some bread and butter. At least I made the effort to sleep, but I don't think I succeeded very well. It was terribly black, blacker than any night I had ever known before. And there were millions of huge bullfrogs out in the marsh lands every one of them croaking horribly, *"You're-a-goner! You're-a-goner! You're-a-goner!"*

I lay in a cold sweat. And to make the situation worse a screech owl that lived in the barn sat on the ragged roof at times and hooted dreadfully.

With the break of dawn I sneaked through a hole where a board was gone and looked about cautiously. Then I hurried to a place where Skinny and I kept concealed an old raft we had built, and with which we poled up and down the smooth water of the creek. I made up my mind to go to sea, and to pole as far as Ruggles Grove, of course keeping in the shallow water of the lake, which was very smooth and unruffled. I had labored for half an hour when I came to a deep hole where my pole would no longer reach the bottom. I was terrified again and this time with good cause, for there was sufficient air, or current, or both, to carry me slowly but with deadly sureness out to sea, so that by the time the sun was well up I was a full half mile from shore, choppy little waves were beginning to rise up all about me and lap over edges of my unstable craft. I doubt if words in all the languages of the world could properly have expressed my relief when a sloop with snowy sails came sweeping up out of the nothingness of the sea. I began to wave my arms and shout when those aboard could not possibly have seen or heard me. The boat came on. Its crew saw [*Turn to page 42*]

POND'S FOUR STEPS TO BEAUTY

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SON OF THE FORESTS

[*Continued from page 40*]

me waving frantically. I was saved, taken aboard, and immediately questioned by three young fellows, who seemed like gods to me. On their boat, in beautiful gold letters, I had noticed the name *Sandusky*.

My courage returned with my voice, and I told them I wanted to go to that place, which of course set them to questioning me more seriously, for Sandusky was a city about fifteen or eighteen miles up the coast. Meanwhile we were getting farther away from land, for a wind was rising and it would have been hazardous to have kept the sloop too near shallow water. I think they must have put me through a kind of third degree, for very soon they had my whole story, and I could not understand why it was they fairly doubled up with laughing when I told them about licking my teacher and bombarding the little girls. And it was particularly about these two things they questioned me most, laughing so much that after a while I found myself laughing with them, though I knew I was an outlaw with a price on my head.

These white-clad gods told me I had nothing to fear, that the people back home would neither hang me nor send me to jail, and that I must be returned to my parents as soon as possible. They assured me that I had done nothing worse than many other boys before me, and that everything would be forgotten and forgiven if I went back and behaved myself. They described how overcome by anxiety my parents and friends must be at my disappearance, filled me with such happiness and relief that the whole world seemed to be brighter than it had ever been before.

THEIR problem was to get me ashore. They decided to take me on to Sandusky, a place they were evidently in some haste to make. First they sent a telegram to Ceylon, advising the agent there to have it delivered to my father, three miles away, by horse and buggy. Then they took me into a wonderful place to eat with them. Afterward one of the young men had charge of me, and he must have been deeply interested in my amazement at the things which I saw in this great city of eighteen thousand people, the largest town my feet had trod or my mind conceived up to that time.

Never shall I forget that beautiful street lined with magnificent trees and with palatial homes on each side, surely inhabited by nothing less than kings and queens and princesses. We came at last to a great building which covered at least as much ground as our big raspberry patch at home, and from this building young people were coming in such numbers that it seemed to me they could not possibly be counted. It was a school. A school such as I had never dreamed of in all my life. And I stopped, for here I was looking upon the princes and princesses who lived in the castles and palaces all about us. I am sure the young man must have understood, for he drew me off on the green outside the walk where we could stand and view the whole procession without being in its way.

Nowadays country boys and girls no longer look with awe upon their city cousins. But in my time, and especially in my own community, conditions are vastly different, and it must be remembered, too, that I had never before seen life in a big city. I suppose the pictures painted upon my impressionistic mind in that hour were too idyllic to be true. But they were true to me. The visions of loveliness in the forms of the little princess dancing in the sunlight as they passed, in one's and two's and little groups, laughing and talking, dainty as flowers to my hungry eyes, and all so infinitely different from any living beings I had ever seen, not in their beauty alone but in something else which was a part of them, that I seemed to be in a fairyland.

And to my staring eyes the boys who were among them were in appearance and deportment younger brothers to the three young gods who had picked me up at sea. Here I saw in flesh and blood such stuff as dreams are made of, and in those moments of immeasurable appreciation it did not occur to me that I was the one conspicuous and discordant note in the scene. I forgot my old straw hat with its broken crown and ragged brim; I forgot the shortness of my out-grown pants, my skinny legs, my shoeless feet; I did not think of my soiled and crumpled waist without a tie, or of my home-cut, straggling hair. I was thinking only of princes and princesses, and of such girlish beauty and prettiness of dress and manners as I had never supposed the world could hold all in one place and at one time.

When they were gone and I could draw a full breath, my friend escorted me up the wide walk and into the monster school building which had sheltered so much loveliness. Its great halls, the huge rooms with their rows of desks, its vastness and mystery made it a place of enchantment for me. When I was told that all the men and women I saw were teachers, my amazement was inexpressible. And then my friend suddenly called to a little girl who for some reason had not gone out with the others, and when she saw us, and recognized him, and then came smilingly toward us I felt my heart grow desperately faint.

Back in Owosso, when I was five years old, I thought I had given my heart forever to little Eva in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and this new vision of loveliness in white, all ribboned and curled and starched, and with cheeks as pink as roses, was that sweet picture of goodness and beauty all over again. When a minute or two later I was actually walking at her side, and she was *talking* to me, and when my friend boldly pinched one of her red cheeks and pulled a curl when we said goodbye a few corners down, I think I must have been all mixed up with emotion inside, for I could never remember what I said or did in those few cataclysmic seconds of my life when she was smiling at me like an angel just let out of paradise.

JIM AND MARION'S HOUSE

By Violet Alleyn Storey

I've said I'd never marry, I,
And still, and still, and still,
Since I've seen Jim and Marion's house.
Perhaps, perhaps, I will.
It's such a quaintly modern place,
Old English style, you know,
And, in the garden back of it,
Old-fashioned posies grow.
And everything's just right inside—
The living room, the hall,
The dining room and kitchen and
The bedrooms; loved them all!
And Marion has a Persian rug,
A waffle iron, a chair
Sent all the way from Belgium, and
A set of Quimper ware.
And Marion has a sun porch hung
With curtains, willowy green,
And all its windows look upon
A neat suburban scene.
And Marion has her pantry shelves
Lace-paper-edged and trim;
And Marion has a breakfast nook,
And Marion has her Jim!
I've said I'd never marry, I,
And still, and still, and still,
Since I've seen Jim and Marion's house,
Perhaps, perhaps, I will!

Everything faded out of my thoughts and my vision now except that school and what it meant. From this most crucial of all the hours of the brief life I had lived my greatest and most determined ambition was to become a part of this new and wonderful life which a combination of chance and adventure had brought me to look upon. The teacher and the pistol and even the dreaded ogres of the township board were all but wiped out of my mind. Even after my friend had placed me on a train and I was homeward-bound in the conductor's care, making that tremendous journey of twenty-odd miles alone, it was the school and what I had seen that continued to thrill me. In one great vivid flash my life had changed. I no longer wanted to be just a buffalo hunter or an Indian fighter or the captain of a treasure ship for pirate gold. *First of all I wanted to go to that school!* I wanted to be a prince among the princesses. I wanted to walk at their side under the big spreading trees, with a cap and a white-starched waist, and a big tie, and shoes so bright I could see my face in them.

That night when I was safely at home I told my mother and father of all that happened to me since I had run away, but chiefly I told them about the school; and when I came to this, atremble with the fervor of my desire, I remember seeing the glisten of tears in my mother's eyes.

Just across the road from our place lived a family by the name of Fisher. Their daughter's name was Jeanne, and Jeanne was the cousin of Skinny, my chum. I was six and she was eleven when we came to the farm and I adored her from that bitter and friendless December day when she dragged me from an unsettled and cheerless house over to her mother's warm kitchen, and filled me with bread and milk. She was a very pretty girl with lovely blue eyes, a thick braid of radiant gold-brown hair, and pink-and-white skin. She was my star of hope in all dark hours and the ideal of my thought and dreams. Whenever my mother wished to accomplish something to which I was strongly opposed she would achieve her ends through Jeanne, and when my father threatened me with punishment, my long legs would take me to her as fast as they could streak it, my voice shrieking her name if Dad was close behind me, and my guardian angel would usually save me and refuse to give me up until peace was declared on my father's part.

I can remember how Jeanne insisted on taking me from my mother and rocking me through long hours of a terrible night soon after we reached the farm when I was suffering with a toothache which I thought would surely kill me. It was Jeanne who gave me the strength to have that tooth pulled the next day by Dr. Benscoter. She was always thinking of me and doing things for me, and her goodness to me and interest in me did not decrease as she grew older and still more beautiful and young men began to look upon her with tender and yearning sentiments in their hearts. Wherever Jeanne went sunshine and cheer went with her. She could whistle like a lark, and I think even more sweetly.

Jeanne was sixteen when I returned from my thrilling adventure in Sandusky. I think it was because I idealized her as the one most wonderful girl in the world that I received such a distinct shock when I looked upon so many other girls of equal sweetness and beauty coming from the city school. For of all the girls I knew Jeanne was the only one, in my opinion, who was just like them. To this day I think she was even prettier for it is hard to break down a boyhood ideal.

ON THE evening of my return from the city Jeanne was there with my mother to greet me. But it was not until the next day in the Fisher back yard that I opened my heart fully and she saw all that was in it. I think she saw even farther than I was looking at that time, and I shall never forget how she put an arm about me and hugged me up to her a little, and said, "Jimmy, to go to a school like that you've got to have money. And how are you going to get money out here?"

Not until years later did the significance of the sadness and hopelessness in her voice come to me. For money, in our community, was like gold itself, just enough to keep a mortgage at bay, if crops were good, just enough to buy food and clothes of a simple kind. Not a dollar to spare for luxuries, not a cent to gamble in the achievement of ambition.

She planned with me from the beginning. She fired my hopes and helped to keep them burning. We sat down on her porch together, and she told me, first, that Sandusky was such a great distance away—at least twenty or thirty miles—that I could not possibly hope to go there to school. But other places were nearer, and if I worked hard, and saved what money I could get, and kept talking about it to my folks she was sure that sometime I would be able to go. "And you must write stories and draw pictures harder than ever, Jimmy," she said. And then she laughed, with her blue eyes shining, and added. "Someday you'll put *me* into a story, won't you, Jimmy?"

And many, many times I have.

It was Jeanne, first of all, who brought me face to face with a grim understanding of the necessity as well as the value of money. I always had plenty to eat, was clothed as well as I wanted to be, and was not old enough to sympathize with the worries and trials of my parents. But the tragedy of our straitened circumstances began to press upon me now. It would take a lot of money to send me away to school, my father said. I would need better clothes; I would have to be boarded and roomed, and he couldn't afford the expense just now. If our peach orchard, which the frost had hit consistently, would only bear a good crop he would think about it. On the other hand, my father argued, we were happy on the farm, and there was no better place for a boy.

But I was set on that city school, and my mother plotted with me. We would save money in some way. That autumn a little thing happened which helped to strengthened me in my resolution. [*Turn to page 50*]

"Ordinary soaps can do great harm"

says the famous beauty expert

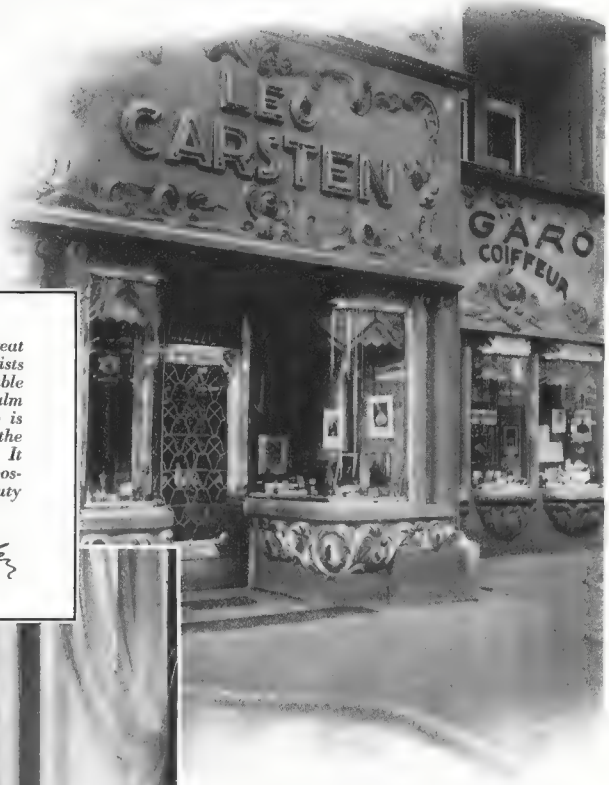
CARSTEN of Berlin

"Daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

Ordinary soaps can do great harm. Modern beauty specialists advise a soap made of vegetable oils . . . the pure oils of palm and olives. Palmolive Soap is fresh and bland, safe for the most sensitive complexion. It leaves the skin in the best possible condition for a beauty expert's treatment."

Leo Carsten

BERLIN



Facade of Carsten's famous beauty salon on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin . . . one of the most elegant shops on an avenue famous for its smartness

Today, more than ever before, it is important to wash the face with this olive oil soap which is safe, bland, non-irritating.

"NEW beauty treatments, such as ultra-violet rays and radio-active preparations, undoubtedly have their value in certain conditions of the skin, but it must not be imagined that older and simpler methods are superseded," says Leo Carsten, proprietor of the famous "Figaro" beauty shop on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin.

"Soap and water, for example, are still the finest possible *cleansers* for the skin," he adds. "You will realize the importance of this when I say that daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

Herr Carsten, better known as "Figaro," is head of the leading beauty salon in middle Europe . . . located on one of the most fashionable streets in the world. He, himself, is well known in Berlin social circles as well as in the world of beauty science.

18,900 famous experts agree

In this shop . . . in other beauty shops patronized by the smart women of the world's leading capitals . . . the advice to use Palmolive is part of every recommended home facial treatment.

Palmolive is made of the oils of palm and olives . . . no other fats whatever. Its color is the natural color of those oils. Its natural odor makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

This is the Palmolive treatment

This is the way to get the best results: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it into the face and throat. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all. Yet thousands of great beauty experts, millions of their clients, find it the most effective safeguard for beauty. And Palmolive costs so little that one uses it for the bath, of course, as well. Begin these twice-a-day treatments tomorrow. They will protect your skin from irritation . . . keep it fresh, glowing, lovely.

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5143

A LITTLE BRICK HOUSE

Designed by CHARLES M. TALLEY

THIS little house from Pennsylvania offers a hearty welcome every day of the year with its side-lighted central door, flanked by high-backed, white-painted benches of early Colonial design. The mellow red brickwork of the walls and chimney and the low, broad contour of the gambrel roof suggest a hospitable warmth and a spirit of friendliness.

The exterior is an interesting composite of various materials and colors. The brickwork, which forms the first story walls, the side walls and the chimney, is laid with strongly-marked white mortar joints, and this note of white is echoed by all the exterior wood trim. The clapboard-facing of the dormers at front and rear is also finished in immaculate white, and provides a becoming background for the grayish-green blinds at the upper windows. Against the gambrel roof of gray-black slate the dormer windows are a pleasing contrast.

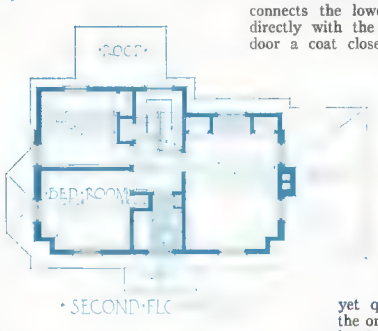
In design the house follows the conventional model although the projection of the bay window at the left is a concession to interior charm—Colonial architecture does not usually include a bay window.

As we moderns lay far greater stress on sunshine and fresh air than our forefathers did, the Colonial home of 1930 is much more generously windowed than its prototype of two centuries ago. Thus, in place of the shuttered single windows of Colonial days, this brick house has a group of three windows at each side of the main entrance to its great improvement.

Because the entrance is usually the first detail to attract the attention of visitors, it should be above reproach in design, material, and upkeep. Beautiful entrances have been such a notable characteristic of the Colonial style, that the architect of today has a wealth of attractive old doorways to which he can turn for authentic inspiration when designing new homes of Colonial influence. The simple, dignified entrance of this month's house shows the value of such inspiration. It is perfectly true to its Colonial ancestors; it is well adapted in size and style to the house of which it forms a part; and it is sufficiently decorative to merit its conspicuous location.

The hospitable spirit which characterizes the exterior of this house is also present inside. The wide doorways of the living room and the dining room which open into the long hall further emphasize the feeling of friendliness.

The hall is practical both in plan and placement. Its central position, separating the living and dining rooms, acts as a buffer between the family and unexpected callers at mealtime, and brings the stairs within easy access of all parts of the house. Ease of communication is further facilitated by a door which connects the lower end of the hall directly with the kitchen. Near this door a coat closet is tucked in beneath the stairs.



The woodwork in the hall is of ivory-enameled poplar, varied by a mahogany finish on the newel posts, handrail, treads and risers of the staircase. This generous use of mahogany is unusual, yet quite as effective as the ordinary restriction to handrail and treads. The poplar wood trim and the birch doors throughout the remainder of the house are, however, finished in ivory-white enamel, without the contrast of mahogany.

The living room has almost the appearance of a sun room, with its grouped windows at each end, and its French windows beside the fireplace. The room is comparatively small, but it suggests airiness and spaciousness, because of its wealth of light, but it also has the wall spaces necessary for effective furnishing.

The living room fireplace is equipped with an ivory-enameled mantel of stock pattern. It is simple in detail and Colonial in design.

The dining room vies with the living room in cheerfulness, being lighted by a group of three windows and by a large bay window. In the dining room, and throughout the house, stained yellow pine is used for flooring.

In accordance with present-day demands, the kitchen is small enough to bring all the important equipment into close relationship. The sink, placed below a window, is flanked on either side by many-shelved cabinets. The refrigerator is located directly opposite the sink, and the range midway between the two. An inner wall is thus left free for any wanted furnishing, whether kitchen cabinet, built-in dresser, or breakfast table.

There are two rear entrances; the one leading from the kitchen to a service porch, and the other opening out at grade from a landing on the cellar stairs.

THERE are three bedrooms of varying size on the second floor. One, with its closets, uses all the space above the living room. In it, a built-in cedar chest advantageously utilizes the alcove between the twin closets. Windows on three sides are another important asset. The two smaller bedrooms are also suitably provided with closets, windows, and wall spaces.

Hall area on the second floor is commendably reduced, to the advantage of the tiled bathroom at the center front; and storage closets are arranged to open from the bathroom and the hall. Incidentally, the bathroom is blessed by a window of normal size, so that it is well lighted during the day.

The total width of this house is 45 feet and 6 inches. On the living room and porch side it is 19 feet deep, but the depth is 29 feet on the other side with the service porch included. The house requires a site with a 60 foot frontage if it is to have a side driveway or any adequate landscaping. Beneath the house is a well-lighted basement where the laundry and furnace are installed.

On both the first and second floors the height of the ceilings is 8 feet. Interior walls are hard-surfaced plaster suitable for a finish of paper, fabric, or paint. The bathroom walls are plastered above a dado of tile.

This cozy little house welcomes the sun through many windows

The fresh delicacy of BUTTER

"EVEN before you taste it, you *know* it's creamery-fresh," say women of this dependable butter . . . the same winter, summer and every day in the year.

Try its melting richness on a baked potato! Or spread it thick and sweet on bread . . . It has all the new churned flavor you like.

Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter is made for you in sunlit dairies, from cream that's tested and graded, of course. Then it is carried to all parts of the country in fast refrigerator cars. Wherever you live, Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter comes to your dealer so quickly!

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In Swift's Brookfield Cheese, too, you will find the high quality which distinguishes Swift's Brookfield Eggs and Butter

Swift's Brookfield

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What everybody has talked about and hoped for—pure, safe, rich milk economically distributed—is now an accomplished fact. By every test that science knows there is no better milk in the world than Pet Milk. A tall can is equal to more than one and one-tenth quarts of ordinary milk. It can be bought anywhere for eleven cents—*less than* ten cents a quart for the best of milk.

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Specialists in the care of babies find it so rich and safe and easily digested that they recommend it as the best of milk for babies.

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How is it possible? Pure, fresh milk, bought direct from farms in the best dairy districts—concentrated to less than half its volume, reducing shipping cost—shipped in carload lots by freight, a great economy—then sold at the store or delivered by your grocer for a lot less cost than a bottle can be left at your house every day—these are the reasons why Pet Milk can be sold as low as the cost of milk before the World War.

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Hundreds of thousands of women are using this modern milk whenever they need milk and cream. Their cream soups are richer in texture and taste. Their creamed vegetables have richness that nothing else will give. They give it to their children to drink with the comforting certainty that the milk is pure and rich and *safe*. They use Pet Milk in place of cream—make better food—and save more than half the cost of cream.

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They'll show you how to put more milk in your family's food—milk that you'll know is safe. You'll like the economy!

PET MILK COMPANY
1433 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me tested recipes and balanced menus prepared by home economics experts.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

There's
PET MILK
in the
Meat Loaf
Chinese Molds
Stuffed Tomatoes
Send for the Recipes

LETTERS AND INVITATIONS

By EMILY POST

ONE might put the rules of taste in letter writing into the following outline. The first essential of the perfect note or letter—besides saying what you have to say and then stopping—is neatness. Neatness includes evenly spaced writing and a margin on the left-hand side of the sheet. If you find it difficult to keep your margin straight, slip a pattern sheet under the paper.

That letters should be grammatical and correctly spelled and written in ink is taken for granted. The only excuse for a letter in pencil is illness that keeps you flat on your back. Never use note paper of one sort and envelopes of another, and do not use a typewriter for an invitation, acceptance or regret. The best taste avoids bizarre papers. Gilt-edged paper is not considered good form by conservative women although narrow colored borders on slightly tinted papers are at present fashionable; or paper may be a pale shade of violet, blue, gray or sand. It may be thick or thin, large or small. It must not be pink or green or deep orchid or orange. Never use red, white or green ink in correspondence. Blue ink is entirely correct; otherwise use one of the night colors that are called "black."

Informal notes of invitation follow no spacing except the ordinary one of setting back the first word of each paragraph. A pattern invitation is:

My dear Mrs. Brown:
Will you and Mr. Brown dine with us next Thursday, the tenth, at seven o'clock?
Hoping so much to find you disengaged,
Yours very sincerely,
Jane Green.

This form is also used when inviting strangers, although invitations to friends are almost always telephoned. Use the first paragraph for the wording of the telephone message. The *written* acceptance is:

Dear Mrs. Green:
We will be delighted to dine with you next Thursday at seven o'clock.
Looking forward with great pleasure to the tenth, and thanking you for asking us,
Sincerely yours,
Geraldine Brown.

Or the regret is:

Dear Mrs. Green:
My husband and I are very sorry that we are unable to accept your kind invitation for the tenth as we are dining with the Blacks on that evening.
With many thanks for asking us,
Very sincerely,
Geraldine Brown.

Formal notes of invitation, acceptance and regret always follow a set pattern. The spacing as well as wording of each line *must* be as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. James Green
request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. Brown's
company at dinner
on Tuesday the first of March
at eight o'clock.

(Change "dinner" to "luncheon," "bridge", "a dance" or whatever the invitation is for.)

Such an invitation, whether it is written or engraved, is accepted:

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown
accept with pleasure
Mr. and Mrs. Green's
kind invitation for dinner
on Tuesday the first of March
at eight o'clock.

[*Continued on page 133*]

"It is the inevitable result of the combined action of effective detergents," said the bachelor Professor.

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Watkins, mother of four.

"It's extra help!"

Mrs. Watkins doesn't think much of using strange-sounding words in talking about an old friend like Fels-Naptha. "Effective detergents, indeed!" says Mrs. Watkins. As though she didn't understand better than a college professor why Fels-Naptha made those smudges on his shirt disappear—and without hard rubbing.

"Here," says Mrs. Watkins, respectfully, but firmly, "take this bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell it. That's no what-ever-you-call-it—that's naptha, and plenty of it.

"Naptha and good soap working together—that's what makes Fels-Naptha give you *extra* help every time. I've washed clothes every way there is to wash them—boiling, soaking, and now in these new washing machines. For ten years Fels-Naptha has helped me to get clothes clean, and no hard rubbing either.

"I use Fels-Naptha for washing woodwork and linoleum, windows, and dishes—in fact, just about everything that needs soap and water and Fels-Naptha never hurts my hands. It—

"Oh, do you have to be getting back to your work, Professor? Well, mind, now—any time you think any part of your washing needs *extra* help, you can be sure it's getting just that! For as long as I'm here—so is Fels-Naptha!"

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

FREE—*Whether, like Mrs. Watkins, you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or whether you have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.*

McC. 3-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____
Fill in completely—print name and address

© 1930, Fels & Co

CAUGHT BY A

COLD

get rid of it!

WHEN you have a cold, your hands are tied. You're caught! But here's how you can break away. Use Mentholatum promptly. It works right on the spots where your cold is located.

Feel the *warm glow* when you briskly rub Mentholatum on your chest. Inhale potent Mentholatum vapor and relieve stuffiness. Soothe and heal the soreness inside your nose. Get Mentholatum at any drug store today.

For over 35 years Mentholatum has been a reliable cold remedy. Send for *free* copy of book entitled "How to Get Rid of Colds," written by a physician. Dept. D-25, Mentholatum Company, Wichita, Kansas.

MENTHOLATUM

RUB ON CHEST

INHALE VAPOR

APPLY IN NOSE

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

[*Continued from page 7*]

or gossip; or merely sit and watch the world go by. Its publishers call it "a book for the sophisticated."

Where Paris Dines, by Julian Street, is a descriptive list of the restaurants of Paris. Too much cannot be said about Paris; but those of us who must do much of our traveling by book, want wider, wilder journeys. *Ends of the Earth,* by Roy Chapman Andrews is the thrilling story of expeditions in many seas and many lands by a scientist who, to get started in his chosen profession, took his first job scrubbing floors in the Museum of Natural History. His adventures are written in the swiftly moving English of a man who finds life a glorious adventure, and who has an excellent sense of humor.

If India tempts you, you could find no better guide than Dhan Gopal Mukerji, whose *Visit India with Me* shows you that country through his own knowing and poetic eyes, and through the alert practical eyes of the American millionaire to whom he acts as guide.

There are other fascinating islands besides those in the South Seas. George Allan England, in *Isles of Romance,* picks an assortment nearer home geographically, but just as remote in customs and character. The Gulfs of Mexico and St. Lawrence provide the scene. The Dry Tortugas in the Gulf of Mexico are among those present. This was once an American penal colony, whose most famous prisoner was Dr. Mudd, the man who attended Booth for the leg he broke, when he jumped from the box to the stage, after shooting Lincoln.

Richard Halliburton, in *New Worlds to Conquer,* tells us that the island San Salvador, where Columbus first discovered America, immediately thereafter fell into oblivion and that "after more than four centuries of neglect I rediscovered it." If you don't mind his youthful egotism, and like to read about stunts—such as how he swam the Panama Canal, and other such—you'll enjoy this book. Personally I found its 368 pages far too many for the little meat they provided. But now and then I had a pleasant time.

Windjamming to Fiji, by Viola Irene Cooper, is the tale of a voyage which two girls made, on a square-rigged sailing ship. An unusual thing to do. But this book confirms an old suspicion of mine, that such trips are not thrilling unless a Conrad or a McFee is aboard, or at the writing desk.

Fair Warning

Alas, the season's most beautiful travel book, *White Africans and Black,* costs ten dollars, and, though well worth it, few of us can afford to treat ourselves so well. However, your public library should own it, and give you a chance to delight in its lavish and fascinating drawings, by Cyrus Leroy Baldridge; and its vivid prose, by Caroline Singer.

The Story of San Michele is not primarily a travel book; but its author, Dr. Axel Munthe, in telling you the story of his life, takes you on most interesting journeys to various parts of Europe. Sometimes they are gay, sometimes gruesome—Naples, during the plague, for example. Sometimes you will shudder and squirm; more often you will laugh. But if you begin it, we predict that you won't skip a word of this deeply human, witty and sometimes fantastic book.

Books on archaeology give you the fun of traveling vicariously down the past; and the adventure of digging for and *finding* buried treasure; and a sort of picture-puzzle fun of piecing together past civilizations. *Magic Spades,* by R. V. D. Magoffin and Emily C. Davis, is such a book. Its scope includes the chief exploits of archaeologists the world over. It is valuable and interesting, though its style, in trying a little too hard to be popular, is somewhat spoiled by flip and labored jokes. The photographic illustrations are fascinating.

Anita Brenner believes that it is only as artists that Mexicans are intelligible. The illustrations, ancient and modern, in her *Idols behind Altars* make the book worth looking into, even if you don't belong to the very scholarly audience for whom she writes.

THE LOVE PARADE

[*Continued from page 8*]

The views of this air-raid—in the control cabin of the Zeppelin, and in the London streets, theaters and orphan asylums—are astonishingly effective. It is one of the supreme achievements in trick photography, and considerable credit is assignable to the director, John Blystone, and to the technical expert, Ralph Hammeras.

The News Reel Theater in New York has been triumphantly successful, and there is every indication that the idea will be extended to other cities throughout the country. It should be. For the News Reel Theater is so intensely popular that it must also be profitable.

The price of all seats at all times is twenty-five cents (and this, remember, is on Broadway where theater tickets run into money); the show goes on continually and consists of nothing but news pictures from the Fox Movietone and the Hearst Metrotone News; and the place is packed with interested spectators morning, noon, and night.

Perhaps the most delightful feature of the News Reel Theater is that you can enter it at any time without missing any of the previous plot of the picture that is on view; what is more, you can remain with gratifying consciousness that no one is going to cram a theme song down your throat.

Among the more ambitious of the current film offerings which are commended to your attention are *Sally* (with the original Marilynn Miller); *The Virginian* (with a genuine all-star cast); *Hit the Deck; Devil-May-Care* (with Ramon Novarro), and Greta Garbo's rendition of Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie,* of which there will be much more anon.

Two cleaners for about the price of one

Spic-Span only $14.50

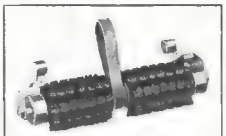
FREE—An interesting booklet by Harriet Cavell entitled, "A Cleaner Home for Less Money." Write, without fail, for your copy, today.

"Now I'm POSITIVE my house is clean

The Premier Electric Cleaning Unit gets all the dust and dirt . . . . . in less time than ever before!"

NEVER before has a housecleaning method received such enthusiastic praise. The Premier Electric Cleaning Unit—two cleaners instead of one—has revolutionized housework by making it easier, speedier and ever so much more efficient.

Two things make this possible. First, the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit does away with ordinary attachments. Second, it provides a large cleaner for the rugs and carpets plus an additional handy cleaner, the Spic-Span, to speed up the time-wasting, little cleaning tasks. *Actually* two electric cleaners for about the price of one!



FLOOR POLISHER ACCESSORY
Polishes waxed floors like new

The Spic-Span weighs only four pounds...plugs into any electric socket...cleans and freshens clothes, mattresses, closets, without the use of attachments! Comes with a deodorizer that applies moth repellent, and with a special blower that banishes dust from those hard-to-reach corners.

For the small home or apartment the Spic-Span plus the Premier Junior is recognized as the most modern cleaning unit. For the larger home the Spic-Span and the Premier Duplex are the last word in cleaning efficiency. But, if you wish, you may purchase the Spic-Span separately. Write or phone your Premier dealer today for a free demonstration.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
(*Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.*) Dept. 403, Cleveland, Ohio

Branches in all leading cities. Made and sold in Canada by the PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, LTD., *Toronto. Foreign distributors,* INTERNATIONAL GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, INC.

Choose a CLICQUOT To Suit Your Taste

THERE are three kinds! . . three delightful flavors of this rich, mellow old ginger ale. Unless you have tried all three, you may not realize how each finds its own place in your home.

GOLDEN has the spirited, zestful, gingery tang that so many people prefer. Full-flavored and appetizing . . . with quick energy in its dancing bubbles. Especially good for children.

PALE DRY is milder and more delicate, with its fruit flavorings more apparent to the taste. Excellently suited to blend in the many recipe drinks for which ginger ale is used.

SEC is extra dry. A "supreme" ginger ale with a delicate and distinctive flavor all its own. Piquant . . . Refreshing . . . Delightful. Perfectly blended to blend perfectly.

All three of them are made of the purest ingredients and aged 6 months in the making to achieve mellow flavor. Doubly carbonated to make their "pep" last longer. And then put only into brand-new bottles as a final guarantee of purity. No bottle is ever used a second time. You really must try each of these three Clicquot Club Ginger Ales to find the one that best suits your taste . . . your mood . . . the occasion.

AGED 6 MONTHS IN THE MAKING

CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Sparkling Radio Entertainment every Friday evening at 9 p. m., from WEAF, New York.*

SON OF THE FORESTS

[*Continued from page 42*]

I was out hunting with my brother Ed and shot a fox-squirrel. We had picked up our quarry when down at our feet from out of the tall oak tree fell another, stone dead. It was an amazing thing to have killed two squirrel with one shot and I had seen only one squirrel and had shot only one.

The incident got to our Four Corner's correspondent of the Sandusky paper and for the first time in my life *I saw myself in print!* No literary success of my later years filled me with the supreme and undying thrill of that moment. There was my name, Jimmy Curwood, spelled out in black letters for all the world to see!

Autumn passed and winter came, and with greater vigor than ever I trapped and hunted rabbits which I sold for ten cents apiece to a man in Florence who made a business of shipping them to the cities. Half a mile from our place lived the most prosperous farmer in our district, Tom Lee, and toward spring he gave me the job of picking up brush in his woods at twenty-five cents an acre. But I did not have enough money to buy even a suit of clothes when warm weather came again.

It was then that Jeanne and my mother had the brilliant idea which left my father no ground to stand upon. It was the suggestion that we move to some town for the winter—a town where Dad could set up a cobbling shop; brother Ed would remain at home and care for the place.

Then there came a letter from my Michigan sister, who asked that I might come and live with her and go to school in Owosso. But my mother cried at the mere thought of having me so far away from her, and when mother cried Dad always put on spurs, metaphorically speaking, and rode hard. So he drove to Wakeman, arranged for a little cobbling shop, and the date was set.

WAKEMAN was not a big town, perhaps a thousand people, when I went there, but it was sufficiently large to make a complete change of environment for me. It was on the main line of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad running from Chicago, Toledo and Cleveland, so that trains were passing frequently day and night. Its one street held an enormous and cosmopolitan interest for me. There were two big general stores in which one could buy anything from an ounce of pepper to a roll of barbed-wire fence or a plow; two millinery emporiums, three blacksmith shops, a pool room and a hotel. On Saturday afternoon and night the farmers would drive in from miles about and fasten their horses to the endless rows of "hitching-rails."

Of course it was the resident town life that interested me most and I came immediately in contact with it through the school, a big, square, wooden building with two floors, and while it could not be compared at all with the one I had seen in Sandusky it was important enough to have a superintendent, a principal and several teachers.

During this autumn and winter I found myself compelled to enjoy a new and growing pride in matters which I had not troubled myself very much about until then. I began to see very clearly that a boy with clean finger nails, a neat tie, shoes properly blacked, and who sacrificed himself to a bath more frequently than once a week on Saturdays was much more popular among his fellow creatures than one who was less careful in these small but apparently important details.

One of my especial pleasures during this winter was haunting a small shop in which a motherly, white-haired lady kept a stock of magazines. I pored over the long table upon which the magazines were displayed, and my heart would beat fast as I studied the names of the authors over the wonderful stories which they had written, and measured my own achievements by theirs. Then toward the end of the winter I had the temerity actually to write to some of the editors, and received two or three replies as my reward, I felt myself crowned by a new halo of glory and hope.

I do not want to create the false impression that I was developing into an infant prodigy of deep and serious thought or that my passionate desire to go to a town school had in any way made a student of me. I was never a scholastic model, for there was always in me a very broad streak of the rover and the vagabond in matters pertaining to classroom rules and regulations.

Knowing this later in life, and feeling it as I did then, I was never able to explain what it was that drove me on with an even more determined spirit toward the achievement of what was broadly covered in my mind by the one word "education." I can only guess it was my steadily increasing passion to write. For when spring came and my parents began to make preparations for our return to the farm I thought to remain in Wakeman, though I had missed my dog and my gun, the big woods, the open fields and the creek bottoms so terribly that more than once on lonely nights I had almost cried in my bed because of my yearning for them.

We left in May. Ed had come with the team and wagon and he and Dad rode on the big load of household goods. Mother went in a buggy, but I preferred the wagon and the road, for Ed had brought Jack with him and my hound and I were so happy to be with each other again that we walked and played most of the distance between Wakeman and the old farm, which was eight miles away.

And there was Skinny streaking down the road toward us waving his hat. "Hello, Skinny," and "Hello, Slip"; and then he fell in at my side, and said "My Gosh, you're home, ain't you?" "Yep," I answered.

MORE than ever nature built up her influence over me during this spring and summer. It was developing now into something more than a mere love for the outdoors and a desire to take life. I killed a bluebird one day to add its wings to my collection, and it happened that just one of the shots from my gun took off the top of its skull so that as it lay gasping in death in the hollow of my hand I could see the tiny, pulsing brain I had so ruthlessly destroyed.

As the dying bluebird lay in my hand panting out its little breath, fragile and lovely in the form and innocence which the Creator of things had given it, my own conceit received its first great shock. For a little while a kind of terror seized upon me and I cried out aloud that I was sorry, and above all other things I wanted that little dead bird to hear me. I carried it home and showed it to my mother and father, and I think the sight of the little brain so clearly and strangely exposed had its lesson for my father, too, for we never again shot at the beautiful robber cherry birds that haunted our big sweet-cherry tree when the fruit was ripening. And from that time on I never robbed another nest, and one day my mother and I buried my collection of birds' wings under the same peach tree where we had made a grave for the murdered bluebird.

My sister Amy and my brother-in-law Jack came all the way from Michigan to visit us that summer; and when he and my sister finally overcame my mother's objections and planned to take me back to Owosso with them for a winter's schooling I felt that at least one of my dreams was coming true.

Then followed the sickening preparations. I say sickening, because until those preparations began I had never experienced the strangely empty and utterly gone feeling which all at once possessed me. As the last days came I could see mother was struggling to keep from crying; and my father grew more sober, and Jack, my hound, seemed to sense that something tragic was impending, for he would follow me about in a strangely quiet manner and look at me with great searching eyes which seemed filled with a prayer that I would not leave him again. And one terrible day Old Jim, our horse, stood harnessed to the buckboard outside and everything was ready to go. My mother was brave then but I could not see her because of the hot tears in my eyes when I said goodbye; and for a little while I couldn't see Skinny, or Jeanne, or my dog, or the apple orchard just over the fence, or the old barn I loved, or anything at all of the world I was leaving. And Skinny and I didn't shake hands even then, for we loved each other too much for that, and our hearts were choked. But Skinny said, "Goodbye, Slip. I'll never see you again."

I DON'T know how he knew. I don't try to guess what it was that put such a dreadful thought into his head. But the few months I was to be away were to lengthen into many years, and when I returned at the end of those years Skinny would not be there to greet me in the old white road, waving his battered hat; and Jeanne would not be there, nor Jack my dog, and the little world which had been my kingdom would no longer have a heart and a soul for me. Only a few trees of our orchards would remain as sad and broken comrades of my barefoot days. Under one of these, the big sweet-apple tree, gnarled and old, I would find the spot where my dead old hound was buried; and my Jeanne of the golden braids and the laughing blue eyes would no longer be living across the road. Skinny I would find in the little old country churchyard three miles away.

[*Continued in* APRIL McCALL'S]

Only with "Bead" Soap

instant, lasting suds.. faster washing

no dishwiping

That's why "soap in bead form" cuts dishwashing time in half.

Please Make This Test

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into rich, soapy, lasting suds. Instantly every drop of water becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float undissolved or sink to the bottom, dissolving slowly.

This is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds cleans with such amazing swiftness.

BEADS—a new form of soap. Incredibly faster than bars, chips or flakes. A soap that gives lasting suds. Whether water is hard or soft, hot or cold. The first soap ever made to dissolve instantly—completely. The only soap that cuts dishwashing time in half in these 3 important ways.

1. ***Saves "waiting for suds."*** No stirring . . . coaxing . . . heating water extra hot. Instant suds, always. Even in water cool enough to keep the hands soft and white.

2. ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** This speed soap releases instantly a rich flood of lasting all-through-the-water suds. These do what top suds alone can never do. Wash dishes clean with lightning speed—because they work *below* the surface where the real job of cleaning must always be done.

3. ***Saves dishwiping.*** Because this soap dissolves *completely,* every trace is carried away in rinsing. No tiny bits of half-dissolved soap remain to streak dishes. No soap-film is left that must be polished away. Dishes drain dry to shining clearness without the touch of a dish towel.

Soap sprayed from towers

This new speed soap is called "Super Suds." Because it gives not only instant top suds, but instant *lasting suds all through the water* as well. It is made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. In falling, the soap forms into millions of tiny hollow beads with walls 4 times thinner than the very thinnest chip or flake. Only by this method can soap be made so thin that it will dissolve instantly . . . completely.

Super Suds is the only "bead" soap made. Use it for laundry work, for all cleaning tasks where you need swift, safe, effortless cleaning.

And only instant dissolving soap can get to work instantly—cleanse dishes faster—rinse away perfectly.

The most economical soap

Super Suds is more economical because every bead is used—no half dissolved soap is thrown out with the dishwater. And also because every box of Super Suds holds 10 brimming cups of the fastest soap ever made—and costs you but 10 cents.

Resolve to waste no more time with slow dissolving soaps. Your grocer has Super Suds.

THE BIG BOX OF SOAP 10¢

5134

don't be a rumble-seat rider!

Whiten Teeth quickly

Nobody likes to look at a Bacterial-Mouth (you have it)

TO HAVE dazzling white teeth—free from stain, tartar and decay—you must guard against a condition that is embarrassing to its victim and offensive to others—Bacterial-Mouth. It is caused by germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath.

You have it. We all have it. And no ordinary preparation can cope with it.

But Kolynos quickly removes Bacterial-Mouth by killing the germs that cause it. In 10 seconds this antiseptic dental cream kills 190 million bacteria!

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth fully 3 shades whiter!

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that sparkling white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

This Approved Technique

Dentists have long advocated the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dental cream full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Only Kolynos permits this approved technique.

This highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream is unique in action. *A half-inch is equal in effectiveness to 12 inches of the ordinary tooth paste* for it multiplies 25 times when it enters the mouth. It becomes a surging, antiseptic foam that makes wetting the toothbrush unnecessary.

Removes Ugly Yellow

You can feel Kolynos work. It foams into every pit, fissure and crevice. Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are instantly killed. They vanish completely and the entire mouth is purified.

This amazing Kolynos Foam removes food particles that ferment and cause decay—neutralizes acids—washes away tartar and the mucoid coating that clouds teeth.

Easily, it cleans and polishes teeth down to the naked white enamel—without injury. And for 3 hours after each brushing this cleansing, purifying process continues.

So long as you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique, teeth will remain gleaming white and sound, and gums will be healthy.

Look for Results in 3 Days

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Within 3 days teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos or mail this coupon for a generous trial tube—SENT FREE.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 3-MC-36
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two-Weeks Tube of Kolynos
Name . . . . . .
Street & No. . . . . .
City . . . . . State . . . . . .

DRIVING MISTS

[*Continued from page 15*]

parachute and crossed the concrete apron to the car. The cold, foodless day in the cockpit, crowned by this depression for Lucy, bore upon Andrew in desperate weariness. Rennie was animated, almost excited.

"I'll drop you at home, then drive to town for the pater. Then later, I've dated you up."

"Date?" queried Andrew. "I can't gay-dog it tonight, old boy."

"But I want you to meet Laura Fythian," insisted Rennie.

A window, its darkness cut by a swinging searchlight beacon flashed across Andrew's vision while nearer danced Lucy's words: "Of course there's a woman in the case."

"Oh, Laura Fythian—that's different!" laughed Andrew.

They turned into the drive. He found Lucy in the living room. The beauty of her body as he clasped her stabbed him and because he could not face her, he continued to hold her close while they murmured fond, absurd greetings.

"They gave you the Distinguished Flying Cross. I was so proud," she said.

"That nonsense in your letter, Lucy. What's it all about?" he asked as he eased her back to her pillows.

"I'm afraid Rennie's in danger, Drew. If I could only be sure that he isn't, I could survive anything."

"Better tell me, old girl."

LUCY said she had felt for some time that Rennie was undergoing an emotional experience of deeper nature than his usual affairs. It had not worried her especially, for Rennie's taste in girls had invariably been normal and clean. She knew he had met this Laura Fythian at college as the guest of a faculty member's wife and had had ample opportunity to become acquainted with her. Lucy sensed that he was deeply in love and would not have been surprised had he told her of his engagement at any time.

Then the girl had come to their own city to visit. The fact that she was a guest of the Glashers had caused Lucy to wonder. The Glashers were newcomers; new-rich also, she understood. They scarcely seemed exactly Rennie's kind. But the first real shock had come when she learned that Laura Fythian had been a schoolmate of Madge Glasher who was known to be in her early thirties. That had worried her. For Rennie to marry a woman ten years his senior at his time of life could result in nothing less than tragedy.

Since, other alarming gossip had reached her. About ten years ago, it seemed, the Fythian girl had been involved in a messy bit of scandal over a fortune left her by a man and fought for by another woman. It was in all the papers at a time when Rennie was still a mere boy scout. The other night he had told her he wasn't going in for flying. He wanted a position as soon as he got his degree in June. When all his plans and training had been toward aëronautics with Drew.

Lucy couldn't bear it. Drew knew what a mesalliance could mean in a man's life, how even if one won freedom, it took years to win back a balanced viewpoint and one's peace of mind. Drew must do something to spare Rennie that.

Andrew soothed Lucy with all the conviction he could muster. He was meeting Miss Fythian tonight and would be able to gauge the situation. She must trust him.

"You've told me nothing of Miss Fythian," Andrew reminded Rennie later as they drove to the Glashers. The Glashers, Rennie said, had insisted on their coming to dinner, and Andrew, a great cavity of hunger spreading within him, had hoped crossly that dinner wouldn't be late

"I'll show you, instead." Rennie's tone was triumph, his face vague in the half-dark of the car.

"Is she young?" pumped Andrew.

"Older than I. Does that matter?"

"No—not if the gap isn't too wide, I suppose."

"It makes no difference to me."

"How does she spend her life?"

"Doesn't spend, she earns it, conducting parties of young things to Europe."

"She earns it then," pronounced Andrew.

"She does," agreed Rennie grimly. "But it was all she knew. Both Mrs. Farthon—Laura visited her at college—and Madge Glasher have told me about her. They are very old friends. The Fythians had money. Laura had travel, Eastern schools, everything. She was just out when she got engaged. The chap was killed in an automobile accident and left her a fortune. The money was a god-send for they had lived up to all they had and old Fythian's health was cracking. Then a common-law wife appeared. Wanted the money. There were children. She had proof, it seemed, and Laura turned over every cent without a quibble. But she had been frightfully in love with the bounder. Mrs. Farthon says that since then men have been for Laura, but Laura not for men. Her father died and right after the war she started this travel stunt."

ALMOST the very words, but what a different story from Lucy's! Was Rennie's version romanticized truth, or Lucy's the drippings of gossip grown rancid?

Madge Glasher greeted them in the living room with a certain diffidence she tried in vain to hide. Nor was she new-rich, he decided. Probably a misfit in a family of social position who had married beneath her. The courageous Laura Fythian had perhaps championed her in those school days Lucy heard they had spent together.

"There's Laura now," said Rennie, though the others had heard nothing, and hurried to open the door as unceremoniously as his host had done.

A murmur of voices, Rennie's deep tones against a softer contralto. Then they were in the doorway, Rennie, tall, radiant, looking down on someone in beige and brown—

Andrew had risen but he seemed suddenly to have been translated to a dream. "Laura, this is my old Uncle—" he heard Rennie begin. Then a swirling in his ears, and he was aware only of the scent of narcissus and a face suddenly gone pale as the flowers, with wide, dark, half-frightened eyes.

[*Continued on page 62*]

TO EVERY BUSY WOMAN WHO WANTS A MORE BEAUTIFUL SKIN

FREE

THIS ORIGINAL 75¢ BOTTLE OF AMBROSIA

YOU wouldn't believe it: you wouldn't believe that simply cleansing with a liquid—even a liquid that is sunlit, refreshing, zestfully clean as the Springtime — could so quickly refine skin-texture, could keep it firm, radiant, young!

You wouldn't believe it, so we want to send you Ambrosia. This is an unusual offer... a daring test of a wholly new method of cleansing. We make it because we have faith in our product ... because we have seen the enthusiastic approval of fastidious women, customers of Saks-Fifth Avenue and other smart stores, when the same offer was made to them.

This is the way to use Ambrosia: Wipe thoroughly over the face with cotton, repeating until a fresh pad does not show any soil. Now you know the face is perfectly clean. You see the dirt right on the cotton— black dirt from the pores and crevices of the skin. Then stroke the face up with the fingertips until dry. Cleansed, toned, ready for powder ... your face hasn't felt so glowingly young and alive since you were sixteen.

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THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

Liquid Ambrosia normalizes and refines skin-texture. It prepares a dry skin to absorb a softening tissue cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles.

Created by a French chemist, named by the Empress Eugenie, Ambrosia was first made in America only to private order. The richest women in New York had Ambrosia prepared especially for them. Famous actresses recommended it to their personal friends. And now a 75¢ bottle is offered to you, without cost, for your approval.

Medical authorities agree: Doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly. Only a liquid penetrates instantly into the pores, dissolves out the deepest dirt, leaves no clogging particles of sediment to collect dust and germs. Ambrosia is safe—no caustic alkali, no wax. Swift —a one minute facial. Convenient— nothing to wipe away.

On sale at better drug and department stores everywhere, $1, $1.75, $3.

Mail the coupon at once. We will send you FREE the original 75c flacon of Ambrosia. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Good until July 1st only

Please send FREE the 75c bottle of Ambrosia

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Left: Salmon ring and raw vegetable relish. Right: Burnt almond charlotte with whipped evaporated milk

MENUS THAT SAVE MONEY

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management

AT THE request of our readers a special article about money-saving cookery has become an annual feature of McCall's; this is its second birthday and I hope you will like your protégé.

Before I begin the recipes let me remind you briefly of certain broad rules which every woman who manages her table on a limited budget should remember:

Allow a quart of milk (fresh or evaporated) each day for every child under sixteen years of age. Allow *at least half a quart* each day for every adult. Serve as a beverage or in soups, puddings, cream sauces, etc.

Spend as much for vegetables and fruits as you do for meat, fish, and eggs together.

Bread, cereals, macaroni, rice, beans, lentils, and similar foods are cheap and have a good deal of nutritive value. Spend from one-sixth to one-fourth of your food money for them.

Serve two cooked vegetables a day, one of which can be potatoes. Serve a raw fruit, vegetable or salad once or twice a day—apples, oranges, bananas, pears, berries; coleslaw, lettuce, tomatoes, celery, grated carrot or turnip, field greens, watercress, chicory, etc.

Serve a cooked green or leafy vegetable four or five times a week—spinach, cauliflower, cabbage, beet tops, creamed celery, cooked outer leaves of lettuce, boiled dandelion greens, kale, asparagus. Broccoli and artichokes can also be included if cheap.

Four or five times a week serve onions, carrots, turnips, beets, stewed or scalloped tomatoes (fresh or canned), eggplant, squash, corn, peas, beans, etc. (last three may be fresh or canned).

Children like molasses and it is good for them. Spread it on bread, sometimes, instead of butter. Peanut butter may also be substituted occasionally.

Milk and a cereal are an economical luncheon or supper dish, having *high* nutritive value. Use the water in which you cook vegetables for soups and meat gravies.

Salmon Mold

3 tablespoons shortening	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ cup bread crumbs	3 eggs
1 2/3 cups milk	1 teaspoon salt
2½ cups cooked flaked salmon	Few grains pepper
	Few grains paprika

Melt shortening, add crumbs and milk and cook about 5 minutes, until crumbs are soft. Add salmon, parsley and slightly beaten eggs. Add seasonings and turn into greased mold or loaf pan. Set in pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until firm, or until a knife inserted in center comes out clean. If a ring mold is used, fill center with chopped cooked spinach, and garnish with slices of hard-cooked egg (or fill center with peas and carrots). Served with a raw vegetable relish, it supplies nearly all the important food elements, and looks and tastes so good that the whole family will welcome it.

POT ROAST*
ONIONS, POTATOES, CARROTS, TURNIP
WHOLE WHEAT BREAD BUTTER
SHREDDED LETTUCE SALAD
APPLE DUMPLING*
COFFEE

CURRIED BREAST OF VEAL*
STEAMED RICE KALE
SLICED ONION SALAD
CHOCOLATE CAKE
COFFEE

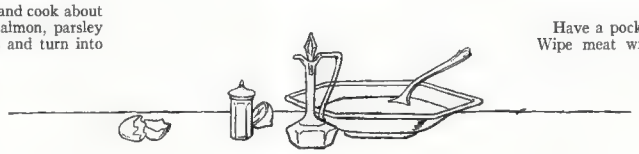
SPLIT PEA SOUP*
LAMB CASSEROLE WITH VEGETABLES
ROLLS JELLY
STEWED FRUIT MOLASSES COOKIES
TEA OR COFFEE

PORK SCALLOP*
BAKED SWEET POTATOES*
MUSTARD PICKLE
CABBAGE AND BEET SALAD
LEMON MERINGUE PIE
COFFEE

ITALIAN RICE*
MOTHER'S COLESLAW* SNAPPY CHEESE
BREADSTICKS
OPEN APPLE PIE
COFFEE

SALMON MOLD*
SPINACH STRING BEANS
RAW VEGETABLE RELISH* BRAN MUFFINS
BURNT ALMOND CHARLOTTE*
TEA OR COFFEE

CREAM OF CORN SOUP*
CORNED BEEF HASH*
HOT BISCUITS TOMATO CATSUP
ORANGE AND GRAPEFRUIT SALAD
CRISP CRACKERS
TEA OR COFFEE



Italian Rice

1 large onion	1 small can tomatoes
1 clove garlic	1 cup water
3 tablespoons butter	1 bayleaf
1 cup uncooked rice	¾ teaspoon salt
½ lb. chopped beef	⅛ teaspoon pepper

Chop onion and garlic fine, and fry in butter until a delicate brown. Add meat and cook until slightly browned. Add rice, tomatoes, water, bayleaf, salt and pepper. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking. Add more boiling water, if necessary. Cook until rice is tender—about 25 minutes.

One cup left-over meat, cut in cubes, may be substituted for the chopped beef.

Pot Roast

4 lbs. beef (off round)	Sprig parsley
1 teaspoon salt	6 carrots
⅛ teaspoon pepper	6 onions
2 tablespoons flour	1 small turnip, sliced
½ bayleaf	6 potatoes

Wipe meat with a clean damp cloth. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour. Try out a piece of suet in an iron pot, put in meat and brown surface. Add boiling water to half cover meat. Add bayleaf and parsley. Cover and simmer slowly about 3½ hours. The last hour of cooking add carrots, onions, turnip and potatoes. Put meat on platter and arrange vegetables around it. Thicken stock with a little flour mixed to a smooth paste with cold water. Add more seasoning, if necessary.

Curried Breast of Veal

4 to 5 lbs. breast of veal	⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 medium onion, chopped fine	2 cups soft bread crumbs
4 tablespoons shortening	2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon curry powder
	1 clove garlic
1 small bayleaf	

Have a pocket made in the veal to hold the stuffing. Wipe meat with a clean, damp cloth. Fry onion in shortening until a delicate brown. Add bread crumbs, salt and pepper and mix well. Fill the pocket with the stuffing and sprinkle meat with salt, pepper and flour.

[*Turn to page 57*]

Watch what happens to breakfast appetites when *Puffed Grains* are on the menu

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are so delicious you scarcely realize they supply the nourishment you expect only from hot cereals.

BREAKFAST . . . too often the most monotonous meal of the day! Yet morning is the very time when appetites crave change and variety. When food should be different, delightful, enticing.

Quaker Puffed Grains are deliciously, uniquely different. Utterly unlike any other cereal in taste, appearance and texture. Crisp, toasty grains that melt in your mouth. With a flaky, flavory crunchiness that makes them the one cereal for hard-to-please appetites. The one cereal people revel in, who ordinarily "don't eat cereals."

And yet . . . here's the magic of Puffed Grains. Science has found there's all the wholesome nourishment of hot cereals in these dainty toothsome morsels. This is because of "puffing," a unique process that causes 125 million explosions in each grain. This breaks open every food cell. Insures quick, easy assimilation. Never before were grains of rice and wheat so completely digestible. Never before so richly nutritious.

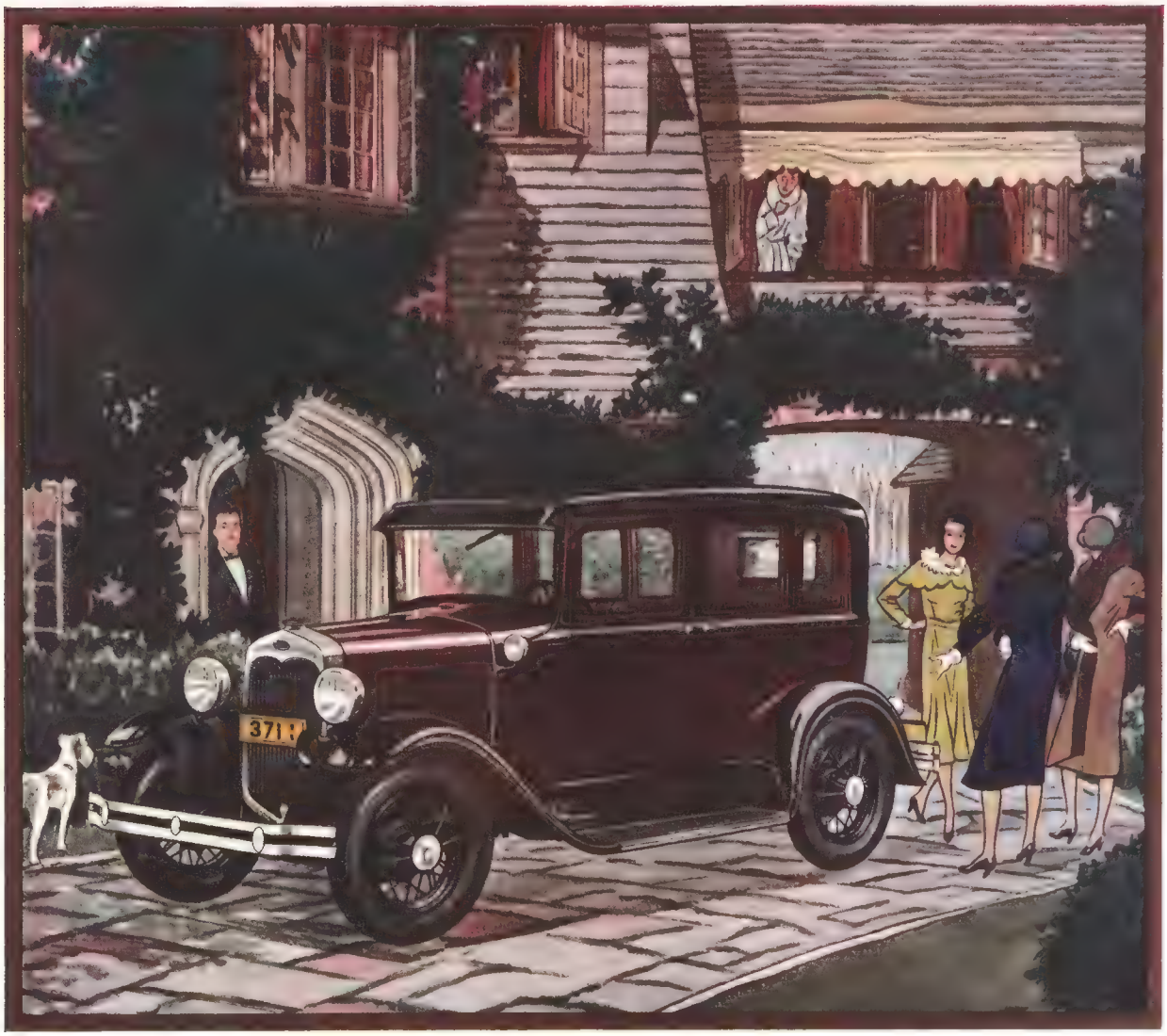
Quaker Puffed Wheat is the whole wheat grain, puffed and oven-toasted to the buttery crispness of fresh toast. It offers whole wheat protein—unsurpassed for body building. Plus the 25% roughage to make bran foods and other laxatives unnecessary. Puffed Rice provides all the vital food elements of rice. It digests quickly. Turns to energy in a hurry. A creamy, rich dainty that tastes as rice has never tasted before.

Always keep Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat on your pantry shelf. Serve for luncheons and suppers, too. Remember, when you serve Puffed Grains you are serving virtually hot cereal nourishment.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker Puffed Rice *and* Puffed Wheat

New Beauty for the New Ford



THE NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN

NEW ROOMY BODIES . . NEW STREAMLINES . . NEW COLORS . . NEW RADIATOR . . NEW FENDERS . . NEW WHEELS . . NEW RUSTLESS STEEL . . NEW UPHOLSTERY.

NOW, MORE THAN EVER, THE NEW FORD IS A "VALUE FAR ABOVE THE PRICE."

Ford

MENUS THAT SAVE MONEY

[*Continued from page 54*]

Even epicures exclaim over a well-cooked pot roast

Try out a piece of suet in an iron pot. Sear meat on all sides and add enough boiling water to half cover it. Add curry powder, garlic and bayleaf. Cover and simmer 1½ to 2 hours or until meat is tender.

Cream of Corn Soup

3 cups canned corn	3 cups evaporated milk
3 cups water	3 tablespoons flour
2 small slices onion	1½ teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons butter	⅛ teaspoon pepper

Cook corn, water and onion together slowly for 20 minutes. Rub through a strainer. Melt butter, add flour, salt and pepper and mix well. Add hot milk and stir constantly until smooth. Add the corn mixture. Mix well and strain again. Serve very hot.

Corned Beef Hash

2½ cups chopped cooked corned beef	2½ cups chopped cooked potatoes
Salt and pepper	½ cup milk or water
3 tablespoons butter	

Mix meat and potatoes and add salt and pepper to taste. Heat the milk in a frying pan with 2 tablespoons butter. Add the meat and potatoes and spread evenly. Dot with bits of butter. Cover and cook slowly for ½ hour—do not stir. It should have a rich brown crust on the bottom. Fold over like an omelet.

The slow cooking is important as it gives the hash a better flavor.

Left-over carrots, turnips, beets, parsnip, or other vegetables may be added to the hash.

Burnt Almond Charlotte

1 tablespoon gelatine	½ cup almonds, blanched
2 tablespoons cold water	2 cups evaporated milk
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup boiling water	Lady fingers
Few grains salt	

Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve over boiling water. Caramelize sugar by melting it in frying pan and allowing it to become a golden brown color. Add boiling water and stir until syrup is smooth. Add salt and dissolved gelatine. Allow to cool. Whip evaporated milk. When caramel mixture has begun to thicken, add almonds which have been browned in a hot oven and chopped very fine. Fold in whipped milk and vanilla. Line sherbet glasses with halves of lady fingers and fill centers with burnt almond mixture.

To whip evaporated milk place the unopened can of milk in cold water and bring water to boiling point. Remove can and cool quickly in cold water. Place can in refrigerator, or other cold place, until ready to whip. Whip as you would cream.

Baked Sweet Potatoes and Corn

2 tablespoons shortening	1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour	⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup evaporated milk	⅛ teaspoon paprika
½ cup water	1 cup canned corn
4 teaspoons sugar	1½ cups cooked sweet potatoes, cut in cubes
1 cup bread crumbs	

Melt butter, add flour and mix until smooth. Add combined milk and water slowly, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add sugar, salt, pepper and paprika. Put alternate layers of corn and potatoes in a greased baking dish and pour the hot sauce over them. Cover top with bread crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) about 25 minutes, or until crumbs are brown. This dish is a particularly good accompaniment to tongue, roast beef, baked or broiled ham, or fricaseed fowl. It may also be served as a main dish for luncheon or supper.

Raw Vegetable Relish

1 cup chopped celery	¼ cup chopped green pepper
1 cup grated carrot	French dressing

Chill the celery, carrot and pepper, mix together and moisten with French dressing.

Pork Scallop

7 medium-sized potatoes	1 teaspoon sugar
1 can tomatoes	½ teaspoon salt
1 onion, sliced	¼ teaspoon pepper
1 bayleaf	2 tablespoons shortening
6 pork chops	

Wash and pare potatoes and cut in thin slices. Cook tomatoes, onion, bayleaf, sugar, salt, pepper and shortening together for 10 minutes. Put a layer of potatoes in a baking dish and cover with some of the tomato mixture. Add another layer of potatoes and tomatoes and repeat until all the ingredients are used. Trim off the excess fat on the pork chops and lay them on top of the potatoes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) 1 to 1¼ hours, or until the potatoes are tender and the chops a delicate brown.

[*Continued on page 133*]

Adds Energy to every meal

NATIONAL RICE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

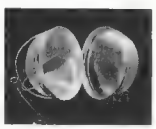
RICE

adds energy to your diet — plus quick digestibility

A teacup of pearly grained American RICE . . . four cups of water, a teaspoonful of salt . . . and with proper cooking six persons may be amply and delightfully served one of the Southland's most favored dishes. Do you know any other food product that increases its bulk four times in cooking? RICE is not only a most economical food to serve but it is a most tempting contribution to the menu. What, if you please, is more appetizing than steaming, snow-white RICE pillowing a cube of golden melting butter—or served with a savory gravy.

And again, what other food lends itself to such variable methods of preparation. Check the list of cereals, fruits, vegetables, meats, fowl or fish. Can any *one* serve *each* of the widely different functions of a cereal, vegetables, meat substitute . . . soup, salad, entree, dessert? Only RICE is so versatile. And not a single snowy grain need be wasted—for RICE properly cooked in early morning to serve as a tempting breakfast cereal, is even more pleasing to the taste, when re-heated for the meals that follow. Left over RICE may be utilized in a multitude of delectable dishes. RICE reduces the quantity required, of more costly foods by absorbing and extending their flavor.

American RICE comes to your kitchen untouched by human hands. It is a product of unapproachable cleanliness. RICE adds energy to your diet and is easily digested. Why not include this most economical and delightful food more frequently on your menu? But to enjoy RICE you should know exactly how to cook it. Send for our portfolio of new RICE Recipes. It tells you how to cook rice *right*.



Now you can cook Rice properly

The New RICE BALL is the handiest cooking utensil ever invented . .

RICE properly cooked is a culinary treat. Few persons know how to cook it. Our Department of Dietetic Research has perfected (patent applied for) a new RICE Ball that is the *short cut to proper rice preparation.* For only 30c we will send you a RICE Ball, postage paid. Sign and mail the coupon below.

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Lovelier, younger Skin

when you guard its health in

6 vital places

Study my mannequin to know why

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

by Frances Ingram

THIS wonderful truth about my Milkweed Cream puts it on the dressing tables of a million beautiful women—it is much more than the most perfect cleanser you have touched to your face . . . *it is a marvelous corrector of the health of your skin!*

For Milkweed Cream *tones* the skin as it cleanses it. It coaxes impurities from the pores, and your skin is left fresh, immaculate . . . satin to the touch. And, in addition, Milkweed's special toning properties free the complexion of blemishes and aging little lines and wrinkles. Swiftly the skin becomes healthy—gloriously clear—*young!*

The method these women use is simple—just as easy as ordinary cleaning. For the difference lies entirely in the healthful ingredients of my cream.

Guard your skin health this way

First apply Milkweed Cream generously. Leave it on the skin a moment to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and light film of Milkweed Cream and, following the six starred instructions at the right, pat the cream gently into the skin.

THE FOREHEAD—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.

THE EYES—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.

THE THROAT—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with a rotary movement at base of neck.

THE MOUTH—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.

THE NECK—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.

THE SHOULDERS—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

All drug and department stores have Milkweed Cream. Begin this sure method tonight. If you have any special questions, send for my booklet, "Why only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A.M. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated stations.

INGRAM'S *Milkweed Cream*

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. C30, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.
Please send me your free booklet, "Why only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

*Name*_____

Address

Two boys live comfortably in this room and still have plenty of space for their prized possessions

A ROOM FOR A BOY

By MARY DAVIS GILLIES

BOYS will be boys; and that is a trait worth encouraging. They love to tinker and have clandestine talks. They are not overly thoughtful about keeping their feet off the counterpane and in their minds pillows are made for use in tussles and fights just as much as for repose.

This premise should be thoroughly accepted before planning a boy's room and should be quite evident in the results. But it does not suggest that the boy should be relegated to dark, dingy quarters with all the run-down furniture in the house. The room should be just as attractive and carefully planned as any other room, in order to develop in the boy a pride in possesions and an interest in his home.

The room illustrated on this page is planned for two boys.

Inexpensive beds are used and are placed at opposite sides of the room, each accompanied by a chest of drawers, in order to create a feeling of independence.

The feature of the room is the bench seat and book shelves around one corner. This arrangement forms an ideal study unit, and makes the storage of sporting equipment convenient as well as decorative. The radio, books and keepsakes also find a place there. The bench has a pad covered with a plain, fast colored cotton crash and pillows of cretonne make it very comfortable.

The drop light that hangs above the desk is a brakeman's lantern, electrified.

Cretonne is used for the draw curtains at the window. It displays a leaf pattern in gay yellow, red and blue, printed on a black ground. The draperies would be effective if finished with pinch pleats at the top and arranged to draw, or they might be hung with red rings from a blue painted wooden pole and should reach just to the lower edge of the apron beneath the window sill. The bedspreads pick up the identical colors in the draperies. They are made of a coarse-woven cotton material fast-colored and sturdy enough to stand rough treatment. The fabric resembles a friar's cloth and is a delightful intermingling of blue, red, gold and black checks; it recalls the woven paper mats of primary school days.

The beds are supplied with many pillows, forming an excellent place for the gang.

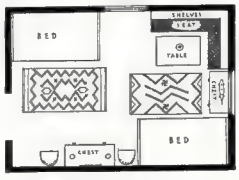
The pine floor has been scraped, painted blue, varnished and waxed; and forms a pleasing background for the rugs and colorful spreads and draperies.

The woodwork should be stained and waxed and the walls might be either papered or painted a deep creamy yellow. The boys should select their own pictures; these should be changed periodically as the youngsters' interests change and expand.

The decided red, blue and dull gold color scheme gives the room a sturdy and masculine air with a hint of the woods. In other words, it is a room that outdoor boys and boy scouts, could enjoy thoroughly and untiringly.

For a man or an older boy, oak furniture, which is usually severe in design, offers ideal lines, and it also happens to be one of the newest and most popular

[To page 59]

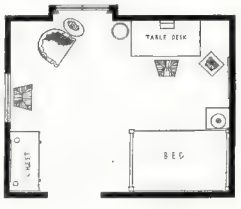


Floor plan of room above

A ROOM FOR A BOY

[Continued from page 58]

A color scheme of green, rust and brown and a floor covering of flagstone linoleum give this room a masculine atmosphere



woods for bedroom suites. The oak bed illustrated in the plan for a single room has an interesting linen fold motif. However, there are many other pleasing designs available. The cover on the bed, is a coarse novelty cotton crash though an inexpensive machine crewel, monk's cloth, India print or even a hand woven coverlet would also look well. A table at the head of the bed holds a lamp. It has a base of North Carolina pottery in a soft glazed orange and the shade is a parchment type banded with green and orange.

The walls in this room are rough plaster with a faint gray tint. The woodwork, having been in bad condition, was painted a cocoa color which harmonizes nicely with a warm terra cotta colored flagstone linoleum on the floor. The bedspread of novelty cotton crash is in soft green, rust and natural color, and is effective with the floor covering and oak bed. The draperies are natural-colored cotton crash with a border of green and rust-colored bias tape. The chair upholstering is a soft green denim. A much less severe effect could be achieved by using cretonne draperies and a slipcover on the chairs.

The study group in the corner should be noticed particularly. Above the trestle table is a modern map of the world framed in dull red. The map is varnished and has no glass over it. The wall lamp arrangement is excellent for a study table. It takes up no table space and cannot be inadvertently knocked off. To the right of the table is a convenient typewriter and table, and above it a bulletin board framed in a narrow red frame similar to the one on the map.

Another interesting room worth describing is located on the third floor in a reconstructed attic with long sloping ceiling and dormer windows. The bed is a large box couch and the bureau, an old mahogany chest of drawers, was picked up in a second-hand store. A boy's particular delight would be a large, worn, flat-topped office desk, also mahogany or stained to resemble it.

The windows in the room are rather small, and to make up for the missing sunlight, the ceiling of the room was painted a light ivory and the walls were covered with a paper with a two-toned diamond design in soft yellows. The woodwork was painted a tone lighter. The floor is covered with green jaspé linoleum and several soft colored hooked scatter rugs supply additional color and pattern interest.

The couch bed is covered in a deep green, heavy cotton rep bound with a narrow dull yellow braid. The sides are box pleated and hang within an inch of the floor. The soft, big cushions on the couch are of pale yellow, orange and green. Near the head is a low table to hold books, as well as a lamp with a parchment shade.

Across one long wall is the indispensable bookcase, painted the same color as the woodwork and built with shallow cupboards beneath. The desk is placed at right angles to a group of double windows and is effectively lighted with tall brass candlesticks converted into lamps. The oval parchment shades are bound in green. A small comfortable couch or settee has been substituted at the desk for a chair. It is covered in a glazed chintz with a dark eggplant-colored background and a conventional design of birds and fruit in tones of orange, yellow, green and blue. A low reading chair is slipcovered in the same material.

The curtains of orange glazed chintz offer contrast with the upholstering. Green pipings link them with the remainder of the color scheme.

This room is extremely simple and very little money was spent on it, but it is a happy refuge for the boy who occupies it and the pleasure he takes in the room makes it worth twice the trouble of planning and developing it.

Almost any room can be redeemed in this way with paint, linoleum and colorful draperies.

Editor's Note: *The sun room is the first room in the house which should be freshened up in the Spring so that the awakening garden will not put it to shame. In the April issue interesting ways of doing this will be discussed. The article will include smart new color schemes.*

CHROMEPLATE

The Hotpoint Super-Automatic Iron is now finished in brilliant, non-tarnishing Hotpoint *Chromeplate*. This gives you an amazingly smooth, lustrous, *enduring* ironing surface, and the entire iron will *keep* its gleaming beauty indefinitely.

The finest, fastest, most economical electric iron

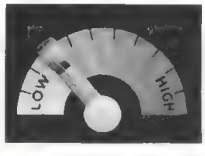
Made by Hotpoint

PERHAPS you will appreciate most of all that this iron uses less electricity to do an ironing. Or you may like the fact that it is faster, that it irons in less time—and more easily and comfortably.

Or you may prefer it because the accurate heat control protects your garments; for instance, helping silk and rayon fabrics give you longer wear.

Or it may be that you will take greatest pride in the finer ironing it does, with its convenient range of heats adjustable to your every need, its hotter point and beveled edge.

No other iron can give you so many desirable features; for instance, the Hotpoint CALROD heating element, cast in solid iron, the world's most indestructible electric heating element; the comfortable Thumb Rest that rests your wrist, arm and shoulder; and all the other features listed at the right.



AUTOMATIC Heat Control

Merely set the throttle for the heat you wish, low, high or any heat between, and the iron is automatically *kept* at that temperature while you iron.

Hotpoint electric appliances are sold by electric companies and all leading dealers. Ask your nearest one to show you the complete line of Hotpoint irons, at prices ranging from $3.50 to $8.80.

Features of the Hotpoint Super-Automatic

Adjustable Automatic Heat Control
Full Beveled Edge
Famous Thumb Rest
Hotpoint CALROD Element
Hinged Plug
Triple Life Cord
Roll-back Heel Stand
Rigid Handle, can't wiggle or wobble
Non-tarnishing HOTPOINT CHROMEPLATE

PRICE $8.80

And actual tests show that this iron will save you several times its cost each year —in electricity and the value of your time which it saves.

Hotpoint

EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCE COMPANY

5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago

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World's Largest Manufacturer of Electric Ranges and Household Electric Heating Appliances

Doctors endorse this

QUICK RELIEF FROM

COUGHS—COLDS!

DON'T put up with stuffy colds and coughs! Here's a way to relieve this winter's ills—just an old-fashioned way *modernized*—an absolutely safe way that doctors and hospitals everywhere endorse.

It's the quick, effective, pleasant Sterno Vaporizer. Simply set it at side of bed or chair. Ignite the quick-heating fuel, and in a few short minutes inhale soothing, healing vapors that, just like magic, loosen and break up coughs and colds. Whole families use Sterno Vaporizer. Mothers gather children round it to play while losing cold-weather ailments.

Instantly effective

Sterno Vaporizer wastes no time. Its vapors penetrate instantly to the seat of infection . . . soothing, healing, dislodging congestions. And so gently safe! That's why doctors praise Sterno Vaporizer so highly. A New York physician says: "I congratulate you! It is a pleasure to recommend it."

Absolutely safe . . . Easy to use!

Sterno Vaporizer is always ready for instant use. And so simple. No complicated parts, no glass to crack or break. No gas, electricity, or dangerous liquid fuel. The famous Sterno Canned Fuel heats very quickly—and it's *safe!* Burns solid. On sale everywhere, in two sizes.

Use any one of a dozen popular medicated vapor preparations with Sterno Vaporizer. But get one TODAY for the cold you have or the cold you feel coming on! At all druggists and department stores or mailed prepaid complete for only $1.50 (Canada $2.00). Send coupon for free booklet! Sterno Corporation (Established 1887), 9-11 East 37th St., New York City.

STERNO Vaporizer

Approved by Throat and Nose Specialists

For use with Sterno Canned Heat

$1.50 (Canada $2.00)

Sterno Corporation, M-3
9-11 East 37th Street, N. Y. C.

☐ Send me free leaflet telling what physicians and hospitals say about the Sterno Vaporizer.

☐ Enclosed find $1.50 (Canada $2.00), for which send me complete Sterno Vaporizer including Sterno stove, blue-enameled Vaporizer and Sterno Canned Heat.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Reading from upper left: A cheese sandwich spread; grated American cheese; cream cheese; a packaged cheese rich in nutriment; loaf cheese, Camembert, and a triangle of Roquefort

DELICIOUS DISHES MADE from CHEESE

By MARGARET WAGNER HARTE

EVERY year grocery stores become more interesting and appetizing it seems to me. In the one item of cheese, for instance, there has been a radical and delightful change. Where once the old round golden cheese stood on the grocer's counter day in and day out, to be cut off in wedges for his customers, today there are packages, jars, boxes and loaves of delicious cheese, any one of which is excellent eaten just as it comes from the shop, or in combination with other foods.

Baked Oysters with Cheese

Butter a deep baking dish and fill almost to the top with alternate layers of oysters and grated cheese, sprinkled with salt, pepper and a very little celery salt. Pour in a little of the oyster liquor and cover the top with thick slices of peeled tomatoes, covered with grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) ¾ to 1 hour. Canned tomatoes, well drained and sprinkled with cheese, may be used instead of the fresh tomatoes.

The oysters may be left on the opened half-shells and sprinkled with grated cheese, horseradish, salt, pepper and few buttered crumbs. Arrange the shells in a shallow pan and bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes. Or they may be broiled under, but not too near, the gas flame 10 to 15 minutes. Cover tops with bread crumbs.

Cream Cheese Pie

½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
Grated rind ½ orange
½ cup thin cream
1½ cakes cream cheese (or 6 oz. loose cream cheese)
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon vanilla
Pastry

Mix sugar, flour, salt and orange rind together. Add cream cheese and work in the cream gradually. Add egg yolks and vanilla and mix well. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into a pie pan lined with rich pastry. Bake in a slow oven (300° F.) 25 to 30 minutes or until firm. Serve cold with strawberry jam. This is a delicious pie which is a great favorite with men.

Sautéed Sandwiches

Cut bread in rather thin slices and spread with softened butter, then with a thick layer of cream cheese and then with grape jelly. Beat 1 egg, add 1 cup milk and mix well. Dip sandwiches on both sides in this mixture and fry in a little butter until a delicate brown. Serve at once.

Cheese Loaf

2 cups grated American cheese
1 cup bread crumbs
1 cup mashed potatoes
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs

Mix cheese, bread crumbs, potatoes, parsley, pepper and salt. Add beaten egg yolks and mix well. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Put into a greased loaf pan. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes or until firm. Serve hot.

Eggs in Ramekins

1 can tomatoes
1 small onion, chopped
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 whole clove
6 eggs
1 cup grated cheese
1½ cups bread crumbs

Cook tomatoes, onion, salt, pepper and clove together for 20 minutes Cover bottom of individual ramekins with tomato mixture and drop an egg into each one. Cover tops with grated cheese and buttered bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 15 to 20 minutes, or until eggs are set.

Hominy and Cheese

2 cups left-over hominy
1 cup milk
1 cup grated cheese

Add the milk and ½ cup grated cheese to the hominy and mix well. Turn into a greased baking dish and sprinkle top with the remaining ½ cup cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes.

Or blend the hominy with ½ cup grated cheese, form into croquettes, crumb and egg them, and fry in deep, hot fat.

Escalloped Cabbage

1 head cabbage
2 cups chopped ham
1 cup bread crumbs
½ cup grated cheese

Trim away the loose outer leaves of a firm head of cabbage. Cut a deep well out of the center. Mix ham, bread crumbs and cheese and fill center of cabbage. Steam until the cabbage is very tender. Serve with cheese sauce. A small head serves four.

Cheese Sauce

2 tablespoons butter
1½ tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
½ cup grated cheese

Melt butter, add flour and mix until smooth. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add salt, pepper and cheese and cook about three minutes, or until the cheese is melted and well blended.

Afternoon Tea Dainties

2 cakes cream cheese (or 8 oz. loose cream cheese)
½ lb. sweet butter
2 cups flour
Guava Jelly
¾ cup chopped pistachio nuts
¼ teaspoon salt

Cream cheese and butter together and work in the flour with the finger tips. Chill in the ice box for several hours. Roll out thin on slightly floured board. Spread with jelly and sprinkle with nuts. Roll like a jelly roll. Cut in ¼ inch slices. Place cut side down on a greased pan. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 10 minutes until brown.

Open Sandwiches

Arrange thin slices of cheese on rather thick slices of bread. Place a layer of flaked tuna fish on top of cheese. Lay a thick slice of tomato on fish and sprinkle with salt, pepper and curry powder. Place a strip of bacon on each sandwich. Broil until bacon is crisp and cheese is melted. Serve hot.

Now.. you wash and iron with one *speedy* Thor machine

at a price formerly asked for a good washer alone

From Washer to Ironer in 10 Seconds

$149.25

Washer alone as illustrated, $99.75

[Small down payment and easy terms offered by most Thor dealers. *(Price is slightly higher Denver and West.)**]

The Thor Speed Iron Attachment as illustrated to fit any Thor washer, $49.50. The Combination—$149.25*. Agitator Washer also furnished with monel metal tub at $129.50*. Gasoline Engine Washer for homes without electricity at slightly higher cost. Thor Cylinder Washer for large families, $175.00*.*

A NEW home laundry method has swept the country! Women have turned to it by tens of thousands since its introduction but a year ago. Home economists, leading women writers and housewives everywhere have given it their unqualified approval. To you, madam—faced with the home laundry problem—it offers immediate and lasting relief.

Costs no more than most good washers alone

We knew this machine would enjoy great sale. Its speed, efficiency, beauty and time-saving qualities had never been equaled. So we priced it low. Made it available to women everywhere at about the price of most good washers alone—less than the price of many. And at no sacrifice of the world-famous Thor quality. Every Thor must be first a quality machine.

Saves you 6 to 10 hours every week

The washer is the famous Thor Agitator. The only washer of its type by actual test that thoroughly cleanses shirt cuffs and collars in one washing without soaking. And does it in gentle safety to clothes.

Tub is glistening ripple-green porcelain enamel, inside and out—the most copied washer feature Thor has ever perfected.

And now an ingenious Thor invention makes it possible to remove the wringer—place the Thor Speed Iron in its place—turn the switch—sit down and iron.

The Thor Speed Iron—called the greatest home labor saver ever invented—does in 2 short hours the work that took 8 hours by hand—and does it without drudgery. The method is so simple you master it in a few minutes. Yet it irons everything—and presses men's trousers and women's skirts with magic speed.

See your Thor dealer

Surely, madam, you wouldn't think of buying a washer without first considering this new-type speed machine that costs you no more . . . yet does *both* washing and ironing. See your Thor dealer at once. Or send coupon below for beautifully illustrated booklets describing this great new invention. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto. European Headquarters, 245 Oxford Street, London, W., England.

Thor

HURLEY MACHINE CO.,
B-3, 22nd Street and 54th Avenue, Chicago.

Please send me illustrated literature describing the new Thor Washing and Ironing Machine and name of a nearby Thor dealer.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

THE WORLD'S FIRST ELECTRIC WASHER WAS A THOR—THE LATEST IS A THOR

How easy, nowadays, to be protected!

IT'S so simple to protect that beauty which is—they say—but skin deep. Merely "save the surface and you save all!"

Against the wiles of tricky weather—against the bluster and bite of cutting winds—FROSTILLA stands guard like a trusted friend and preserves a fair and lovely skin.

Before you go out—before you powder—gently smooth in a small quantity . . . . on face, neck, arms, hands, shoulders.

Quickly absorbed and no trace of stickiness. Just a refreshing, fragrant, invisible film behind which your skin remains contentedly healthy—soft, white, young—protected against roughness, redness, chapping, and excessive drying.

This winter, a single bottle of FROSTILLA will insure a beautiful complexion. The precious ingredients of this famous lotion will *save the surface.* And if, by chance, you've been unduly careless, will relieve all weather-irritated conditions.

A Beautiful Boudoir Bottle Costs 50c

There's a convenient 35c size, too—but many choose the economical $1 bottle, for family use. Sold at all drug and dept. stores in the U. S. and Canada. A handy 10c package is available at better class 5-and-10c stores. Mail orders filled on receipt of price.

Dept. 53, Frostilla Company, Elmira, New York and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Representative, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th St., New York City

FROSTILLA
SAVES YOUR SKIN

DRIVING MISTS

[*Continued from page 52*]

It had all happened so quickly that the others read merely a rather tense astonishment on the two faces, culminating in Laura Fythian's involuntary little cry—"You!"

"You two know each other?" cried Madge.

"Scarcely know each other—" he parried, feeling the blood more normal in his brain.

"But you have met?" asked Rennie puzzled, a little tense.

"Scarcely met," said the contralto tones, mischief dawning in the frightened eyes. "Lieutenant Burchnell saw me first and refused to come a step nearer." Her eyes swept his with a lovely look. "Forget that first unguarded moment," they asked.

"Impossible," Andrew's steadfast eyes replied.

"Laura, tell us what you are talking about," insisted Madge.

"That train wreck—" she spread her hands in explanation. "Lieutenant Burchnell was in the same car. He started to come to us. Part of the ceiling fell. So did Lieutenant Burchnell. Mother fainted. That was the last I saw of him." As if drawn, she turned back to Andrew. "Were you hurt badly?" she asked.

"Only a few stitches and a headache," he assured her. But again a strange clairvoyance carried unspoken, scarcely-willed things between them, so that it was difficult to remember others were about them.

"Didn't either of you scan the casualty lists?" broke in the lazy tones of Lawrence.

"Miss Fythian's name was not there," said Andrew, coloring at the admission.

"We were not hurt," she explained. "But you?"

"I gave a fictitious name, to stave off reporters." Again he colored.

RENNIE'S silence drew their eyes. He could not speak. White and tense, he stood locked in puzzled pain. Before he could command himself sufficiently to answer, a maid appeared in the doorway announcing dinner and Madge hastily ushered them into the dining room.

Again spring flowers, this time between them at the table's center, reaching forth above the lace and silver in beauty. Talk, chatter, that for three of them must be kept going, lest somehow they perish. But Rennie grew steadily paler, Laura Fythian's intonations became inexplicably gentler to him, and she and Andrew meticulously avoided each other's gaze.

"What the dickens did they give you that cross for, Burchnell?" worried Lawrence, as they finished their strawberries and meringues.

"Some flights I made."

"But no single flight?"

"Nothing so spectacular as a single flight," broke in Rennie vehemently. White-faced, he turned to Laura Fythian, forcing himself to go on. "In a single flight a fellow risks his neck once. Drew risked his time without number, though, two whole years. In military flying, you see, you have to have planes that can be twisted all over the sky and controlled in every twist. A new plane came to the field which they discovered had a spin so flat and fast that a pilot could not always pull out. It killed a friend of Drew, one of the best fliers in the service. They tried to whip the spin in the laboratories, but they got nowhere.

"Then Drew volunteered to fly it. He worked out a scheme for dropping most of the plane's weight if he couldn't control it otherwise, and parked slow-motion picture operators on the ground in order that the engineers could study the spins later at leisure. Often those movies showed twenty-two spins in succession as the plane shot down the sky and the photographers caught their breath as he saved his life by the skin of his teeth. Nothing dull about that assignment for anybody. Once he landed with a big hole in the wing at ninety miles an hour. Once he had to get out with his parachute and let the plane crash. But that didn't stop him. He merely got another of the same model and kept on until he was able to hand over the sure-fire information on spinning needed to make all planes safer, and that particular model is one of the best the army flies today."

Warmth like a scarlet flame played round the table and suddenly he and Andrew found they could face each other calmly, through a smothered pain, in which hostility was dead.

"It's a pity, Rennie," said Lawrence, "you've decided to give up flying. You're cut from the same cloth as your uncle."

"What does it mean, Drew?" demanded Rennie. It was past midnight and they were once more in the dark of the car, slithering along wet pavements toward home. To Andrew the

evening had seemed interminable. Lights, music, flowers, and across the room, chatting quietly with Rennie, a woman who seldom looked his way. But for him the room had been steeped with her as with the music.

"What does what mean, Rennie?"

"You—Laura? That was the truth about the train wreck, your not seeing each other again, neither knowing who the other was?"

"Of course."

"Then for God's sake tell me what is between you."

"I swear to you, Rennie, I have never spoken to Laura Fythian before tonight. Nor tonight, any word you didn't hear. I had no idea, tonight, I was to see anyone I had ever seen before. As a matter of common sense, what could be between us?"

THERE was a short silence in which Rennie's breath came quickly. "She means nothing to you, then?"

"That doesn't follow, does it?" said Andrew, with difficulty.

"You do care then, though you scarcely know her, though you have seen her but once before and by merest accident. Suppose you hadn't met her again tonight, hadn't known that I was mad about her, would you have remembered her at all? Would you have cared then?" The words came hoarsely.

"Rennie, old man—" Appeal, confession, defeat, from Andrew.

A quick breath and Rennie's head went forward to his hands for an instant. Then without the car having swerved, he was erect again, rigid, his hands tense on the wheel. They turned into the drive, Andrew alighted.

"I'm not coming in yet," said Rennie, and was off before Andrew could speak.

In the upper hall, a nurse met him. "They've decided to operate tomorrow," she said, nodding toward Lucy's door.

He went on to his own room. Near the window was a deep chair where he could watch the drive for Rennie's return. What fiendish cruelty there could be. Lucy—Rennie—Laura Fythian!

The ringing of the muffled telephone in Rennie's room startled him.

"Is this Lieutenant Burchnell?" came to his answer.

For an instant, shaken by the actuality of those almost whispered tones, he could not speak. His voice when it did come, sounded flat and matter-of-fact. "Yes?"

"Has Rennie come home?"

NOT yet." Glancing at the radium-painted dial on his wrist, he saw that it was past three o'clock. "You want him?"

She hesitated. "He seemed not quite himself when he left here about an hour ago. I was a little worried."

"He went back after we left? He wakened you?"

"No, I couldn't sleep. I had stayed down late. He saw the light in the living room and drove round in the rain for more than an hour wanting to come in."

Suddenly his trance-like rapture was pierced, as rain pierces a screen, by the pain against which he had shut the doors. Then, like a surging storm, rapture caught him up again. "Laura—"

He heard a quickly-caught breath. "Tell me the thing that has happened to me is real, that you are with me as I think, that it is not an idiot's dream, or a hungry fool's delusion." Seconds seemed slow-ticking, long-drawn minutes before the wires brought him an answer.

"It must be real," came soft, deeply moved tones, "or I shouldn't want to live on."

"Laura—" For an instant they were dizzied with confession.

"Oh, but I'm sick about Rennie." The words were caught in a sob.

"Don't. Rennie's man-stuff."

"No, he's only a boy. A splendid boy. And he's been hurt, betrayed, by both of us."

"Not betrayed," he protested with pained sharpness.

"I have unwittingly betrayed him, Andrew."

"Let me come to you—"

"No, please. Find Rennie."

"I'll go now. Find him tonight if I can."

There was a half-sob and a click. She had gone.

For an instant he sat, fighting to think. Happiness had kept him starved so long. But a word bit into his consciousness, a word so sharply acid in its etching of old pain that its scars had never quite healed. Betrayed, when he was but a few years older than Rennie, by the wife whom he grew to hate. Clear white the memory lived again of flying for days on end, always seeking strange fields, dreading the sight of a familiar face. Pain, he believed, was sharpest for the very young. What would Rennie do, where would he go?

At dawn, after hours of search through the city, that question was still unanswered. Rennie was man-stuff, strong-willed and hot-blooded, made of substance that did not yield easily.

[*Continued on page 64*]

"How *can* you afford so many new stockings?"

"Since I learned this secret of the Big Broadway Shows . .

My Stocking Money goes twice as far!"

"My stockings cost me $1.45 a pair and they never seemed to last *any time at all!*

"One day I looked over the ruins of half a dozen pairs. I was so tired of having only one good pair to my name! How I longed to have six pairs in my stocking box *all in good condition.*

"But my stockings wore out so fast it left me poor just replacing worn-out ones.

"Then I happened to read how the big New York musical shows keep *their* stockings just like new *twice as long* with Lux.

"I decided to try it myself. And I've actually done just what these big shows do—I make my stockings wear twice as long, by always washing them in Lux.

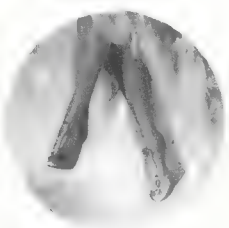
"Now my stocking money buys extra pairs instead of just replacing worn-outs. I've several good pairs of the latest shades *all the time*—and I don't spend a cent more!"

Producers of Broadway's musical shows just *had* to do something to make sheer stockings last longer. Their hosiery bills ran into staggering figures—every year.

So they tried many different soaps, different washing methods . . . found just what you will find when you try it—that stocking money goes further, if you *always* wash stockings in Lux!

Big Broadway shows all insist on Lux! "We would use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box," says the Shubert general manager—"Lux saves stockings!"

FASCINATING Clara Bow, like so many other movie stars, and all the big movie studios, insists on Lux to keep stockings and fine things new looking far longer.



REMEMBER, too, that other famous authorities—the smartest of Fifth Avenue dressmakers, and buyers of 132 leading department stores—insist on Lux!

JUST A DIP in a bowl of sparkling Lux suds—a rinse—stockings come out with the color and sheen of new! And how much longer they wear with Lux!

LUX has no harmful alkali—as many soaps do, whether flakes, chips or cakes—and with Lux suds there is *no rubbing*—that's why Lux keeps stockings like new so much longer!

GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED TO LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN ELECTRIC LIGHT, SUNLIGHT OR CANDLELIGHT

Does your nail polish ever deceive you at a party?

LUMINOUS as a pearl, exactly right in color —and constantly smart. That's Glazo! A polish for the nails that never under any lights changes its beautiful tone and texture.

Many nail polishes, as you probably have found, play tricks in evening light. A softly tinted sheen becomes dull and lifeless. Beauty flees from fingertips that in the sun were lovely.

The Color of Your Nails Was Never so Important!

Lighting conditions cause many a woman to view her nails with disappointment. Sometimes, electric light drains a polish of color, sometimes it produces a yellow tinge or a strange lavender hue. But Glazo, and Glazo alone, remains immune to lighting effects—its clear, modish color never changes.

Flooding sunlight, candlelight, the brilliance of ballrooms and bridge tables find Glazo equally charming.

As a startling proof of Glazo's constancy of color under all lights, do your nails with Glazo exactly as you want them, under daylight.

Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine carefully. Glazo will have the same tone in the closet as it had in the sun!

And we challenge you to find another polish that will pass this test with flying colors!

* * *

Glazo's chic finish lasts a week and often longer. It wears evenly without cracking or peeling and gives, as long as it is on your nails, a delicate and natural sparkle. So thin and smooth is the covering film of Glazo that it seems to be as much a part of the nail as the lights in a pearl or the bloom of an amethyst.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its unchanging color is a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under all conditions of light. And with Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

The smart twin bottles of Glazo (Glazo Polish and Polish Remover) may be found at all toilet goods counters and the price is 50¢. Glazo Remover in single packages is 25¢.

If you would like to try the Glazo color test, send six cents with the coupon below for a generous sample.

GLAZO *Coupon*

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GF 30
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely, Eloquent Hands."

Name .....

Address.....

City ..... *State*.....

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DRIVING MISTS

[*Continued from page 62*]

It would take more than a night of hard driving to ease the sick turmoil within him, some sharper whetstone to wear him down. A whetstone! Suddenly the picture of Rennie, carelessly pocketing the hangar key, slipped across his vision. A whetstone!

Why hadn't he thought of that before? Or why was he thinking of it now? Rennie wouldn't—but he would? A born flier, he would instinctively take to the air in trouble.

He dashed to a taxi. The field was seven miles out. They couldn't take it in a leap, of course. But for the first time he was frightened sick for Rennie. Reckless and fagged, there would be danger in his handling of that plane. There would be danger in his handling it under the most favorable conditions. Only once before had Rennie flown a pursuit, and then for the simplest take-off flight over the airdrome, and landing. Even then, Andrew had watched with his heart in his throat. A slackening of flying speed, and it would come hurtling down for a crash; a too-slow turn in a bank, and it would fall off on the wing and unless there was plenty of altitude only practiced technique could right it before it struck the ground. He had managed fairly well that day but Andrew had blessed the roominess of the Army flying field. This field was long and narrow, and there was a cross-wind. It would be the devil for any but an experienced hand to put any plane down in it.

He heard a familiar sharp motor whine and, leaning from the car, saw a plane in a queer loop high above. He drew his shoulders in quickly, unable to watch it.

Where had Rennie got the idea that he could stunt a pursuit ship? He had never stunted even a training plane solo, although on several occasions Andrew had let him have full control in maneuvers, keeping his own hands off. But the pursuit ship with its increased speed and sensitivity! And the parachute at home!

THEY drew up to the hangar. A repeated shrill whine snapped Andrew's head back. Not one, but a series of those queer loops with rapid loss of altitude. The plane came out of them in a dive and engine full on and propeller howling came streaking down the sky.

Andrew found himself cursing softly, his nails dug into his palms. What was the matter? Why didn't he pull out? Were the controls jammed?

Perilously near the treetops, Rennie caught up the nose, but with the stick back and to one side, so that, overcontrolled, the plane shot up like a skyrocket, in a tortured, twisting climb. Andrew waited the inevitable stall in agony. Curving upward, the plane rolled over on its back before losing speed, the engine sputtering in protest. Then it whipped into a fast spin.

Halfway down the sky the spin stopped jerkily—Rennie had kicked the rudder over—but the plummet drop continued again almost to the treetops. Once more when there seemed scarcely sufficient altitude for recovery, Rennie over-controlled in pulling up and the screaming, rocket-like, twisting ascent was repeated.

How long Andrew watched the mad struggle, how often he thought to see Rennie killed in that aging interval, he never knew. He couldn't remember later just when or how Rennie had seemed to gain control. When he saw him repeatedly crossing the field at low altitude, however, he knew that Rennie was trying, desperately, no doubt, to figure out a landing. Would he succeed in gauging his distances, in bringing it in low over the fence so there'd be room to roll?

Or would he know that because of the cross-wind he must correct for drift and even after landing hold a little left rudder to keep from crashing into the fence?

At last Rennie throttled the motor for the glide. Thank Heaven, it hummed in low. It skimmed the ground, then bumping heavily, came leaping on, swerving sharply from its path—Rennie hadn't applied left rudder—making for the fence. Andrew ran out from the hangar, dreading the smash-up. By a hair's breadth, Rennie averted it, swinging the plane around sharply. For an instant it balanced precariously—at last was still.

ANDREW was weak and trembling. Now that Rennie was safe, he'd like to beat him to a pulp. Indifferently he knew that Rennie was taxiing toward the hangar. He knew that Rennie had swung down from the fuselage, unsteady on his feet as he dragged off Andrew's helmet and goggles. At sight of his face Andrew's anger melted. Rennie had found his whetstone and the rubbing down had been harsher than he sought or deserved.

Andrew dragged over the dolly and with a heave of strength lifted the tail, kicking the dolly under with his foot. "Shall we roll her in?" he asked.

"Why don't you tell me," Rennie burst forth, his eyes tortured, his tones high and cutting, "that I had no business risking government property when I don't know how to handle it?"

"It doesn't seem any the worse off," said Andrew gently.

They turned to the task. Rennie drew off the heavy flying togs, Andrew stuffing them into the plane's innards. They went to the car. But Rennie sat lost, his shoulders sagging, looking into space.

"How did you trail me?" he asked, mockingly, after a time.

"I guess I knew the flier's outlet, Rennie. A good many of us have thanked God for it at one time or another."

"I didn't fly that plane," said Rennie bitterly. "It *flew me*. I knew I couldn't handle it when I went up. But I didn't care if it crashed. It got away from me. Then I just had to fight it—" He turned from Andrew, trembling in all his long body. But after a moment his shoulders lifted, and his jaw squared in his white face. "I'm going to Brooks for training in July, Drew; if they'll take me."

Andrew could not speak. It was Rennie's renunciation. He was manstuff, thoroughbred all through. Lucy could be proud of her life-work. He said when he found voice, "Lucy goes to the hospital this morning."

Rennie winced. Since last night he knew the look of trouble above his horizon. "Then we'd better get home," he said, and started the car.

Before their *"lay me down to sleep"*

NO intelligent mother can question the value of the Listerine gargle for youngsters before they are tucked in for the night.

Recall that the mouth is the breeding place of disease germs. Many illnesses start there. Also recall that Listerine, used full strength, is fatal to germs. Therefore its use in the mouth is an aid to nature in forestalling diseases—particularly colds and sore throat.

Because of Listerine's pleasant taste, its extreme safety, and its healing action on tissue, some are likely to overlook this amazing power against germs.

Repeated tests in laboratories of international repute show that, used full strength, Listerine kills the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs, in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless prepared to prove it to the satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

See that all the members of your family make a habit of using full strength Listerine as a gargle and mouth wash, night and morning. It helps to ward off colds and sore throat.

Should these ailments get the upper hand, increase the frequency of the gargle. You will be delighted to find how often Listerine overcomes them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Listerine, enemy of Sore Throat

kills 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds*

How do you feel when you step from your motor car—
like stepping from a band box?

The NEW ESSEX *Challenger* was made for you

Women on the engineering staff gave it the smartness and quality you like

ESSEX SUPER SIX

Even Faster Speed—
Greater Performance—
Quicker Get-away—

Eight body types of striking individuality. And at no extra cost, a variety of colors to meet your own good taste.

The price remains within the reach of all

When you have seen and driven the New Essex Challenger you will say a woman had a hand in its creation. And that is literally true for the Essex engineering staff includes a number of women. They are specialists in design and color. They drive cars as you drive them. And they expect the kind of qualities you prize. Then they contribute their special knowledge to making cars that meet your requirements.

That is why you will enjoy owning and driving the New Essex Challenger. You will like its distinctive and "different" appearance. You will like the wide variety of colors in which it is available and which give you the color of your own good taste at no extra cost.

That is why, also, you will arrive at your journey's end serene in mind and body. For Essex is an extremely easy car to drive and oh, so smoothly comfortable to ride in. There is no squeezing into the driver's seat. Three won't crowd the rear seat. There is increased head room so your hat won't be rumpled and you sit easily and naturally whether driving or as a passenger.

To meet the requirements of these women members of the engineering staff, the starter button is located on the dash. No scuffed heels of pretty shoes. The gear shift, clutch and brake pedals are made for light hands and dainty feet. And so the ease of driving is made even more pronounced. Steering, too, is an effortless operation whether guiding your car over the road, turning or parking.

And this same influence is noted in the mechanism—a part of the car with which few women are interested beyond the point that it performs its function without unnecessary attention. But much of the delight of motoring comes not from the mere fact that one is able to get about, but from the manner in which the getting about is done. It contributes a lot to one's enjoyment to drive with relaxation. To arrive refreshed and as prim as on entering the car. And whether you drive but a short distance or far, the easy nimble way in which your Essex Challenger does its part is a real delight.

You get much satisfaction from its smart appearance. You get much comfort in the way it operates, whether it is in the leisurely ride or at top speed. And you have a lot of satisfaction in knowing that such distinction is an Essex merit at a cost all can afford.

Essex is a challenger in all ways that count in value, reliability and performance. It is just the right size for the mother or housewife. It has the robust smartness that makes it a favorite in every family.

IN MINIATURE

[*Continued from page 4*]

But most of Ishbel's opinions are her own. Hers is the kind of mind that thinks things through to the end, and then silently raises paeans of joy to the gods, that her own conclusions coincide with those of her beloved parent.

One of her earliest recollections of herself in connection with social work is a woman's suffrage parade in London, in which she marched. She must have been less than seven years old, for her mother was with her, and Margaret Ethel MacDonald died in 1910. Ishbel was plucky then.

When her mother suggested putting her on a bus because she was tired, she protested indignantly; and she marched to the end of the parade.

Ishbel was more her mother's child than her father's. From Margaret Ethel MacDonald she captured that crusading spirit, the spirit which said: "We women must work for a world where little children will not needlessly die." From her mother, too, she received that maternal urge which permeates her whole character today. Ishbel's love for children is no feeble strand in the skein of her traits. She is a truly maternal woman.

ISHBEL lacks false modesty in her attitude toward children. She speaks quite openly about how she will feel toward her own children, when she is married. She definitely plans a domestic life. It is part of that same strain in her that once upon a time made her choose social work. It was probably the same strain that made her mother one of the best known social workers in London. Ishbel likes presiding over a home, whether it be her own, her father's, or the home of humanity.

As a little girl she had to substitute as mother to Joan and Sheila, her younger sisters, and even to Malcolm and Allistair, her older brothers. She took over the spiritual problems of child raising without a struggle. Later, she took over the spiritual job of helping to make the world better, quite as naturally.

During her childhood and girlhood Ishbel's admiration for her father grew progressively. She never has regarded him merely as a statesman. In the days before the war, when Ramsay MacDonald's star was rising, only to set temporarily when the conflict began in Europe, his daughter never heard him express political opinions. He never talked about war. She knew, of course, of his gnawing unhappiness during the terrible days of battle. She saw the emotion in his face. But when he came home at night he was merely a loving father. He told his children fairy tales. Never, throughout the war, did he stop telling them fairy tales. Ishbel learned from him the power of fairy tales, when pain is great.

They were awful days for Ishbel, those war days. It was up to her to reassure the two smaller girls. She was far from reassured herself. When the noise and smoke of air raids descended, her nerves jumped.

This is the background of Ishbel's hatred of war, a hatred bound up with her love for humanity. This was the sort of experience the girl went through to bring her, in maturity, to the same stand her father has regarding the futility and criminality of war. So she is sincere when she says: "I want the women of the world to bring the world peace." It is part of that emotion which dictated her mother's words about children not dying needlessly.

Out of the fine texture of a curious, intelligent, ultra-human child grew a curious, intelligent, ultra-human woman. Ishbel attended preparatory school at North London Collegiate, specializing in social sciences. Her thoughts were connected with the home even then, not her home alone but the homes of the world.

One can imagine Ishbel MacDonald leaving prep school for college. She entered King's College for Women, that ivy-covered academy in the heart of Kensington, where England's only combined course in household and social science is offered. Now she was ready to prepare for her closer work. Now she was to put her teeth into the practical training which would place in her firm, white, blunt-ended hands the tools of a health visitor, the English equivalent of a public health nurse. After four years, she planned to go down into the slums of London equipped to alleviate misery, not only with the fairy tales of her father, but with the scientific knowledge of her age. One can almost see the sparkle in Ishbel's eyes, the rosy color in her cheeks, as she plunged into preparation for the work she most wanted to do.

One year and one term after her college career began, it ended. It stopped overnight. One day she was a student, carrying her books up Campden Hill Road. Next day she was the mistress of Downing Street.

It was Ramsay MacDonald's first appointment as Prime Minister in 1924 which cut off his daughter's training to be a social worker. Ishbel was needed in her own home. If she had failed to answer the call of her father, no tragedy would have occurred. A Prime Minister could get along without a hostess, according to law. But Ishbel realized where her real career lay. She saw her opportunity and she seized it, gladly. She did not even think she was a heroine; she does not now.

The question often has been asked: Why do not either of the other two daughters help Ishbel in her job as hostess? It was put to Ishbel.

"Oh, Joan is studying medicine," Ishbel explained gravely. "Sheila has just gone up to Oxford. They have their own work."

BOTH Ishbel's sisters are talented, capable girls. Both could fill the rôle of hostess, although it is doubtful if they could fill it as well as Ishbel. But she would not tolerate the thought of their giving up their work. She is proud of Joan's medical career and Sheila's history studies. Besides, she has found herself in this new work. It is hers, all hers.

Ishbel's success as her father's hostess during those months of his first ministership is a matter of history. She won the instantaneous approval of London officialdom. Condescending society hostesses, offering her help, were thanked graciously and made to realize little Miss MacDonald knew how to run things herself. Elaborateness never was part of her program,

[*Continued on page 68*]

Want to Get Ahead?

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.,
Dept. 330-M
One Madison Avenue, New York

Please mail, without charge, booklet "Let Budget Help" which shows how to make incomes cover necessary expenditures—with something left over—and gives full details relating to budgeting incomes ranging from $100 to $800 a month.

Name .....

Street

City ..... State

The great English writer, Arnold Bennett, said, "I suppose that for the majority of men the suspension of income for a single month would mean either bankruptcy, the usurer, or acute inconvenience."

A MAN has small chance to get somewhere and be somebody if he is entirely dependent upon his next paycheck. He is likely to be as helpless as a child if his income stops.

Many a man finds himself in a rebellious frame of mind and sorry for himself because he is "broke". He feels bottled-up, half stifled, almost shackled and handcuffed. Unhappy in his work, he does it half-heartedly, badly.

He wants to quit his job but he doesn't dare. His boss would like to discharge him but waits because he is sorry for him and his family.

If a man has not learned how to live within his income, it makes little difference whether he earns $1,000 or $10,000—he will always be in trouble. But budgeting his weekly or monthly salary to cover expenses for the necessities and comforts of life will show him how to live within his income whatever it may be.

Do you know how the experts arrange a budget for salaries from $1,000 to $10,000? Do you know what per cent of the income should be spent for each of the general expense items—food, shelter, clothing, household operating expense, insurance, education, entertainment and *investment*?

When *speculation* is substituted for *investment* the last hope for safety usually vanishes.

Budgets have solved money problems in many homes. A typical illustration is furnished by a woman who provided a good home for husband, high school daughter and 12-year-old son on $200 a month. She reported that when they attempted to live without a budget they were always in debt and worst of all in mental and physical distress. Since their conversion to "the budget way" they have found they are able to live better and save 10%.

Have you ever experienced the peace of mind and satisfaction that result from an intelligent budgeting of your income? With necessities provided for and a little money left over you have a far better chance to get ahead.

Send for booklet entitled, "Let Budget Help," which was written with a full understanding of the problems of those with limited incomes. Use coupon above.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Why Japan Tea helps banish low-energy days

Scientists now find familiar Japan Tea rich in health-giving element

Why let sluggish, low-energy days take the joy out of life for you?

Scientists have traced much needless fatigue, as well as many other common ailments, to a simple cause, *for which familiar Japan tea contains the corrective.*

Too often, men of science find, do our three meals a day give an insufficient amount of a certain precious food element—Vitamin C.

"Important to us," one of them writes "are the results of a diet *poor* in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains usually mistaken for rheumatism. It now appears that this condition is rather common among grown people."

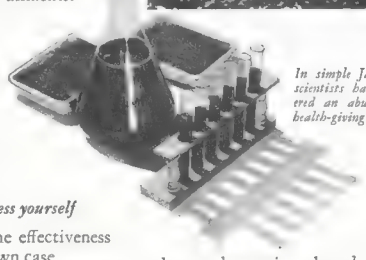
A new source of Vitamin C

Now a rich supply of this all-important Vitamin C has been discovered in familiar Japan tea.

And thousands of men and women, formerly victims of lethargy, nervousness, sleeplessness, poor appetite and other indications of a run-down condition, are taking advantage of this safeguard. They are drinking flavory, health-building cups of Japan tea regularly.

Of course, Japan tea is no "cure-all." But it is now recognized, by reason of its Vitamin C, to be a safeguard against needless fatigue and several common ailments.

These scientific findings are even more impressive when we realize that, aside from Japan tea and some fruits and vegetables, very few of the foods we eat contain Vitamin C.



In simple Japan Tea, scientists have discovered an abundance of health-giving Vitamin C

Test its effectiveness yourself

Here's how to test the effectiveness of Japan tea in your own case.

Ask your grocer for Japan green tea. Drink several cups regularly at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon, for two or three weeks. See if at the end of that time you haven't perked up. The chances are you will look and feel more healthy, more energetic.

Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

For years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in the country, Japan green tea comes in several grades—under various brand names or in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it for you.

FREE valuable leaflet giving full facts on health value of Japan green tea with a colored souvenir booklet on tea mailed direct to you from Japan. Mail coupon to American-Japanese Tea Committee, 748 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

IN MINIATURE

[*Continued from page 67*]

it is true. Her teas and dinners were simple. They were amazingly successful. The magic of her personality poured through 10 Downing Street. Even the Queen is said to have remarked about what a fine specimen of modern young womanhood the Prime Minister's daughter was.

Then, nine months after it was established, the Labor Government toppled. Ramsay MacDonald was leader of the opposition again. Downing Street became the home of Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin. Ishbel MacDonald's career hung in mid-air.

Temporarily Ishbel MacDonald went into unprofessional social work. She became secretary of a committee which followed up cases that has passed before the physician of the County Council in a public school in London's East End. She visited the homes of poor people.

From her case work Ishbel went into the London County Council. Here, in a legislative way, she could do the things she once had planned to do closer to the scene. She was the elected representative of the Bow and Bromley section of the city. But she regarded her job, which she still holds, as a piece of political social service. Her socialistic doctrines do not permit her to conceive of social reform, save through the State.

EVEN this participation in social work has been transformed by the political fortunes of her father, however. For a second time, in June, 1929, Ishbel was made hostess at Downing Street. This time she did not give up what she had been doing. She took on the duties of her father's office without laying down those of her own.

Hers is a sunny disposition. She has a keen sense of fun. She laughs often. In every new situation she sees something humorous.

Little things please her. She is, after all, only twenty-six, and she has had many responsibilities for her age. The serious side of her life has been full. She seeks no further serious outlets. She reads little, and exhibits no outstanding penchant beyond that of the normal educated girl, for music or art. But her play-instinct is strong these days. On her way from New York to Buffalo, during the course of an eight-hour trip which was tedious even in the depths of a decorated, bepillowed private car, Ishbel donned a windbreaker and man's cap and rode in the locomotive for more than two hours. With a delighted engineer to guide her hand, she blew the whistle and tooted the horn all the way from Syracuse to Rochester.

Typically girlish, also, was her appreciation of the honor of having a special aide-de-camp while she was in Ottawa. The "a. d. c.," as Britishers call them, was a handsome young gallant who admired Ishbel all too obviously. In the midst of a conference, the "a. d. c." would thrust his head through the doorway to ask: "May I bring you a glass of port or some sherry, Miss MacDonald?"

"No, thank you," she would reply, her hazel eyes dancing.

When he closed the door, she would shiver with delight, like a little girl hanging up her stocking for Santa Claus. But Ishbel likes young men, in the same way she like young women. She is not sex conscious. It could be said about her, as Miss Lily Montagu, her mother's school friend, said about Margaret Ethel MacDonald: "I think she was rather different from girls of her set, because whether she spoke to man or woman it made not the slightest scrap of difference. She was not self-conscious with men, and that is why she became a man's friend."

Ishbel likes to dance, and her partners find her an excellent performer. She was very poular in the ballroom of the Berengaria, on the way to this country. She wears plain evening gowns, not seeming to care a great deal about clothes, although the colors she chooses are becoming ones. She wears a great deal of yellow and red. Her favorite jewelry is a choker necklace of honey amber.

Ishbel does not smoke or drink, but her attitude toward them is not as stern as current reports would indicate. She has smoked — when she felt the desire to indulge her curiosity, or when she wanted to calm nerves which, seldom but still sometimes, jangled. She has sipped her glass of wine at dinners. But hers is the sensible point of view that neither habit is important, not important enough to run the risk of damaging a perfect health, nor important enough to condemn with flaming oratory.

She is not an athlete. She likes to walk and climb. Her two and a half hour horseback ride with Mrs. Herbert Hoover at the camp of the President along the Rapidan River, Virginia, was the second such venture in which she ever participated.

DURING her tour of the United States and Canada, she wrote dozens and dozens of letters—in the quiet of her own room, when she was supposed to be resting for a formal dinner or reception. The letters went to her sisters, brothers, friends, and even to the servants and employees at Downing Street. No one ever ascertained if any epistles went to young unmarried men in England, men whose names would have given rise to new rumors of Ishbel's engagement. These frequent reports amuse Ishbel. She has never denied any of them, explaining mischievously that her denial would dignify them.

"When I am ready to marry," she laughed, "I shall say so outright."

Ishbel MacDonald, for all her seriousness, her gentleness, her devotion to duty, has had a tremendous amount of fun out of life as official hostess of a Prime Minister. She is a normal young woman, with the normal reactions to the victories of a dearly beloved member of her family. She worships her father and basks in the warmth of his appreciation of her service. Besides this, she gets what Americans would call a "kick" out of the trappings of State splendor. When she rode up Broadway in that welcoming reception which was her introduction to the triumphant peace tour, she was stunned with pleasure. Gone was wistfulness. Vanished was sentiment. She left like Cinderella, come to life in a much more thrilling century than Cinderella's own.

Your Teeth aren't Really Clean if You Only Polish the Surfaces

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

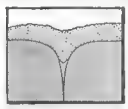
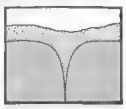
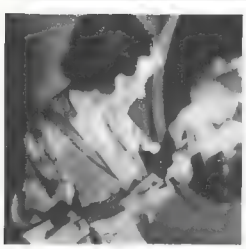


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam (having "low Surface-Tension") gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleaning them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



ECONOMICAL—The 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

Half-clean teeth invite decay. Why not have the extra protection of Colgate's, whose penetrating foam cleanses the tiny fissures and the spaces between teeth where decay may start?

Some toothpastes merely perform the single duty of polishing the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Colgate's does that, of course . . . *and something else besides!* When brushed, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam which has a truly remarkable property. This active foam *penetrates* into the tiny fissures of the teeth and the hard-to-reach spaces between teeth, softening the impurities which become lodged in these places and *washing* them away in a cleansing, hygienic bath.

Thus Colgate's cleans completely . . . giving your teeth a double protection against the impurities which cause decay. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading dentifrices . . . hence, Colgate's ability to clean teeth best.

Superiority and economy have made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot cure pyorrhea, cannot permanently correct acid mouth, or firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean*. Self-medication is always dangerous . . . if you have any fears for the health of your teeth or gums, see your dentist at once!

For those who prefer a powder, Colgate's comes in this form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-589, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

Address .....

Morton's Iodized Salt isn't one of those timid salts that hide in the salt cellar during thunderstorms. It pours as freely on rainy days as it does when the weather is fine. That's because it's made with cube-shaped crystals which tumble off one another instead of sticking together like the flake crystals of ordinary salts. Try it!

IODIZED TO PREVENT GOITER...ALSO PLAIN

The years fly swiftly; every week means an increase in a child's independence and in its ability to get along without its parents

AT THE ROOT OF A CHILD'S HABITS

The second article of a series on family relationships

By LILA KLINE and ELIZABETH DEXTER

PARENTS actually have it in their power to make misfits of their children, or to shape them into happy, well-balanced characters, capable of meeting and solving life's difficulties. Fortunately fathers and mothers are more aware of this grave fact than ever before; everywhere they are seeking authoritative advice about how to develop the best possibilities in their sons and daughters. This article, covering the years of infancy and early childhood, tells how good habits can be formed and bad ones avoided.

A YOUNG child has a tremendous advantage over his parents because he has it in his power to use weapons which strike at his physical health. He finds, let us say, that crying in the night will bring his mother, so he continues to cry every night—perhaps several times a night—in order to get this attention. Another child will go without eating until his mother is so worried that she bribes him with sweets, delicacies, or other rewards—willing to come to almost any terms the child will make. A third child will intimidate his parents with temper tantrums, or he may even hold his breath until he turns black in the face. A child uses such methods because they are dramatic and certain to attract notice.

If parents will try to understand what is behind such actions, they will lose their fears and be able to act calmly and wisely. The alarming symptoms are likely to disappear quickly if the father and mother conceal their apprehension and ignore the disturbance. Not infrequently a conflict, which might have been settled by a few days of indifference, will continue for weeks until an undesirable habit has been formed.

If such habits are to be prevented, parents must start denying their own impulses and must train their child almost from the day of its birth. Crying, for instance, too often becomes the first bad habit, because infants learn that it will bring them comfort. Healthy babies should not cry except when hungry, uncomfortable, or in pain; if they are encouraged to make a practice of it, they will grow into whining children, or will give way to temper tantrums later on.

One word of warning: if a baby persists in crying without apparent cause, it is always wise to take him to a physician in order to be sure that there is no physical reason for the trouble.

If babies are not shown too much attention in the beginning, they never learn to require it. A baby will quickly adjust himself to being alone and will not resent it. He should not be rocked to sleep. He should have his own room, or, at least, his own bed or crib. Never should a mother or father take the child into their own bed either in the morning or at night, as this form of comfort tends to keep a child a baby. A child should become accustomed to seeing his parents go out during the day and in the evening without crying for them.

The habit of going to sleep without making a fuss can be established if the parents have patience and wisdom. Regularity of hour is of the utmost importance. The hour should be the same every day of the week *including* Sunday. It is easy to upset the schedule on Sundays, but for the sake of the small child's habits, and to protect him from fatigue and excitement, it should be avoided.

The meal hour should not come too close to his sleeping hour on any day, and the period before he goes to bed should be spent quietly so that he will not be overstimulated either by romping or by stories. It is a good hour for talking things over with a child, the time when the parents are most likely to get closest to him, and to win his confidences. If stories or poems are read, they should be of a quieting, restful sort. When the child is once in bed he should not be permitted to get up

[*Continued on page 74*]

DATED Coffee

full strength... at the peak of its flavor...

You get it THE WEEK IT IS ROASTED

This revolutionary new way of handling freshly roasted coffee like a perishable fresh food gives you a treat in flavor you have never had before

"Dated Coffee" means the same thing as "this morning's milk," "fresh bread." In adding this quality of *dependable freshness* to the rich depth of flavor of Chase & Sanborn's blend of superbly aromatic coffees, Chase & Sanborn have taken the last step to make your coffee perfect.

EVERY can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is dated . . . just as "24-hour eggs" are dated . . . just as your bottle of fresh milk is dated.

Straight from the fragrant roasting ovens it goes to your grocer twice a week, delivered by the same motor trucks of "Standard Brands, Inc., Daily Delivery" which bring him Fleischmann's Yeast fresh all the time.

No stop-overs for re-handling or storage! No standing on your grocer's shelf! Every can showing an eighth-day date regularly collected and replaced with fresh!

This way of distributing coffee is new —without precedent in the coffee business. To a blend already established for sixty-five years and preferred in many sections of the country for its smooth richness of flavor and exquisite "bouquet," it adds a guarantee of absolute freshness. Get a package today at your grocer's.

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – DATED

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands, Inc.

USE BAKING SODA

BAKING Soda is an ideal tooth cleanser — recommended by dentists for effectiveness and economy. Its natural "bite" removes stains and film. And its mild alkalinity neutralizes mouth acids that cause teeth to decay. To use Baking Soda as a dentifrice, pour it in the palm of the hand and pick it up on a moistened brush.

Baking Soda also makes an excellent mouth wash. A teaspoonful dissolved in a glass of water, used first thing in the morning, is very effective in cleansing and sweetening the mouth and in removing unpleasant tastes.

You can buy Baking Soda for a few cents a package at any grocery. Ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

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UNDERWEIGHT CHILDREN

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.
Author of "Short Talks with Young Mothers"

IN THE January issue of McCall's I discussed the subject of malnutrition in infants. This month I want to say something about the older children whose growth and development are being held back by faulty nutrition. For it is a fact for all parents to take to heart that children from two to twelve years of age may suffer from malnutrition as grave and far reaching in its effects as that which occurs in the nursling. Malnutrition in the young of *any* age means inferiority and this inferiority is, unforunately, often carried into adult life.

The child suffering from malnutrition is usually underweight, that is he weights less than normal children of the same age and height. The accompanying table supplies standard figures for the weights of normal children. The figures have been established by measuring and weighing several thousand thriving children at the different ages. By means of these studies it was possible to compile accurate tables of height and weight.

Looking at these tables, what may a parent consider is a margin of safety? How many pounds underweight for height may his boy or girl register and yet not fall into the malnutrition class?

It is impossible to name a definite number of pounds that would apply to all, as some children markedly underweight will be found perfectly normal otherwise and possessed of the vigor and endurance of children who come within the normal limits. But in my work with many thousands of boys and girls, I have come to look upon the five-year-old child who shows a weight of five pounds below average as sub-normal; while one of eight or ten years of age who weighs ten pounds (or more) below normal is a subject of concern. Children showing such height and weight discrepancies should be given a thorough physical examination by a doctor in order to determine if there is any factor, bodily or otherwise, in the child's life to explain the inferiority.

GIRLS

Age	Height	Weight
2 Yrs.	32 5 Ins.	26 Lbs.
3 "	35 "	31 "
4 "	38 "	35 "
5 "	41 4 "	39.8 "
6 "	43.6 "	43.8 "
7 "	45.9 "	48 "
8 "	48 "	52 9 "
9 "	49 6 "	57 5 "
10 "	51 8 "	64.1 "
11 "	53.8 "	70.3 "
12 "	57 1 "	81 4 "

BOYS

Age	Height	Weight
2 Yrs.	32 5 Ins.	27 Lbs.
3 "	35 "	32 "
4 "	38 "	36 "
5 "	41.7 "	41.2 "
6 "	44 1 "	45 1 "
7 "	46.2 "	49.5 "
8 "	48.2 "	54 5 "
9 "	50.1 "	60 "
10 "	52.2 "	66 6 "
11 "	54 "	72 4 "
12 "	57 8 "	79 8 "

Children of this class are sometimes brought for examination simply because of thinness and slow weight gain. Usually, however, there is the additional story of capricious appetite, or loss of appetite. The child is said to tire easily and lack endurance and his school work is often defective. Parents not infrequently seek medical advice at the suggestion of teachers who find that the child is falling behind in his work. Sometimes restlessness or sleep troubles are a complaint. Other children are the victims of frequent colds; in not a few, symptoms of extreme nervousness are the reason for seeking medical aid. Perhaps the child is inclined to be tearful, he is difficult and unreasonable in his family contacts, and possibly he indulges in brain storms. There is no doubt that he needs a complete looking-over.

Most cases of definite malnutrition in older children can be traced back to nutritional errors. It is surprising how many of these patients are an "only child", or a "first child"—all of which means that pampering or coddling are indirectly accountable for the state of affairs. What are some of the feeding errors in American families? They are unsuitable food, indifferently prepared foods, eating between meals, and the almost universal habit of forcing food on the unwilling child.

The average well child will thrive best after the eighteenth month if he is given three meals a day with a portion of fruit or a glass of milk in the mid-afternoon. The first meal should be about 7:30 A.M., luncheon at 12:30 and supper at 5:30. This gives, perhaps, the impression of a long interval without food, but it is to be remembered that four hours at least are required for the stomach to empty, and that there will be no appetite nor digestive capacity for a second meal if a portion of the first meal is still in the stomach. Forcing and coaxing at meals are to be expected if children are given food between times.

The quart of milk a day so generally advocated may be a mistake for a child of small appetite. Milk may be a part of the morning and evening meal for such children, but should not be given with the mid-day meal. The majority of runabouts and older children thrive best when milk is taken but twice a day; usually fruit can be given them in the mid-afternoon. With suitable intervals between meals a child consumes at the proper times more cereals, meats, vegetables and fruits which with milk and butter are a complete diet.

Let me emphasize that approximately seventy-five per cent of my malnutrition cases are caused primarily by errors in feeding. Twenty-five per cent are due to disease processes. Among such physical defects are diseased teeth and tonsils, adenoids, late rickets, tuberculosis and pyelitis.

Having Lovely Hands at all times on less than 5 minutes a day

by Doris Lee Ashley **Beauty Editor** *of Pictorial Review*

4 Advantages *busy women have discovered in the new* Liquid Polish

"JUST LOOK at my once beautiful hands!" wailed a bride friend, displaying broken nails, a painful hangnail or two, ragged cuticle and roughened skin. "I am so ashamed of them," she ended pathetically, hiding them quickly beneath the tea table.

It actually hurt me to look at this heritage of neglect, especially when I knew that daily care would have prevented it.

Today every woman is expected to have well-cared-for hands. There is no alibi left for ill-kept hands, for we are constantly getting new and better manicure preparations and they do their job so quickly and efficiently that any woman can very satisfactorily be her own manicurist.

The new liquid polish has contributed four wonderful advantages to busy women. It takes only a few moments to apply. Its delightful lustre keeps the finger tips gleaming for days and days.

It does not peel or discolor, but serves as a splendid protection for the nails, keeping them smooth and gleaming under all conditions. And there is no fear of its making the nails brittle.

Now, with an application of this new liquid polish at the weekly manicure, the nails are exquisitely groomed throughout the entire week —with only a few minutes care each day, just enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tip!

Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢. Regular Polish and Remover together 50¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)
NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. OF-3, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Always brush liquid polish on evenly. Do not allow any of it to touch the "moon" or the tip of the nail.

It is surprising what little care is required to keep your finger nails lovely! Scrub them with warm soapy water. Never cut the cuticle. Mould it with an orange stick wrapped in a bit of absorbent cotton. Many women find that by saturating the cotton-wrapped orange stick in cuticle remover they get better results. Gently wipe off the loosened and dry skin.

A good cuticle remover is an excellent bleach and cleanser for under the nail tip. Always finish by massaging a bit of a fine cuticle cream or oil into the cuticle.

It is fun to keep doing things in this interesting world we live in—but unless you are wise your hands will suffer. Are you ashamed of yours?

■

The Manicure Method Women with Famous Hands are Using . . .

1. ***Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser — to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tip***

Scrub the nails with warm soapy water. Apply Cutex Cuticle Remover, to remove dead cuticle and bring out the pale half-moons.

Pass orange stick, wrapped with cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover, under nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers in cold water.

2. ***The new Cutex Liquid Polish that protects and flatters the nail***

Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from the half-moon toward the finger tip.

As a finishing touch, a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and then a touch of Nail White under the nail tip.

ETHEL BARRYMORE, the best loved actress on the American stage, says: "To get the full effect of personality, everything must flatter us to our very finger tips.

"The hands particularly must be sparkling. I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish keeps my finger tips radiantly fresh and crisp—gives them just the necessary touch of flattering sparkle. I take along a Cutex Manicure Set on all my tours."

■

At the lovely beauty salon in New York's famous ST. REGIS HOTEL, they say:

"Our clientele consists of exquisitely groomed women who will have only the very best preparations at their manicure, so, naturally we use the Cutex products exclusively. These women like the clear lustre Cutex Liquid Polish gives their nails and the fact that their hands will keep the well-groomed look for days and days because it does not peel or discolor. And Cutex Cuticle Remover keeps their cuticle so trim and brings out the pale, even half-moons!"
NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

SEA-TANG ...from 6,000 miles of ocean!

Semi-tropical plantings along the placid blue Pacific—wide, gently sloping beach and palisades at Santa Monica

BREEZES sweeping eastward across a vast salty sea spread their pure invigorating air over Southern California's sunshine beaches. Summers are made cool . . . *and kept cool* . . . by the Pacific's re-energizing atmosphere. Ten nights out of eleven are slept *under blankets, all summer;* and usually there is no rain or thunder and lightning to mar your fun. Is it any wonder that children thrive under such favorable conditions?

Colorful cities, quaint art colonies, festive ocean playgrounds and vast open spaces . . . where imagination is limitless . . . dot the 270 miles of coast line . . . each fascinating in its own way; each a picture to meet a human mood; among them the one-best-spot to satisfy your longing for a "sniff of the sea."

Here you will find a complete change . . . strange sights, a different country, novel things to see and do. Really *new* gaiety is at your call . . . Hollywood, its stars and shows (and an unforgettable premiere or two), vast summer snow peaks, Old Spanish Missions, endless miles of orange groves. Swimming and surf sports in the placid blue Pacific; wide, gently sloping, *safe* beaches. Golf, fishing, camping . . . all are at their best.

"Winter" is just now blending into spring. Longer sunshine, more song birds, an even greater abundance of flowers. And, March and April are the months of desert bloom! You are just in time to get the real thrill of Palm Springs and Death Valley.

Costs are no higher than at home because this is an *all-year* vacation country. Accommodations of every sort are available. Decide now to take the family on this great trip next summer.

We have published a beautiful book picturing this Southland. It contains 71 camera studies by the best men of this land of "pictures." The cover is in full color. You may have a copy for the postage cost.

EXECUTIVES AND INVESTORS: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions . . . the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Sec. 0-3, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.
Enclosed find four cents in stamps—the actual mailing cost—of "Southern California through the Camera." Also send me free booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

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*City*_____ *State*

Southern California

AT THE ROOT OF A CHILD'S HABITS

[*Continued from page 70*]

or to have requests granted. The usual one of the drink of water should be denied along with the others.

From the number of mothers who report difficulties in getting their children to eat enough of the nourishing foods, it is evident that here is another habit which needs wise handling. Sometimes the chief difficulty lies in the mother's solicitude. It is human nature to be bored when one subject is harped upon. Sometimes the food looks, and is, unappetizing.

IF A child dawdles over eating or refuses to eat spinach or drink his milk, several methods can be tried:

(1) If the parents will ignore the fact that the child is not eating, and continue to ignore the fact for several days, the chances are that he will start again. For if the refusal to eat is an attention-getting device and fails, the child will throw it over.

(2) The child should be told that he will be denied something he particularly wants—the dessert, for instance—unless he eats his vegetables.

(3) When the child dawdles over eating until his food is too cold to be appetizing, he should be given a stated length of time in which to eat. If he has not finished at the end of that time, the plate should be removed whether or not he has finished.

(4) The child's coöperation can sometimes be secured by putting the clock in front of him and telling him that when the big hand reaches a certain point, he must have finished eating.

(5) If the refusals continue, eliminate from his diet all items except the food over which the trouble arises. If he refuses to eat it, show no feeling and do no coaxing. After a sufficient length of time, remove the plate. Give the child nothing else to eat until the next meal. Then serve a small portion of the food again, making it look appetizing. He is not likely to refuse to eat for more than a day or two at most if *no feeling or anxiety is displayed by his parents.* One child saved herself when she finally gave in to her hunger by saying when the familiar carrots returned at the fourth meal, "I love my peaches-carrots!"

Children refuse to eat for many reasons—when they are too tired, or too excited, or when there is some emotional strain between the parents, or if the atmosphere at mealtime is for any reason unpleasant. Under such conditions, refusal to eat is a healthy sign. Whenever possible, young children should eat in a separate room or at a different hour from the parents. There should be no audience to encourage the child to attract attention, nor should he have the chance to observe the dislikes of his parents.

When he eats with his parents he sees foods he is not permitted to have, and he often hears conversations he should not be permitted to hear. And last of all, their meal hour is usually too near the child's bed hour, and the combination of the meal and excitement often interferes with a restful sleep. Small children should be permitted to eat with their parents only as a special treat. At such times they are likely to be on good behavior and to call forth few corrections.

Many mothers have difficulty in regulating the toilet habits of their children. It is quite possible to teach them regularity of habit early; and as soon as possible, the child should be left alone by his mother when he is in the bathroom. When the child wets his clothes or wets the bed after the age of three years, the symptom is called enuresis. It should then be considered of serious enough consequence to consult a physician, if the following methods have been tried and have failed:

(1) Give the child no liquids after four o'clock in the afternoon.

(2) Take him up at a regular time (probably just before the parents go to bed).

(3) Have the child determine before he goes to sleep that he will get up if necessary.

Enuresis frequently indicates that a child desires to remain a baby; or it may mean discouragement—that the child for some reason lacks the desire to progress; or it may be an attention-getting device. Dr. Helen Woolley of Columbia University states that ninety-five per cent of bed-wetting is psychological. When this difficulty exists, the parents should avoid shaming the child as this will only tend to make him feel inferior. An effort should be made to find out what treatment the child is receiving which can produce this result. There may be a new baby of whom the child is jealous, or a loss of security due to any of a number of reasons.

Thumb-sucking is a carry-over from the nursing period, and is significant only if it remains a habit after weaning. If a child of five years still sucks his thumb, he is emotionally a baby. Nail-biting, like thumb-sucking, means nothing in itself. Both habits are merely danger signals telling that something is wrong with the child's development. Either his environment or his emotional outlets are not entirely satisfactory. Anxiety on the part of the child, or a loss of security due to rigidity of discipline, or tenseness of family relations, are often at the root of nail-biting and thumb-sucking.

In such cases curing the outward symptoms will not clear up the inner difficulties; and when parents are confronted with such seemingly simple problems, they may do well to stop and review their methods of training the child, their own attitudes towards each other, and any possible source of error which is helping to block the child's development.

HABITS have much to do with a child's relationships both inside and outside his home. If he interferes with the convenience of adults too much, or if they cannot solve the problems of coping with him without too much trouble, they are likely to vent their impatience on him—to blame him and make him feel guilty or rebellious. And if annoying habits really take firm hold of him, they are bound to be handicaps throughout his life, making him a misfit. It is therefore every parent's duty to understand what instincts and motives are at the root of a child's actions, and thus protect him from future failure.

The years fly swiftly, but to a mother, her children are always children. She forgets, and really wants to forget, that every week means an increase in the child's independence and a greater ability to get along without her. If she is wise, she will help him

[*Continued on page 133*]

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT—

THE MARK OF QUALITY

BE SURE to buy lamps that will give you all the light you pay for. Edison MAZDA Lamps, a product of General Electric, are tested under the requirements of MAZDA Service to give the *full value of the electric current you use for lighting.*

Good light is one of the most important among your daily necessities. It costs you less than any of the others, except air and water. If there are children in your home, use plenty of good light from MAZDA Lamps to protect their eyes.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievements of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

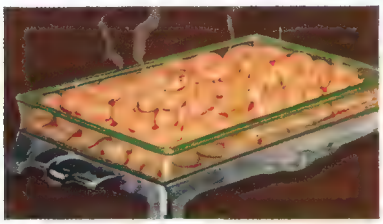
GENERAL ELECTRIC

The skill of a good cook

shows best in her use of simple foods

BASIC RECIPE: To revive the fresh, juicy tenderness of dried California Limas, soak in cold water 6 to 8 hours. Drain. Cover with boiling water, cooking slowly until tender (about 30 minutes). Add salt after 20 minutes cooking. (This applies either to Large or Baby Limas).

LIMAS O'BRIEN: *(Illustrated below)* Mix 2 cups cooked dried Limas, 1 chopped onion, 2 tbsps. chopped pimiento, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup white sauce, ½ tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. pepper. Place in buttered dish and bake in moderate oven (360° F.) about 20 minutes.



LIMA TIMBALES: *(Illustrated above)* Rub 2 cups cooked Limas through coarse sieve. Melt 2 tbsps. butter; add 2 tbsps. chopped onion, cooking until yellow. Add 1½ tbsps. flour, stir until smooth, add ½ cup milk, stirring until creamy. Add pureed Limas, 1 slightly beaten egg, ½ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper. Pack in buttered timbale molds and place in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven (360° F.) about 20 minutes. Turn out and serve with tomato sauce. Lima Timbales make an ideal main-course dish — or *piece de resistance* for the one-course meal!

LIMA AND TOMATO SOUP: Put 3 cups cooked Limas, 3 pints water, 2 slices onion and 2 stalks celery in a sauce pan. Simmer 30 minutes, then rub through coarse sieve. Melt 2 tbsps. butter, add 2 tbsps. flour, stir until smooth; add 1½ cups cooked strained tomatoes and stir until hot, then add Lima mixture, 1 tbsp. chopped green pepper, ½ tsp. salt and ⅛ tsp. pepper. Serve with crisp crackers or toast sticks. Limas add a rich, nut-like flavor to this or *any* other soup. Lima Soups — smooth, delicious, appetizing — offer a first course your whole family will enjoy!

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

You'll find many additional Lima recipes in our free 36-page book — one-dish meals, main-course dishes, salads and soups. In addition, a number of tested balanced menus are given for dinner, luncheon and Sunday night suppers. Write for this free book today! Address Department 137, CALIFORNIA LIMA BEAN GROWERS ASSOCIATION, OXNARD, CALIFORNIA.

~ and these Lima dishes give new interest to everyday meals

Why do the Food Editors of your favorite magazines give *most* attention to *familiar* foods? Because they know that your principal problem is not how to prepare the occasional *fancy* food, but how to serve staple foods every day without sacrificing menu variety.

That's the *real* test of the home cook's skill! And it's a test that Limas help you meet—right through the year. For Limas offer you three distinct advantages for preparing everyday meals:

First, Limas bring a distinctive, nut-rich *flavor* to your table, whether you serve them alone or in combination with other foods.

Next, Limas lend themselves to an unusually *wide variety* of most appetizing dishes—main-course dishes, one-course dishes, creamed and scalloped dishes, soups in wide array, and a great list of eye-appealing salads.

And third, Limas are one of the most *easily prepared* of all vegetables. Remember, Limas need no peeling, no paring, no cutting. Just put them to soak after breakfast, and forget them; they'll be *ready to cook* when you're ready to prepare the evening meal. And, by cooking up more Limas than your recipe requires, you prepare the principal part of tomorrow's soup or salad—more time and work saved!

Yet another point about Limas—they are *most healthful!* Exceptionally high in proteins, high in vitamins, carbohydrates and valuable mineral salts, Limas yield energy, build tissue, and help regulate body processes. Besides, the alkaline-ash* of Limas helps neutralize the acid-ash of other common foods.

Serve Limas frequently in your home —for taste, variety in the menu, ease of preparation and for the nourishment they always give. And, for quality's sake, insist upon SEASIDE BRAND, either Large or Baby Limas. They are especially selected from the finest of California's crop.

California SEASIDE BRAND Limas

This 100-lb. *branded* bag in your grocer's store means he carries the *highest quality* Limas. Ask to see it, before you buy!

FAMOUS FOR THEIR NUT-LIKE FLAVOR

*Acid-ash foods, when eaten in excess, cause *Acidosis*. Acidosis leads to many ills; some annoying, some serious. Dietitians endorse Limas because they are nearly twice as high in *alkalinity* as any other vegetable, and from six to seven times as alkaline as the most popular fruits. Limas will help *balance* your diet!

Are you sure that wind and rain and cold will still find your new house cosy and smiling?

SECRETS YOUR HOUSE DOESN'T TELL

By MARCIA MEAD

TO MOST persons buying or building a house is like a happy dream. An unusual arrangement of rooms, or a few longed-for conveniences, and one is swept off one's feet; instantly one pictures one's family comfortably moved in with every wish fulfilled.

But before you sign the papers which bind you to the bargain, pause a moment and consider. Have you looked into your house's secrets which it hides away so carefully under the flooring, or on the roof, or behind some partition? Looking at it in sunny weather, or on a builder's plan, is seeing it with it's company manners on. Are you sure that wind and rain and cold will still find it cosy and smiling?

If you are building a house you can guard against unpleasant surprises by anticipating them. But in buying one already built you should make as thorough an investigation of the construction as is possible, for there are unseen elements which can make or mar your future comfort.

First there is the foundation. Sometimes it can literally eat up money because of the nature of the soil. If the soil is a heavy clay mixture, which holds dampness a long time, expensive precautions must be taken. A drain of agricultural tile may have to be laid around the footings, and both walls and floor may have to be dampproofed. Unless this is done leaks will develop during rainy weather or prolonged dampness. For these reasons examine the soil and drainage of a site as well as its outlook and surroundings before it is too late.

Sometimes the masonry foundations are topped off roughly to receive the framework of the house, in which case it is necessary to level the sills by means of wedges here and there. This method leaves crevices through which the wind whistles, making the spaces under the floors very cold. Such openings should be flushed with cement to make them air-tight.

In the modern house there are many pipes, tubes and wires which must be carried within the walls and under the floors—steam pipes, water supply pipes, drains, electric conduits and so on. Each variety has its own requirements. Electric wiring must be free from dampness and so cannot be near cold water pipes which sometimes "sweat." Cold water pipes must not be near hot water pipes or the water will be too warm for drinking. Hot water supplies must provide for continuous circulation from the boiler to the fixtures and back again, if quick and hot service is desired.

Be sure that the drains are of extra heavy wrought iron pipe instead of standard pipe, and that the water supply pipes, particularly the hot water pipes, are of brass. For the sake of economy these "runs" should all be as short as possible. Bear this in mind when determining the location of radiators and plumbing fixtures. And after the pipes are all in place the "fire stopping" of the wall spaces around them should be complete—a detail which is usually forgotten.

The greater part of this installation work is not difficult to conceal as most of the connections are small enough to go between the studs (uprights which hold the lath-and-plaster partitions). But the soil pipes are sometimes more difficult to place because they are larger and require six inches of space instead of four inches, which is the usual clearance. Soil pipes also ought to be vertical from cellar to attic; if branches are necessary they must be short in order to be concealed inside the floor construction. Walls should be thickened where soil pipes are run, and sometimes it may be necessary to "fur down" a ceiling or raise the floor of a bathroom or toilet to take care of a branch ("offset," as plumbers call it). Properly installed plumbing should last for years and give no trouble.

Aside from these necessary installations there are other features which at a little more cost are also desirable to have built in as a part of the house. The new "fin" radiator can be enclosed within the four-inch space between studs, only the grille in the face of the wall and window sill indicating its presence. Any type of radiator can be enclosed in a grilled box and made to serve as a window shelf or seat or as a piece of furniture, if set against the wall.

In expensive residence work where the margin of expenditure is not so limited, the radiators should all be built in. This is simple with brick or stone walls where the depth is great enough to receive a radiator, but where the walls are too thin for this they should be "furred" (built out) to a proper thickness. Enclosed radiators are also somewhat more expensive as they must be from twenty-five to fifty per cent larger than when exposed.

If a house is built to last it should have copper flashings, gutters and leaders. Lead flashing pulls away from its mooring by its own weight; even the best tin disintegrates, and galvanized iron loses its protective coating unless it is kept painted, which is not possible where it is covered with other material.

Sometimes a cellar is not necessary, but, if it is, the usual height of six feet six inches, or seven feet, from below the first floor beams may seem ample on the plan. But after your house is built, you may be dismayed to find that the supporting girders, steam-and-water pipes and drains cut off the headroom materially. This can be minimized by better planning of the installations or by excavating more deeply in the first place.

The chimney which extends erect from cellar to roof, apparently a strong

[*Continued on page 128*]

How would you like to know

Hollywood's MAKE-UP SECRET?

Would You Like to Be More Beautiful Than You Really Are?

LAURA LA PLANTE
Universal Star.
"I am sure that you will be as successful in winning the affection of the public with your cosmetics as you have for many years those of the stage and screen."

JEANETTE LOFF
Pathe Star, and Max Factor, Filmland's Genius of Make-Up

Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, Reveals the Secret and Offers You a Priceless Beauty Gift. See Coupon.

HOLLYWOOD holds a make-up secret...a new discovery in cosmetics which means new beauty, new charm and fascination to you and every woman. This secret is a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color harmony, the discovery of Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up.

Blonde, Brunette or Redhead?

"Cosmetics — powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials — must be in color harmony, if beauty is to be emphasized naturally," says Max Factor. "Off-colors ruin the life-like effect and detract from beauty. The different types in blondes, brunettes and redheads must have an individual color harmony in make-up to bring out personality as well as alluring beauty."

Scores and scores of feature pictures...millions of feet of film...have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Leading stars...Laura La Plante, Jeanette Loff, Joan Crawford, Renee Adoree and scores of others have given you a glimpse of the faultless beauty to be gained with make-up in correct color harmony.

And now Max Factor has produced a make-up for day and evening use, based on his famous discovery, cosmetic color harmony. Adopted almost universally by leading screen stars, Max Factor's Society Make-Up caused a sensation in Hollywood...and it will be a beauty revelation to you.

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"Cosmetics of the Stars"—HOLLYWOOD

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

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Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page, book, *"The New Art of Society Make Up"*; personal complexion analysis; and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling

COMPLEXION		COLOR OF EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR OF LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR OF HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer in spaces with check mark			

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Powder

Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

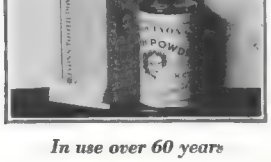
As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.



In use over 60 years

No Glycerine—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains no glycerine, therefore does not soften the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 13*]

"And what about my voice?" countered Venetia. "I need training every bit as much as you do."

He shook his head. "Not quite so urgently, my child. It wouldn't hurt you to wait another year."

She yielded the point with a grimace. Inwardly she admitted the truth of what he said. Her voice, a big unmanageable contralto, which suggested possibilities of wonderful range and quality, would require very careful handling at present. Fortunately she possessed the wisdom of years and a rare knowledge of her own limitations.

"Oh, I've no illusions about waiting a year," she said. "I shall have to wait ten or twenty years if it depends on father."

"May I come in?" The cool, good-humored tones contrasted sharply with the children's angry vehemence.

ONE of the two doors which the playroom boasted gave directly on to the garden, and while she had been speaking it had opened to admit a tall woman, nearing middle age, who paused tentatively on the threshold.

A spontaneous chorus of welcome greeted her appearance.

"Aunt Jem!"

"Come along in!"

"Sit here." And Piers and Budge unceremoniously bundled Venetia off the divan and proceeded to plump up the cushions for the newcomer.

Jemima Glenville—"Jem" to everyone who loved her—was a striking-looking woman. Iron-gray shingled hair covered her well-shaped head and softened the contours of a broad, intelligent forehead. Her eyes were gray, of the same iron-gray as her hair, and looked out on the world with a shrewd and understanding tolerance.

"And what is this that has so upset you all?"

"Oh, the usual thing," grumbled Piers. "That the Parent won't give any of us a start in life. I want to paint, and Venetia wants to sing, and we've about as much chance of learning how as we have of swimming the Atlantic."

"I see. The fires of genius left to burn untended, in fact."

Piers flushed under the slightly quizzical gleam in her eyes. Had it been anyone else he would probably have scowled. But Aunt Jem was privileged.

"I don't know about genius," he answered ruefully. "But at least we've got a certain amount of talent amongst us, and it's simply running to seed. If the Parent can afford to live a *de luxe* life on the Continent, as he does, and to gamble like blazes, he could afford to give us each a decent allowance."

Jemima's lips quivered an instant. "I'm sometimes rather afraid your father can't really afford to live as he does. You know, now and then, he doesn't even send me a check for the household expenses quite as soon as we actually need it, and—"

"And then you pay up out of your own pocket," concluded Phil indignantly. "Of course we know, and hate your having to do it."

She would have hated it still more if she had known that on more than one occasion Aunt Jem had dipped into her slender capital, surreptitiously selling some of her securities, in order to meet some demand that could wait no longer.

"But Guy will pay me back some day," said Jemima hastily. "There's nothing to worry about. Fortunes are sometimes made, as well as lost, at Monte Carlo."

Phil caught a curious flicker in her eyes, the gleam of a passionate resentment that one did not associate with Aunt Jem's even temperament.

Later on, in the evening, when she and Jemima happened to be alone together, the remembrance of that sudden unexpected look of resentment prompted her to an impulsive question. "Do you think we're all of us wrong about the Parent?" she asked.

"No, I don't think you're wrong," replied Aunt Jem. "You're quite right. The only difference is that I can find excuses for Guy, and you can't."

"Why can you?" asked Phil slowly.

For a moment Jemima remained silent, her eyes averted. Then suddenly her clear, candid gaze met Phil's very directly.

"Because he was the man I loved," she said simply.

Phil gasped. She had never dreamed of such a thing.

"You—you were once in love with the Parent?" she stammered.

Aunt Jem nodded. A characteristic smile flitted across her face.

"Yes. Is it so very surprising? I was young once, you know."

"Then why—then why—"

"Why didn't I marry him? For the simple reason that he happened to be in love with Monica."

In spite of her simple explanation there was an underlying quiver in Jemima's voice, and all at once Phil realized how much of tragedy and heartbreak must have lain hidden all these years behind her busy, practical life.

"Oh, Aunt Jem . . ."

"My dear, don't look so distressed. It's an old story now, dead and buried years ago. And I'd no business to have resurrected the ghost for your benefit. Just forget"—with a smile—"that you've had a peep behind the scenes."

But Phil was not likely to forget. It isn't easy to forget the sudden vision of a hidden sacrifice.

A WEEK had elapsed since Guy Wetherby's departure for the Continent, and life at the Grange had resumed the even tenor of its way. No Wetherby child could be depressed as long as there was a sea to swim in or to sail a boat on.

But this morning when Phil, arrayed in bathing-suit and peignoir, descended the cliff path to the beach, she could see that a rather rough and tumble playmate awaited her. Although the sun shone brilliantly overhead, a gale had been blowing during the night and big breakers were still rolling in onto the shore. Piers and Budge, late in getting ready, had told her to go on ahead, promising to overtake her. So she loitered slowly down the zigzag path, waiting for them, her eyes straying idly

[*Continued on page 80*]

Meet "Real Folks" of Thompkins Corners, U.S.A.

Virginia Farmer plays the part of Aunt Martha Thompkins. She has always known "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, she says, but since she has been broadcasting she uses it more faithfully than ever. Her favorite use of it is to keep her hands soft and the cuticle firm and unbroken. She applies it generously at night and rubs on a little whenever she washes her hands.

"Real Folks" Program is Broadcast Every Monday Night at 9:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, Over Stations—

WJZ	New York
WBZA	Boston
WBZ	Springfield
WHAM	Rochester
KDKA	Pittsburgh
WJR	Detroit
WLW	Cincinnati

8:30 P. M. Central Standard Time

KYW	Chicago
KWK	St. Louis
WREN	Kansas City

through the courtesy of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

Instead of being adorned with judicial whiskers, Edwin Whitney, who plays the parts of Judge Whipple, Bill Perkins and Grandpa Overbrook, is clean-shaven, by the "Vaseline" method. He uses "Vaseline" Jelly before lathering and declares he never found shaving so easy and smooth before. It prevents razor pull and heals any little nicks.

And here is George Frame Brown—Uncle Matt—originator and moving spirit of Real Folks. Mr. Brown speaks for himself and the cast—"We enjoy the Monday night programs just as much as you folks do who listen in and write us such nice letters. Those letters are a real inspiration to us all and we also appreciate the many fine suggestions they contain for new uses of 'Vaseline' Preparations. It's a real pleasure, too, to work with the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, and to recommend their splendid 'Vaseline' Products, which we personally find so useful."

Elsie May Gordon—Mrs. Stevens, Modiste—is the mother of a young son on whom she demonstrates most effectively the many uses of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly for baby care. It prevents many a case of sniffles, she says, and is so soothing after the bath.

Mrs. Watts, the cockney boarding-house keeper, is really Phoebe Mackay from England, although the accent is only good acting. She keeps her throat in good condition for her funny songs by taking a spoonful of pure "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly occasionally.

"Aw Gee, Aunt Marthy," says Elmer. "You needn't fuss about that little old bump—just put some 'Vaseline' Jelly on it." Fourteen-year-old Tommy Brown, the Elmer of Real Folks, knows that this is the best treatment for the many little hurts a rough-and-tumble boy is bound to get.

Fred Tibbetts and Tony are played by G. Underhill Macy, whose country home is his absorbing interest outside of the studio. He says he couldn't keep his garden tools in working order unless he used "Vaseline" Jelly to prevent rust and corrosion. He coats them with it when they are not in use.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd, 1930

They recommend "Vaseline" Products and what's more they use them

These simple health rules help you fight

colds *and* flu

ONE of the most important things you can do—both to prevent and to correct colds or flu—is to *take action against Acidosis*. That is the word of high medical authority.

Acidosis simply means that the body is less alkaline than it should be. It is present with every common cold, and may even *cause* colds. It weakens the body's power to throw off germs—lowers resistance. Thus colds get started; then "hang on"—get worse instead of better.

The Warning Signals

Acidosis announces itself through such familiar symptoms as chronic tiredness, headaches, nervousness, sour stomach, sleeplessness and loss of appetite. Its most common cause is too much good and necessary but *acid*-forming food (meat, bread, eggs, fish and cereals), and not enough *alkaline*-reaction food (oranges, lemons, other fruits, vegetables and milk).

Although acid to the taste, oranges and lemons have an alkaline reaction in the body. They build up the body's normal alkaline reserve—and its resistance to disease. Oranges and lemons are among the most potent preventives and correctives of Acidosis known to medical science.

These are simple and delicious forms of *protection* that medical authority recommends: First, three full-sized glasses of orange juice a day, orange salads and desserts and lemonade; also—lemon in tea, in salad dressings and as a garnish.

Corrective Measures

At the first sign of a cold, go home as quickly as possible. Take a hot bath and get into a warm bed at once. Then drink a full glass of hot lemonade. The "sweat-out" that follows will eliminate poisons. In the morning, pour the juice of one lemon into a half glass of water. Stir in a half teaspoon of baking soda. Drink it while it effervesces. Repeat three times a day until all cold symptoms disappear. *Also, see your doctor before colds become serious.*

Oranges and lemons are important in preventing constipation. And the generous quantities of liquid are helpful in checking fever. Also, they furnish essential minerals, and vitamins A, B and C.

To assure richest juice and finest flavor in your fruit, look for the name "Sunkist" on the skin and wrapper of Oranges; on the wrapper of Lemons. "Sunkist" is your guarantee of uniform quality.

FREE BOOK

Please send the coupon now for your free copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," endorsed by high medical authority. This interesting book discusses Acidosis in detail and lists normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus.

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DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 603, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me, without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes with Foods*. You may also send your new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories*.

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 78*]

along the stretch of sea and shore below.

All at once she paused, her gaze concentrating abruptly. A couple of hundred yards from the shore a huge, pyramid-shaped rock reared itself out of the water, and around it the sea swirled boisterously and at certain tides, balked by the obstacle, swung past it and raced onward in a dangerous current which any swimmer who knew the coast was careful to avoid.

And it was in this direction that Phil's attention was focused. She could discern a man's head there, sometimes a head and shoulders, bobbing up and down amongst the waves, and she wondered rather anxiously if he were aware of the risk he was running.

Then suddenly she saw him throw his arm up as though trying to attract attention from the shore. Perhaps he shouted for help at the same time. If so, the roar of the waves drowned the sound of his voice. The next moment, even as she watched him, he sank out of sight . . .

With a cry of horror, she flung off her peignoir, and started running down the winding path to the shore. A moment later she had leaped into the water. It seemed almost as though the big waves thundering on the shore deliberately fought to keep her back, beating against her and breaking over her head. When the man's body rose again to the surface it lay floating only a few strokes away from her. There was no need to utter any warning. He was quite unconscious, tossing helplessly on the water. In the brief moment which elasped before she reached his side, Phil's mind subconsciously registered the fact that he was young—quite young.

Somehow she managed to get hold of him and grip him firmly.

She could see Piers and Budge swimming strongly toward her. They had sprinted along the shore and entered the water some distance lower down, so that the current, which ran almost parallel with the coast, was bearing her and her helpless burden toward them. Presently came voices, the touch of hands. Piers was speaking to her.

LET go, Phil. Budge and I can manage him." Then, with a sudden shocked change of tone: "Gosh, I think he's gone!"

Mechanically Phil relinquished her burden and swam beside her brothers as they supported the unconscious man between them. Before long they were out of the swiftly-running current and soon after within standing depth, and eager figures came plunging in from the shore to help. One of the first to draw level with them was a burly Torrenby fisherman.

Meanwhile, with a few final strokes Phil gained the shore and stood still, dully watching the fisherman and Budge as they staggered out of the water together, bearing between them the limp body of the man whose life she had tried so hard to save. Then everything began to sway and whirl round her, the sun suddenly vanished out of the sky, and an immense darkness descended and swallowed her up.

"Here, hold up, old thing. Drink this!"

The words slowly penetrated Phil's numbed consciousness and obediently she opened her mouth and drank.

"What on earth's happened?" she spluttered, pushing aside the flask of brandy which Piers was still holding beneath her nose. "Did I faint?"

"Not quite. Just lost grip for a moment, that's all," answered Piers.

Recollection was beginning to come back to her, growing clearer, recollection of a rough sea and her struggle to reach the man who was tossing about in it, of a blank, livid face and sagging limbs.

"Is—is he dead?"

Piers glanced round over his shoulder. "I don't know," he said. "He looked pretty near it. The doc's with him now and they're trying to bring him round with artificial breathing."

She followed the direction of his glance to where a small crowd of people had collected. With an effort she struggled to her feet. "I'm going to find out," she said.

Together they walked toward the group of people, which gave way a little. "Will he live?" Phil asked. The grizzled doctor, still mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, looked down at her.

"Difficult to say yet," he responded gruffly. "It's touch and go. Anyway, if he does, he'll owe his life to you, young woman. I'm proud of you, Phil—didn't pull you through measles and whooping-cough for nothing! Do you know who he is?"

"No."

"Nor does anyone else, apparently."

JUST then Phil's ears caught a low, husky murmur which gradually increased until it became a stertorous, wheezing noise, as though someone were being suffocated and the strangled breath were trying to tear and rend its way through the blocked passages.

"He's dying!" she cried strickenly.

Followed Budge's familiar voice. "He's not, you idiot. He's just beginning to breathe."

She turned to him incredulously.

"Are you sure?"

"'Course I'm sure."

Friendly arms were supporting the man in a half-sitting position to ease his labored breathing, while others were rubbing his limbs. Suddenly he lifted one of his arms and attempted feebly to push the flask aside. It was the first movement he had made of his own volition.

"Did you see that, Budge?" Phil exclaimed excitedly. "He moved! He *is* going to live, after all."

As she spoke, the man who was slowly and painfully returning from the gates of death opened his eyes, seeming to look straight at her. They were dark blue—that much Phil noticed before the black-fringed lids fell quietly over them again as though too weary to stay open.

"Bring him up to the Grange and Aunt Jem and I will look after him," Phil called to Dr. Brodie.

Jemima happened to be crossing the drive on her way into the house as a car swept up and drew to a standstill, and at the sight of Phil and the doctor and the accompanying stretcher with that still figure lying on it, she uttered a cry of alarm.

Dr. Brodie quickly recounted the morning's happenings, and Jemima

[*Continued on page 82*]

To Rid Teeth of Destructive Germs

Remove film twice every day

Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE . . . a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

It will cost you nothing for 10 days' supply of this special film-removing tooth paste. Discolorations disappear. Teeth find new protection.

HAVE you noticed what you believe to be symptoms of pyorrhea? — spongy, pale, soft gums, frequent bleeding. Or aches and sensitiveness to hot and cold drinks that usually spell decay? If you have, it is time to see your dentist.

It is also time to change your method of tooth cleaning, for decay results from germs — pyorrhea from germs and tartar. Now germs can be effectively combated by a special method that removes from teeth the cloudy film in which they breed. To show you what happens when germ-laden film is removed regularly, please accept a free supply of the scientific tooth paste, Pepsodent.

80% of common dental ills now laid to germs

Certain germs are present in tooth decay. Other types in pyorrhea; still another kind in trench mouth. Authorities believe that 8 dental troubles out of 10 are caused by bacterial infection.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. There they breed by millions in contact with teeth and tissues.

Germ-laden film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all ordinary methods fail in combating film.

Remove film a different way

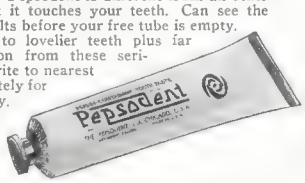
To reach and remove these germs, film must be combated. To remove film dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it . . . safely, gently. No pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a fine creamy paste commonly prescribed for soft teeth and tender gums.

When shall we send your supply?

You can tell that Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth. Can see the difference in results before your free tube is empty. Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection from these serious diseases. Write to nearest address immediately for your supply to try.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



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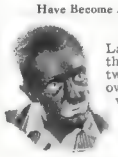

Laughs and tears make the experiences of these two boys part of your own daily life. Children will enjoy them too. Tune in every night except Sunday at:

7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
9:30 p. m., Mountain time—8:30 p. m., Pacific time

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Only one tube to a family 3366

Cinnamon Waffles
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ALL of these and many other kinds of crispy, golden-brown waffle cakes and dainties are baked with little effort and consummate skill in a UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron—at the dining table or tea wagon, to the delighted astonishment of the family and guests alike.

If you are in need of a new waffle iron, take advantage of the

SPECIAL SALE
DURING FEBRUARY
UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron
(Illustrated above)
ONLY **$11.50**
At your nearest Universal Dealer's

This $15.00 value UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron has never before sold during campaigns for less than $13.50—and at this special sale price it is a waffle iron value without equal.

—An Automatic Heat Indicator tells when grids are ready for batter
—Non-sticking, Die-cast Grids require no grease
—An Extra-wide Patented Expansion Hinge allows batter to rise
—Beautiful Designing, including neat tray base, lends itself delightfully to table cookery.
—A UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron Recipe Book is included FREE.

Show this advertisement to your UNIVERSAL Dealer or tell him about it and he will be happy to demonstrate this marvelous UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron—do it today, before it is too late!

Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain, Conn.
Master Metalsmiths for over Three-quarters of a Century

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS FRARY & CLARK NEW BRITAIN, CONN

FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 80*]

needed nothing further to open the doors of her capacious heart.

"Oh, poor boy! . . . And Phil saved him!" Her voice fairly glowed. "You did quite right to bring him here, Luke — quite right. Carry him in at once, and I'll have everything ready for him in no time. Come along and help Phil."

Late in the evening Aunt Jem, satisfied that for the moment all was well with her patient, slipped away downstairs in search of a much-needed meal, while Phil kept solitary vigil in the sick-room.

Some time had elapsed since there had been any movement from the bed. Almost, it seemed to Phil's strained and overtired nerves, there was a queer, oppressive stirlessness, as though the man who lay there had ceased to breathe. She turned swiftly, filled with sudden panic, to find that his eyes were wide open and that he was curiously regarding her.

"What is it?" she asked gently. "Do you want anything?"

The dark blue eyes looked up at her. Then his lips moved.

"I've seen you before," he said at last, in a voice made very low by weakness.

"Yes," she replied quietly. And waited.

His brows drew together painfully. "Where?"

And Phil, thinking it better to give him the simple truth, responded evenly. "This morning, when they were bringing you round. The current had carried you away—do you remember? My brothers and I were able to give you a hand to shore."

"So it was you?" A faint, tired little smile curved his lips. "I'm glad it was you."

He put out his hand gropingly, and Phil took it and held it. His eyes closed contentedly, and presently, his hand still clasping hers, he fell asleep.

JEMIMA was sitting in the library, wrestling with the household accounts, when Luke Brodie made his appearance at the Grange bright and early the following day.

"Good-morning, ma'am. And how's my patient?" he demanded.

Jemima took no immediate notice of his entry.

"Nine and six—fifteen. That's fifteen pounds, four shillings and sixpence," she went on firmly, out loud. Then she jotted down the total and rose to greet the newcomer. "Luke, I wish there was some miraculous way of making money go about twice as far as it does."

He took her outstretched hand with a smile.

"You're only one of a crowd in that." He paused, then went on with sudden irritation: "Why do you *do* it, Jem?"

"Do what?"

"Spend your whole life trying to put right all the things Wetherby leaves undone, wear yourself out doing it? For that's what it amounts to. They're his children, not yours. Why won't you leave them on his hands and make him shoulder his own responsibilities?"

She regarded him gravely.

"Luke, you and I have both wasted our time if we haven't yet learned that you can't make people undertake their responsibilities if they don't want to, and don't mean to. So don't talk nonsense any more, but come along upstairs and interview your patient."

He shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "All right, obstinate woman. What sort of night did he have?"

Jemima smiled dryly.

"Excellent, thanks, to Phil."

"Thanks to Phil?"

"Yes. When I went up to his room late in the evening there she was on her knees by his bed, and the boy sound asleep, holding her hand. He'd dropped off like that, and, afraid of waking him by removing it, the child had remained in the same position until her limbs were so cramped I had to help her to stand up."

Brodie nodded contentedly.

"Plucky kid, Phil," he commented. Adding abruptly: "More like you, Jem, than any of the others, bless her. Hope she'll strike it luckier in life than you've done."

"I hope she will."

He had turned to open the door for her, but now he paused, his fingers on the latch. "Think you'll ever change your mind, and let me look after you?" he asked gruffly.

SHE smiled a little.

"No, Luke." She shook her head quite decidedly. "Guy's children are my job in life. And I think they always will be."

A few minutes later Brodie was standing at the bedside of the invalid, Jemima having discreetly effaced herself.

"Well, young man," he said, "you appear to be coming along very nicely. You'll be downstairs tomorrow."

The dark head on the pillow stirred abruptly. "How—how did I get here? Yesterday seems all muddled. And the lady who brought in my breakfast vanished so quickly I'd no chance of asking her anything . . . I don't even know where I am."

Luke pulled up a chair and sat down. "You're at Wetherby Grange," he began in a pleasantly conversational note. "When you were bathing yesterday you got caught in the current that sweeps round Gull Rock, and Phil Wetherby swam out to help you. She and her brothers got you back to shore. And as no one knew who you were or where you came from, we brought you here for the time being and Phil and her aunt have been looking after you. Now, perhaps"—with a smile—"you can supply the missing information."

With an effort Dr. Brodie's patient propped himself up on his elbow.

"Good Lord, my people will be in the most awful stew!" he ejaculated. "They'll wonder what on earth has happened. They were expecting to see me yesterday—I was going to spend my holidays with them."

"And you get yourself nearly drowned by way of a good beginning," commented Brodie dryly. "Where do your folks live, by the way?"

"About a mile out of Torrenby. Perhaps you know them—Dick Matheson and his wife? She's my half-sister."

"I know them by name, though I have never met them yet," Dr. Brodie said. "I'll telephone Mrs. Matheson at once. But who am I to say that we've found, by the way?"

"My name's Terry—Terry Maclean. I'm terribly sorry to be such a nuisance to everybody. And —and look here," he went on rather shyly. "Did Miss Wetherby run any —any risk in fetching me in yesterday?"

"She ran a very big risk," answered the doctor frankly. "The Gull Rock race, as we call it here, is the most dangerous current along the coast."

Maclean was silent a moment. Then he said quietly: "May I see her?"

"Later on you shall. But you've talked enough for the present. Drink this and try to go to sleep for a bit. And don't worry—I'll let your people know you're safe and sound." Luke marched across the room and proceeded to draw down the blinds, shutting out the morning sunlight which was streaming in through the windows.

And Terry Maclean, entirely contrary to his own expectations, was sound asleep within ten minutes of the doctor's departure.

When he awoke, rather more than two hours later, it was to meet the glance of a pair of somewhat quizzical gray eyes that were looking down at him very kindly.

"Hullo," he muttered sleepily.

"Hullo," replied a woman's voice, with a good-humored composure about it that conveyed a curiously pleasant sense of reassurance. "How are you feeling now?"

Terry, suddenly becoming wide awake, smiled up into her gray eyes. He had a very engaging smile.

"I'm feeling top-hole," he said. "I say, I simply don't know how to thank you for all your kindness—all you've done for me."

"Then don't try," replied Aunt Jem, as she hastily banked up another pillow at his back. "There's not an atom of need. Mr. and Mrs. Matheson have telephoned that they're coming around to see you this afternoon."

Once again his charming smile flashed out.

"You'll have to put up with another dose of gratitude again, then," he informed her teasingly. "Little as you might think it, I happen to be the undeserving apple of my sister's eye."

"Hump! Most of you men are luckier than you deserve to be," was all Jemima vouchsafed in response. But inwardly she reflected that Terry Maclean was likely to be the apple of more than one woman's eye before he was through with life. About twenty-five or six, she supposed, and extraordinarily good-looking with his dark hair and brows and those dangerously expressive blue eyes of his, plus a smile that would melt a heart of stone. And few women's hearts are made of substance hard enough to resist such a combination.

SHE turned to leave the room when his voice came once more, this time with becoming meekness.

"Please, mayn't I see the lady who saved me from a watery grave? She may—possibly—like to know I appreciate her kindness. Even if she doesn't, I'm afraid I shall have to get it off my chest sooner or later."

Jemima regarded him with a glint of amusement in her eyes. "Very well," she agreed. "I'll send Phil up for a few minutes. After which"—firmly—"you'll eat your lunch and go to sleep again until your sister comes to see you."

"I will. I promise."

The minutes seemed to crawl by after Jemima had left the room, but

[*Continued on page 90*]

You can have exquisite hands

Jergens Lotion softens and whitens

When you are wearing the delicate frocks, the gleaming jewels, of formal evening occasions—your hands and arms must have a matching loveliness. Beautiful whiteness, exquisite texture, follow the regular use of Jergens Lotion. Women everywhere are using this fragrant healing preparation to keep their skin smooth and fresh—delightful to the touch.

TWO FAMOUS INGREDIENTS give this preparation almost instant power to soften and whiten your skin

Perhaps you despair sometimes of ever having lovely white hands—

But the first time you use Jergens Lotion, you feel—no matter how rough and dry your skin has become—that here at last is real help and encouragement.

The moment you apply this healing preparation, the parched tissues relax; your skin becomes smooth and supple, pleasant to the touch. After a week's use the whole texture of your skin shows a marked improvement. Hands that were rough and chapped become soft and smooth—every bit of harshness and irritation gone. By using Jergens Lotion every time you have had your hands in water, you can keep them in exquisite condition—velvety soft, dazzlingly white.

Because of its wonderful help in keeping their hands smooth and white—thousands of women have also begun to use Jergens Lotion as a regular accessory of the bath, to give their arms, back, neck, shoulders, the lovely smoothness, the gleaming whiteness, that are beautiful and necessary with evening dress.

Two famous skin restoratives, used in medicine for generations, give Jergens Lotion its special quality of softening and whitening the skin. Blended with other healing ingredients, they form a fragrant, silvery liquid—easy to apply, for it leaves no stickiness. Your skin absorbs it instantly.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today, and see what comfort and beauty it will give your hands this winter! 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

FREE - new trial bottle - beautiful booklet

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3505 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection"*

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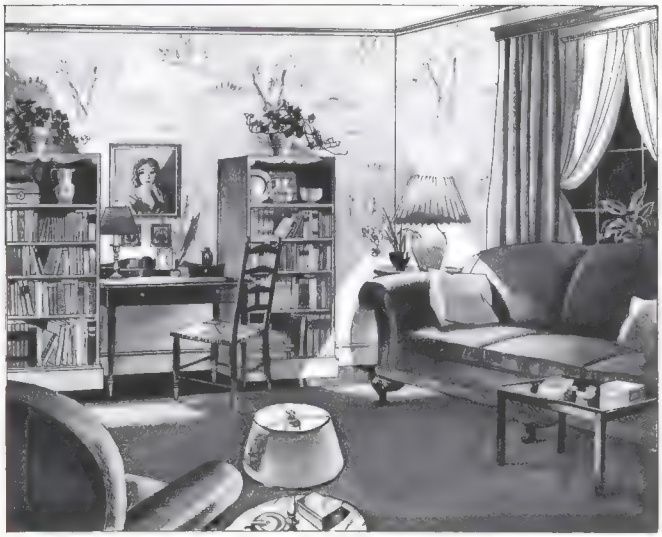
Drawings by HARRIE WOOD



HOW TO MAKE YOUR LIVING ROOM LOOK NEW

By MARGERY TAYLOR

THE most interesting problems in house furnishings are those of refurnishing. When everything can be purchased new, very little ingenuity is needed. But to give an assembly of furniture which one is quite bored with, a new and enticing air, clever manipulation and careful plans are necessary.

In almost nine out of ten homes the living room furnishings center around a three-piece suite. This makes the first problem one of arrangement. Do not take its present position as the most satisfactory; a successful home decorator is never smugly content with things as they are, but is always ready for improving changes. The davenport should be tried in several positions; in front of fireplace, against a blank wall, or in front of a group of windows. But regardless of its position in the room it should always be placed parallel to the walls and under no circumstance on an angle across one corner. A pleasing balance can be made by flanking the davenport with end tables and lamps, though a long table behind it for the lamps is an equally comfortable grouping and just as convenient for reading. One of the chairs of the suite may be grouped with the couch and the other one should be placed on the opposite side of the room. In a small or medium-sized room it may be wise to separate all three pieces in order to relieve an effect of heaviness or overcrowding.

Greater latitude will be given in developing the color scheme if the plain sides of the cushions of the suite are turned up. Then instead of using the same colored pillows on all the pieces use pillows of one color on the davenport and a contrasting color on the chairs. Thus, on a brown davenport green and gold pillows would be attractive and rust colored ones could be used on the chairs.

If your furniture is slightly worn, slip covers offer an effective means of transformation; not the loose dingy covers which were used as a protection against dust when houses were closed for the summer, but trim, well tailored ones for all year round use.

For slip covers select a cretonne or chintz with a well covered ground; use it on the davenport and one chair, or on the two chairs. Cover the odd piece in a heavy linen, cotton crash or rep which picks up one of the colors in the chintz. In this way a pleasant distribution of plain and patterned surfaces is achieved.

If the upholstering is figured or if chintz slip covers are used a painted wall or plain paper is advisable. However, with the much used rose taupe upholstering, individual results may be obtained by selecting one of the charming new papers for the walls. In the room illustrated above, an interesting scenic paper was chosen. The delicacy of the design makes a pleasing contrast with the furniture, and the beige and rust color-notes combine charmingly with the brown, rust, gold and blue stripes of the cotton rep draperies. Gleaming brass lamp bases and accessories add a sparkling air.

The bookcase and desk grouping in the same illustration would be a particularly good arrangement for a room having no fireplace. Books always create a friendly atmosphere and the upper shelves offer an excellent opportunity for still life pictures of candlesticks, pottery and bric-a-brac which various members of the family have collected. These should be arranged with careful attention to color and form, so that the final plan might really serve as an artist's study. The pots of growing ivy should also be noted. Ivy is so easily cared for that no living room seems quite complete without these glistening green leaves.

If you are adding any new pieces of furniture, consider small tables; few rooms have enough for real convenience. New lamps also offer [*Turn to page 148*]

Diagonal paper and gay chintz create a perfect background for old furniture

Kroehler announces

3 new and amazing VALUE STANDARDS

TO give you a safe and sure guide to dependable furniture quality at moderate prices; to make it impossible for cheaply made living room furniture to successfully masquerade as reliable merchandise; Kroehler has created the three new "Value Standards" illustrated.

Each of these *specialized* groups offers you the very maximum of *proved* quality for the money. Whether you select the highest or the lowest price, each piece embodies the two basic features of Kroehler quality construction — a non-warping frame of finest hardwood — the patented Kroehler Spring Steel Underconstruction.

Only the vast resources and facilities of the eleven great Kroehler factories could make these revolutionary values possible.

One typical suite of each price group is illustrated. Hundreds of other attractive styles are now being shown by Kroehler dealers everywhere.

See and compare these sensational *"super-values"* before you spend your furniture money. If you do not know a nearby Kroehler dealer write us. We will send you his name and address — and a free copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler," at once.

No. 237 — Typical two-piece suite from the Standard Quality line. Large sofa of serpentine design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many other beautiful colors. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame and patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at small extra cost. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair to harmonize, where three pieces are desired, $48.50 **$150**

No. 445 — A super-value at the moderate price quoted. Large davenport and matching button-back chair. Smart-looking extended front design. All around covering of apricot mohair with harmonizing, colorful figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Kroehler non-warping frame of finest hardwood. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slight extra cost. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair to complete a three-piece suite where desired, $63 **$190**

No. 939 — *Kroehler's very finest.* Luxurious sofa and button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich silver taupe mohair. Reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slightly higher cost. Mayalso be had in a choice of many other attractive coverings. The two pieces, $230. Lounge chair No. 8956 in figured green tapestry, $75 **$230**

All prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada

KROEHLER MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
or STRATFORD, CANADA

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Tex.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Los Angeles, Cal.; San Francisco, Cal.; Cleveland, O. *Canadian Factories:* Stratford, Ont. and Montreal, Que.

KROEHLER

LIVING ROOM FURNITURE & DAVENPORT BEDS

It is not only quiet now

. . . but will remain quiet *always*

because all the machinery is sealed up tight, hermetically sealed ...and permanently oiled

How many claims you hear about quiet refrigerators! Almost *any* new refrigerator is quiet. But how are you going to pick the one that will stay quiet *always?*

Step into a General Electric showroom, and your question will be answered. There you will see how quietly a General Electric Refrigerator may be expected to run in your home —not merely for a week or two, but for *years.*

The General Electric Company would not claim that *any* make of refrigerator is *"absolutely silent."* Silence is a big word. Even the flame of your gas stove is not absolutely silent. As a test, turn on the gas. Hear its hissing as it rushes through the jets! So we avoid such rash words as "absolute silence." But quietness—*incredible* quietness—we promise you. Quietness the day you buy, and quietness *always.*

On top of each General Electric Refrigerator is a round steel casing scarcely bigger than a hat box. Within it there is sealed the entire mechanism that will operate the General Electric Refrigerator for *years*—quietly, economically, dependably—without a thought or worry.

And sealed up with it is a *permanent* oil supply, assuring you of that same smooth quietness, that dependable service *always.* Dirt, that causes wear and noise, is shut outside forever. Moisture, rust—the beginnings of breakdowns and repairs—can never get within. General Electric mechanism is sealed up tight—*hermetically* sealed—not only against noise, but against trouble and expense.

Of the hundreds of thousands of General Electric Refrigerator owners, *not one* has paid a solitary cent for service!

For descriptive booklet, write Section N-3, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Quietness is just ONE advantage

READ THESE OTHERS

1. All machinery hermetically sealed in one steel casing and PERMANENTLY oiled.
2. Low running cost—a few cents a day.
3. An accessible freezing regulator.
4. An all-steel, warp-proof cabinet.
5. Sanitary, all-porcelain chilling chamber.
6. Food storage area most spacious.
7. Mounted on legs—easy to clean.
8. Electrical, therefore modern.
9. Backed by the most comprehensive guarantee ever given a refrigerator.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

Photos courtesy New York Edison Company

A washer, which can be raised to tub-height or lowered to roll under the table, is new

HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST ABOUT WASH DAY?

By FRANCES K. DOWNEY

IN THESE enlightened days no business man can afford to let his work go on year after year without a change; every so often he must pause to take stock of his progress. He cannot ignore new inventions nor be tied to old-time devices, for he knows that his competitors are increasing their output and making money by modern methods.

A homemaker's problem, though on a smaller scale, is similar. By constantly improving her methods of work she can save time, strength, and perhaps money. Isn't it worth while, then, to ask ourselves once in a while whether we are doing the routine jobs of laundering, cleaning, and dishwashing as intelligently as they can be done?

Suppose we consider laundry work this month. Are we handling it in the way best suited to our particular household? Several plans are open to us; we can send out all or a part of our washing to a commercial laundry; we can pay a laundress to come in and do it for us; or we can do it ourselves with the help of such labor-saving devices as we feel justified in buying.

I know one woman who thought this problem out a year ago with complete success. She has four children, three of whom are at boarding school or college. For some years to come the expenses for education will be heavy; all money that can be saved efficiently from the housekeeping allowance is needed.

So she decided to dispense with the weekly visit of a laundress, buy a washing machine and have the children send their laundry home. But there was one difficulty she had not foreseen. In her house the laundry was in the basement and on the first wash day she counted eleven trips she had made upstairs to answer the doorbell and telephone. One more investment seemed necessary. Just off the kitchen was a small storeroom with a window high up in one wall. For sixty dollars she had the two stationary tubs removed from the cellar and installed in this room with their necessary supply and drainage lines. Then she chose the one best position for the washing machine in relation to the tubs, had it fastened to the floor, and connected with the drain pipe. (Such an arrangement would only be possible where a washer need never be moved). A double faucet with a hose which reached into the washer was set over the nearer tub and thus the necessity for emptying and filling the washer with a pail was eliminated.

Not every woman has a first-floor room which can be easily converted into a laundry, nor would the expenditure be justified in certain cases. But generally speaking, the downstairs laundry is an inefficient arrangement if a woman is doing all of her own work. It is better to have the tubs in the kitchen, or to arrange the back entry as a compact laundry, if it is possible. Fortunately, all washers are equipped with ball-bearing rollers which makes it possible to wheel them into a closet or other convenient place when they are not in use. When a house cannot be changed, conditions can often be improved by a better arrangement of supplies and equipment.

Wherever the family washing is done at home the electric washer is the first essential. The electric iron is the second. With these two pieces of equipment the bigger part of the load is lifted from a woman's shoulders. The outlets for them should, if possible, be set in the wall about three and a half feet above the floor so that they can be reached without bending.

Many electric washers have wringers attached which are run by the same motor, and one new model even has an electric ironer which can be set in place when the wringer is detached. The cost of this three-in-one machine is less than the combined costs of a washer and an ironing machine. Instead of a wringer many washers have the centrifugal drier, which will "wring" the average family wash all at one time.

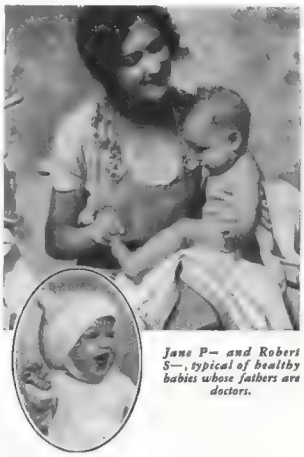
For the small house or apartment several practical types of washing machine have been designed, ranging all the way from a small one—which can be set on the kitchen table while it does the baby's washing—to the adjustable machine which will wash sheets and can be raised by a handle to tub-height or lowered and rolled out of the way under a table. The wringer folds back on hinges.

[*Turn to page 88*]

Wringer and ironer on this washer are interchangeable

With an automatic heat control an electric iron cannot scorch

DOCTORS' WIVES KNOW..!



Jane P— and Robert S—, typical of healthy babies whose fathers are doctors.

For their babies' things they use LUX

WHO in the world gets better care than the babies who have doctors for fathers?

So we asked doctors' wives (scores of them) what they found the very best, very safest way to cleanse babies' wee garments. And 91% of all those asked said—"We use Lux!"

Child specialists, maternity centers, baby experts, all advise Lux. Lux has none of the harmful alkali so many soaps have—therefore Lux never irritates the baby's sensitive skin.

Woolens and diapers washed with ordinary flakes or chips, or rubbed with cake soap, become stiff and harsh—and may cause chafing. Ordinary soaps just aren't pure and gentle enough for babies—doctors' babies, your baby, any baby!

Little Gloria B—'s mother keeps her small garments soft and sweet with Lux.

DOCTORS SAY:

"Lux is safe for baby's things"

THIS NEW COOK BOOK *takes the doubt out of all sorts of difficult dishes*

FREE—this interesting book of delicious recipes. Send for it—and see how the "precision ingredient" can give new certainty to many dishes formerly difficult. Minute Tapioca, in this wonderful new role, holds together the other ingredients in a recipe. Insures exact, uniform results—the just-right appearance—the just-right texture, without affecting the true flavor of the dish!

WITH Minute Tapioca, you'll make airy, puffy Omelets and Souffles . . . that remain delicate, and simply refuse to collapse while being served.

WITH Minute Tapioca, you'll make Fruit Pies with crusts like fairy flakes . . . because juices stay where they belong, and never run out and ruin the pie.

WITH Minute Tapioca, you'll make tender Meat Loaves and Croquettes . . . delicately moist within, crisp and brown without . . . and certain not to crumble.

WITH Minute Tapioca, you'll make well-behaved sandwich fillings that a chef might envy. Fillings that won't soak into bread and make it soggy!

WITH Minute Tapioca, you'll put *sparkle* and *smoothness* in Soups . . . the very latest vogue.

MOLDED RAMEKIN OF WHITE FISH

5 tablespoons Minute Tapioca, uncooked
1 cup milk
¾ teaspoon salt
Dash of Cayenne
½ tablespoon parsley, finely cut
2¼ cups cooked white fish, finely flaked

Combine Minute Tapioca, milk, salt, Cayenne, parsley, and white fish. Let stand until mixture thickens slightly (5 minutes). Turn into greased ramekins or custard cups. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Unmold and garnish with parsley. Serve with or without caper sauce. Serves 6.

COFFEE SOUFFLÉ

1 cup milk
1 tablespoon ground coffee
4½ tablespoons Minute Tapioca
Dash of salt
½ cup sugar
3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Scald milk with coffee and strain immediately. Add Minute Tapioca and salt, and cook 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar. Cool. Add egg yolks and fold in egg whites. Bake in greased baking dish, placed in pan of hot water, in moderate oven (325°F.) 60 minutes. Serve with custard sauce. Serves 6.

TOMATO RABBIT

2 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
¼ teaspoon salt
1-16 teaspoon paprika
1 cup milk, scalded
1 cup canned tomato soup
1 cup grated cheese

Add Minute Tapioca, salt, and paprika to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add tomato soup and cheese. Cook until cheese is melted. Serve on crackers or toast. Serves 4.

All measurements are level.

TRY THESE DELICIOUS RECIPES . . . *then* SEND *for the* NEW MINUTE TAPIOCA COOK BOOK!

Fill in completely—print name and address

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY, Inc.
23 Pierce St., Orange, Massachusetts

Please send me FREE copy of Minute Tapioca Cook Book.

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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© 1930, G. F. Corp.
The Dessert and "Precision Ingredient"

HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST ABOUT WASH DAY?

[*Continued from page 87*]

An electric wringer is easily adjusted to any position and has a quick release if buttons and strings become entangled in its rollers

Much experimenting by experts has proven that for best results clothes should be soaked for a few hours, or overnight, in luke-warm suds. They can then be put into warm sudsy water in the washer—the soap flakes, soap powder or soap having been thoroughly dissolved in hot water before the clothes are added. When the clothes are clean they are run through the electric wringer into a tub of clean hot rinsing water; rinsed a second time, and finished in a cool blue rinse. Some women omit the second rinsing, but if a washing is not too large it does seem worth while to include it.

The arrangement of the wringer on good washing machines really makes light work of all this rinsing. It can be adjusted to pass the clothes from the washer into a stationary tub, or back again; it will wring from the washer into a basket, or from one stationary tub into another, or from a tub into a basket. It will only operate when it is in the correct position for use, and has a quick release in case buttons or strings get caught in the rollers.

It is not necessary to describe the various types of larger washing machines on the market. Each woman must decide for herself which one is best suited to her needs. The main point is that a machine shall wash clothes *clean*, and it is safe to say that all washers made by reliable manufacturers do this. When you buy a machine be sure that you understand exactly how to operate it and how to take care of it. Men like to say that women have no mechanical sense and I often think they are right when I see the neglected sewing machines and un-oiled vacuum cleaners. But by choosing a machine of simple construction any woman can keep it in first-class condition if she will follow the manufacturer's directions, which come with each machine.

An ironing machine may be regarded as a luxury, but it is more; it offers labor-saving comfort to those who can afford it. It will iron all the flat work perfectly and quickly; even house dresses, children's clothes and ruffles can be done on it as one gains in skill. An ironer with a roll measuring from twenty-eight to thirty inches in length, and with an open end (for doing the more complicated ironing) is the practical one for household use.

One new type ironer has a white enamel cover which can be closed over the machine when it is not in use, thus keeping it clean, and at the same time converting it into a fine large table.

Ironing machines are heated by electricity, gas or oil, but where electricity would be too costly to use, a gas or oil ironer will prove efficient and a great labor-saver.

Our old friend the ironing board has also "stepped out." It can now be bought in a trim little cabinet and built into the wall of a new house. This is a nice arrangement for the kitchen, where most women prefer to do their ironing anyway. Of course, a carpenter or the man of the house can work out a similar scheme on the inside of a closet door, if it happens to bring the ironing board into a good light when in use.

Several of the new electric irons have an automatic heat control which shuts off the current as soon as the iron reaches a certain temperature. This prevents all possibility of scorching. Lacking this device you will find a "next-best" substitute in a little switch which an electrician can affix to any iron-cord, thus making it unnecessary to detatch the cord from the iron every time it gets too hot. By a light pressure on either one of its two small buttons the electricity is turned off or on.

When you consider the ease with which laundry work may be done today, you may well give thought to the carrying on of other household duties. It is important that there be a sufficient number of well distributed outlets. Be sure that your home is adequately wired for the convenient use of electrical service.

Last of all let us ask ourselves whether Monday is really the most convenient wash day in *our* household, or whether it is just a habit. I know one woman who has her washing done on Saturday morning because over a long period of years she has found that this is the time that works out best for her. I know many women, especially the mothers of school children, who do their washing on Tuesday because the struggle of starting the family off to school and business and tidying up the house after Sunday is all they can manage that day. Of course, they sort their laundry, mend the rents, take out stains, and put the clothes to soak. With all this preparation out of the way two hours on Tuesday finishes the job. If any of us dread wash day it is a pretty sure sign that we need to change our way of doing it.

You who love fine coffee

will be interested in this advertisement

Serve Kaffee Hag Coffee at evening parties. Wonderful, rich coffee that every one can enjoy without hesitation

NO DRINK has ever pleased Americans like good coffee. Its fragrant cheer makes all our meals more delightful.

Yet, thousands of people who *love* coffee do not drink it at night because of the fear that it will keep them awake. Many deny themselves the pleasure of coffee at any time.

Now, all can enjoy it. . . . Today, a modern scientific achievement is taking place at Battle Creek. Here in the home of healthful foods caffeine is being extracted from the world's finest coffee beans. And so skilfully is this done that not one bit of the wonderful coffee flavor and aroma is lost!

The result is Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee—a coffee without caffeine which delights the most exacting epicure. How much better than cheerless substitutes!

You can enjoy Kaffee Hag Coffee at midnight. It will not keep you awake. It can never affect your nerves or be harmful in any way.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is the original caffeine-free coffee. And now, after years of continuous experiment, the blend has been wonderfully improved. There is no finer coffee on the market. A new method of packing brings every pound fresh and mellow to your kitchen. The coffee is *sealed* in vacuum tins when it leaves the roasters.

Will you try it? . . . Isn't there some one in your home who loves coffee but fears to drink it at night? Give him Kaffee Hag Coffee. Two cups, three—as many as he wants. Make it just as you make any other coffee. How pleased he'll be. And how restfully he'll sleep. Ask for Kaffee Hag Coffee at your dealer's.

Or let us send you a sample. . . . For 10c, to cover postage and handling, we will send you a 10-cup sample of this delicious caffeine-free coffee. Test it at *night*. See for yourself what satisfying, luscious coffee it is—and how well you'll sleep.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. D-3, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

Name_____

Address_____

Kellogg's KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE *that lets you sleep*

LA FRANCE MANUFACTURING CO. (Inc.) McC.—3-30
113-125 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

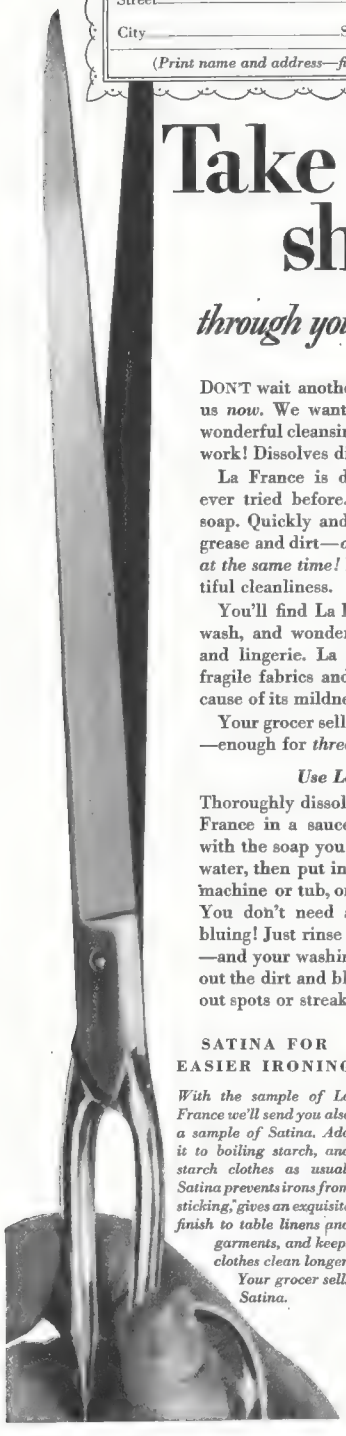
Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And P. S.—please include a free sample of Satina.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Print name and address—fill in completely)



Take this short-cut

through your washday work!

DON'T wait another minute—mail the coupon to us *now*. We want you to know La France. This wonderful cleansing agent saves half your washday work! Dissolves dirt . . . *and blues as it cleans!*

La France is different from anything you've ever tried before. You use it with your regular soap. Quickly and thoroughly, it soaks away the grease and dirt—*and blues your clothes perfectly, at the same time!* Brings snowy whiteness—beautiful cleanliness.

You'll find La France wonderful for the family wash, and wonderful, too, for your finest linens and lingerie. La France is safe—for the most fragile fabrics and most delicate colors. And, because of its mildness, it won't harm your hands.

Your grocer sells La France. Only 10c a package—enough for *three washings.*

Use La France this way:

Thoroughly dissolve 2 heaping tablespoons of La France in a saucepan of boiling water, together with the soap you generally use. Add this to your water, then put in the clothes. Wash as usual in a machine or tub, or scald in a boiler if you prefer. You don't need a washboard! You don't need bluing! Just rinse through two fresh, warm waters—and your washing is done. La France has soaked out the dirt and blued your clothes perfectly without spots or streaks.

SATINA FOR EASIER IRONING

With the sample of La France we'll send you also a sample of Satina. Add it to boiling starch, and starch clothes as usual. Satina prevents irons from sticking, gives an exquisite finish to table linens and garments, and keeps clothes clean longer. Your grocer sells Satina.

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FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 82*]

finally the door opened quickly and Phil came in.

He turned eagerly toward her as she approached the bedside and addressed him with a funny little formality of manner. "How are you today? I do hope you're feeling better."

"Much better, thank you, now that you've come," said Terry, rushing his fences determinedly. "I had to see you. When a person saves another person's life that other person naturally wants to say thank you as soon as possible."

"Oh, please—" Phil broke in hastily, anxious to stop him. But her interruption availed her nothing.

"It was the pluckiest thing any woman could have done, and I'll never forget it."

Phil, feeling thoroughly embarrassed, flushed scarlet and looked away toward the window.

"I should have done as much for anyone," she answered, inwardly defying something, something new and a little frightening, of which she was vaguely conscious in those resolute blue eyes that were regarding her so unwaveringly.

"Of course you would! I know that, really. Still, I'm glad it happened that you did it for me. You see, when you've saved a fellow's life, it washes out all the usual preliminaries of getting to know one another. Don't you think"—once more his glance sought her face intently—"don't you think you could manage to feel just a bit glad about it, too?"

The unexpectedness of the question held her silent for a moment, and it was precisely at this juncture that Aunt Jem sailed into the room, carrying a tray she had prepared for the invalid. Any possibility of answering Terry's question was gone, but all at once Phil knew what that answer must have been, was conscious of a queer, breath-taking gladness that she and Terry had first met each other as they had, facing the stark realities of life and death. No high wall of conventional formality for them to climb, now.

THE Mathesons, following Dr. Brodie's strict injunction, did not present themselves at Wetherby Grange until late in the afternoon. Phil had been conscious of a slight heart-sinking at the thought of their visit; so that when the Mathesons actually arrived, and proved to be two quite delightful people, as unconventional as the Wetherbys themselves, and overflowing with spontaneous gratitude for all that had been done for Terry, it was a very pleasant surprise.

A further surprise for them was the discovery that Mrs. Matheson was considerably her husband's senior, although as Phil remarked after the visitors had left, "She doesn't give you the impression of being so much the elder, even when you actually know that she is."

As a matter of fact, Nell Matheson was forty-one, precisely eleven years older than her husband, but love and common-sense had somehow managed to bridge the gap between them.

All this she poured out with an engaging candor when, after a necessarily brief visit to the sick-room—since Terry was not yet equal to talking for long at a time—she and her husband were served tea by the assembled Wetherbys and Aunt Jem.

"So you see, it's part of my job in life to keep young," she told them light-heartedly. "Men age so much more quickly than women nowadays, that if I do my job properly Dick will overtake me one day. And then people will stop saying: 'Oh, my dear, isn't it dreadful? She's *years* older than her husband! And yet they seem quite happy.'"

THE following day Dr. Brodie gave permission for his patient to come downstairs for a short time. To his own immense astonishment Terry found that it was quite an effort, even leaning on Phil's arm, to descend the stairs, and when she had established him in an easy-chair by the playroom window he was very content to remain there.

"I feel as weak as a cat," he confessed disgustedly. "I've only a month's holiday, and it seems a wicked waste of time to spend any of it merely sitting around in an armchair . . . We might be doing such lots of jolly things together."

He spoke as though it were the most natural thing in the world that they should be "doing things together," and Phil felt a queer little thrill of pleasure stir within her, of pleasure and of some other more subtle and less easily defined emotion.

"What are you taking a holiday from?" she asked shyly.

"From trying hard to be an architect," he answered with a smile. "As a matter of fact I've passed my exams and wanted to get into a job as quickly as possible. But an uncle offered me the chance of a year's travel abroad, and as I'm as poor as a church rat and never likely to get such an opportunity again, I accepted it . . . I'm rather sorry now that I did."

"Sorry!" Phil almost gasped with astonishment. "But how can you possibly be sorry? Why"—thinking of Guy's reluctance to give Piers any such start in life—"It's a chance in a lifetime!—We don't possess any useful uncles in our family, and our one and only parent declines to be bothered with us. Still, we manage to enjoy life pretty well," declared Phil, with a smile. "We're all crazy about the sea. Do you know how to sail a boat?"

"I do. You'll find that I'm full of unsuspected talents as you get to know me better." He paused, then asked abruptly: "Wouldn't you feel disposed to trust me?"

She was acutely conscious of his eyes upon her, eager and compelling, and against her will she felt her own forced to meet them. The shadow of something strange and unknown, half-sweet, half-terrifying, seemed to enfold her. She was nervously aware of new impulses clamoring against her heart, imperiously demanding.

The circumstances of her life had left her singularly simple and wholehearted, far more so than most girls of her age—utterly untouched by the wings of love. And now, when for the first time she felt them brush against her with their inevitable touch, she shrank away instinctively.

"Wouldn't you trust me?" Terry's question still seemed to vibrate against her ears, claiming response. Her answer, when at last it came, sprang from a frightened defiance of the unknown.

[*Continued on page 92*]

What every young baby should know

"Sometimes I wonder how I could have been so young and foolish! Mind you—up to the time I was five months old, I didn't know what real comfort was. I was chafed all the time. And so cross . . . no wonder I couldn't sleep as much as our baby book said I should!

Then . . . my mother finally fixed things up. 'Here's a powder made specially for you!' she said—and with that, something lovely came into my life! It's powder—but oh, so different from any we'd ever used before. So much softer and finer. It cuddles up next to me, gentle and cool—and now I know what real comfort is! If my mother had known what it would mean to me, I'm sure she'd have told me much—much—sooner!"

• • •

The Chief Chemist says—every mother *should know.* To understand the important difference in baby powders, you must know the difference in *talcs*.

For Johnson's Baby Powder, only the finest Italian talc is used. This is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, needle-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope. You'll find the difference this way, too . . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger. Now do the same with other powders . . . you'll know, soon enough, if they're made with inferior talc! Another important thing to remember—Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no* stearate of zinc. Decide wisely!

Now—a soap that is really good enough for babies! Johnson's Baby Soap is made *especially* for babies—from purest high-grade olive and other vegetable oils. It is as bland and soothing as the finest Castile soaps—but unlike Castile, Johnson's Baby Soap gives a rich, smooth lather and rinses off quickly and completely, leaving the skin soft and velvety. Note this fact, also—whereas Castile soaps are frequently impure and inferior in quality, every cake of Johnson's Baby Soap conforms to the highest standards of purity and excellence.

This cream brings special comfort to babies! Johnson's Baby Cream is also made especially for babies, from purest ingredients. It is bland and soothing, and relieves chafing, chapping, "diaper rash" and other mild irritations of the skin. A little of this cream, rubbed gently on the baby's face and hands before going outdoors, will prevent chapping and windburn on cold days.

FREE SAMPLES! *In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample—free of charge. With it, we will send you free samples of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, for you to try in connection with the powder. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. 4-C, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.*

Johnson & Johnson

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS: "ZO" CARTRIDGE SPOOL ADHESIVE PLASTER, ETC.

SOAP

Johnson's Baby Powder

CREAM

Which Sheets Wear Longest?

Direct from life come these frank answers . .

Answers from arid Nevada, where sheets have to be shaken free of wind-blown sand. Answers from Maine, where sheets freeze stiff and crackly on the clothesline. Women all over America sent these answers—to one vital question: "Which sheets wear longest?" Overwhelmingly, the answer is—*Pequot!* These notes indicate the nation-wide preference for Pequot and explain why it is today the most popular brand of sheets in America!

* * *

"I have been married 17 years—and have never bought a sheet!" When I was married my mother insisted I should have Pequot sheets and pillow cases, and she surely had good judgment. She had always used Pequot and they certainly wear.

My sheets have had hard wear. I have brought up two boys on them. They have been washed in all kinds of laundries and have been used for camping, at home for Magic Lantern Sheets, for tents, at home when the boys were young, for Hallowe'en costumes and in many other ways.

Mrs. Lois C. Weymouth, Berkeley, Cal.

"Four Husky Youngsters . . ." I use Pequot sheets because they are of good heavy weave and seem more durable than other brands I've used. I have four husky youngsters and need material that will withstand hard usage!

Mrs. F. R. Harville, Vallejo, Cal.

* * *

"Camping from Maine to California" My Pequot sheets appear good for another seventeen and a half years! At any rate, I have never found the least sign of wear on any of them—and some have been "camping" from Maine to California, and back again! And camping is hard on everything.

Blanche Benton Lonegren, Old Stockbridge, Mass.

* * *

"From my mother's hope chest—and still in use!" Still in use in our home are three Pequot sheets which were a part of my mother's hope chest. They are thirty-three years old. Two of them are in perfect condition. The third shows slight wearing on the selvages. Of course there have been many sheets to keep these three company, but no special care has been given them.

Miss Florence Fitzgibbons, Beverly, Mass.

PEQUOT IS THE MOST POPULAR SHEET IN AMERICA

Story-time! No matter how dreadful the dragon, or perilous the adventure, Sonny feels snug and secure between his smooth white Pequot Sheets!

Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, Salem, Mass., Parker, Wilder & Co., New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco: Selling Agents.

FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 90*]

"I don't know," she stammered, breathing fast. "I—oh, I don't know."

Soon the brief and pleasant interlude was over and Terry was going away. Not very far, admittedly; Hedgecroft was only a bare mile distant from the Grange.

But Phil realized that the daily, hourly intimacy they had shared while he was under the same roof with her was at an end.

"This is my last evening here." Terry paused, then with a flash of whimsical amusement: "Of course, it might easily have occurred earlier! Actually, I was quite fit to move on to Hedgecroft three days ago. Only, you see, I didn't want to leave."

"I'm glad you didn't." Phil replied mechanically.

Nor did she look at him as she spoke. Her gaze was fixed on the stretch of moon-washed sea that lay below, fading vaguely into the dim line of the horizon. Deep within a frightened voice was repeating: "What shall I do without you? What shall I do without you?"

It seemed as if Terry knew what that silent inner voice was reiterating for suddenly he looked down at her and said:

"But we've got three weeks left, Phil. Three whole weeks before I really go away. Isn't it marvelous?"

"Yes, it's marvelous," she whispered, just above her breath.

"So that we haven't got to say goodbye . . . Only goodnight."

As he spoke, his arms went round her. She felt his young, passionate lips on hers, and at the touch something that had been stirring uncertainly within her kindled suddenly into flaming and imperishable life.

IT was a blue and gold day, with a fresh breeze blowing so that the pair of rather hefty oars *The Last Hope* always carried, for emergency use in the event of being becalmed, appeared unlikely to be required on this occasion.

Phil lay back idly in the stern, letting her fingers trail in the water whenever the little sailing-boat, speeding before the wind, dipped in the dancing sea. Beside her, his hand on the tiller, sat Terry.

His face wore a somewhat inscrutable expression, as though his thoughts were conflicting with each other, and his eyes, outwardly alertly fixed upon the goal toward which he was steering the small vessel, were curiously shadowed.

The goal in question was a diminutive island, which still poked up its head defiantly above the water, despite the scourgings of centuries of storm and weather. Saint's Island, it was called.

Tourists and summer holiday-makers in the district usually made a point of visiting the place, and it had been a long arranged plan between Phil and Terry that they should go there together.

But somehow the days had gone by until they had slipped into weeks without the project's materializing. Either the sea had been too rough for them to risk making the crossing in *The Last Hope,* or else some other amusement had occupied the time.

And now that they were actually on their way thither, Phil realized with a shock of dismay that this expedition was the very last that she and Terry would share together, since his departure from Torrenby was fixed for the day after tomorrow.

Looking back, Phil knew that these last three weeks had held a strange, breathless happiness which had never entered her life before—an elusive magic that had turned the extremely commonplace little happenings of every day into something tinglingly momentous.

Their love had been as perfectly simple and natural as the drawing together of two young forest creatures—youth had called to youth, and each of them had heard the call in their hearts and knew, even though no word had yet been spoken, that it could not be denied.

HERE we are!" said Terry, breaking the lengthy silence which had fallen between them.

It did not take long to lower the sail and anchor *The Last Hope,* and presently Terry and Phil were making their way up the foreshore, the former carrying a picnic-hamper which Jemima had packed up with no stinting hand.

"Well, what shall we do first? Eat? Or visit the hut and the chapel?" Phil asked.

"Being a quite material-minded person I vote we eat," said Terry. "We can pay our respect to Saint Hubert after lunch." And forthwith he proceeded to unpack the hamper.

"You were perfectly right," he remarked later on. Their healthy young appetites satisfied, they lay lounging side by side on the sun-baked turf, contentedly smoking and talking. "Aunt Jem certainly estimates on a plus basis! There's enough left over for another meal, if we want it."

Phil's eyes followed the drift of smoke from her cigarette as it floated lazily along the quiet air.

"Aunt Jem is the sort of person who estimates whatever she gives on a plus basis—love and kindness and everything else, I think," she said softly. "There aren't a great many Aunt Jems in the world."

"Perhaps there are more of her sort than you're giving the world credit for," suggested Terry. "After all, even the old chap who lived on this island gave up everything, if you stop to think about it."

Phil's wide-apart hazel eyes regarded him pensively.

"But he did that for himself, with the idea of saving his own soul," she objected with unusual conviction. "I can't see anything particularly praiseworthy in that."

Terry sat up abruptly. "Do you mean to say you don't approve of anyone for giving up what they like, going without the very thing they most want?" he demanded.

A faint flush rose to Phil's face, and for a long, sober moment she was silent. Then she spoke a trifle unevenly.

"Not if they are only doing it for themselves, to save their own pride or clear their own corner. To save their own souls, in fact," she wound up with a rather unsteady laugh.

[*Continued on page 94*]

The women of **FRANCE** *rely on* "**LYSOL**" *for true cleanliness*

THE women of France well understand that in feminine hygiene the right antiseptic must be used.

Why are they so certain of "Lysol" Disinfectant? Because they know that for 40 years their doctors have relied implicitly on it at that most critical time in any woman's life... when certain, thorough disinfection is imperative . . . during childbirth.

What more comforting assurance could any woman have that "Lysol" is the right antiseptic for *her* to use in her personal cleansing?

After 40 years, the weight of medical opinion is that nothing has yet been found to take the place of "Lysol"—and today the world uses over 7 million *gallons* a year for general disinfection and for feminine hygiene.

It is unwise, so unnecessary, to experiment. Get a bottle of "Lysol" today. Follow the explicit directions that come with the bottle. And be confident you are right.

Send the coupon for our free booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It contains a woman physician's professional advice and simple rules.

Sole distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J.

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Lysol Disinfectant

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors,* Dept. 375, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me, free, your booklet,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"

Name.....
Street .....
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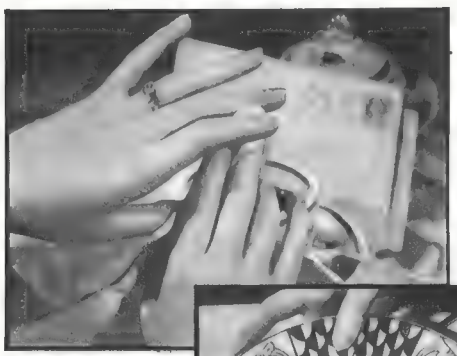
"Do Women with Maids have Lovelier Hands?"



(Below) Actual photograph of the lovely hands of a woman who does all her own work —gives her hands the simple beauty care described below.

(Above) Hands of a woman whose 3 maids relieve her of all housework. (Actual photograph.)

We asked 305 Famous Beauty Shops

"Can you tell from looking at a woman's hands whether she does her own work?"

WE put this question to the experts in 305 of the finest beauty salons in the country . . . here is the answer they gave us—

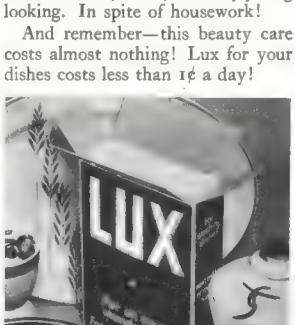
"With all our experience we *cannot* distinguish between the hands of the woman who has servants to do all her work and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in her dishpan. Lux gives real beauty care."

Right in your dishpan

Isn't it wonderful to know that right in your dishpan you can have beauty care for your hands? . . . that Lux for all your soap and water tasks means hands as truly lovely as those of the woman of leisure and wealth?

Here is the reason—Lux suds are so very gentle and bland they protect and soothe the precious beauty oils of the skin . . . keeping busy hands smooth, white, adorably young looking. In spite of housework!

And remember—this beauty care costs almost nothing! Lux for your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!



The wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known . . . Lux in your dishpan. Keeps your hands smooth and white for less than 1¢ a day!

Lovely Hands for Less than 1¢ a Day . . .

FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 92*]

And whether or no Terry understood it, her answer held a desperate, unvoiced question—the aching longing of a woman to know why a man who has implied by every look and word and action that he cares for her, still withholds the actual avowal of his love.

Presently, at Phil's suggestion, they repacked the hamper, and leaving it beneath the shelter of a projecting boulder near where they had picnicked, made their way toward the little chapel of Saint Hubert.

Old and disused though it might be, the tiny edifice, perched so alone on an island crag, with the sound of the waves below beating up eternally around it, held a sense of consecration, of something hallowed by the suffering and belief of dim centuries ago.

Terry had hardly spoken since they had entered the chapel and stealing a fugitive, questioning glance at him Phil saw that he was standing gazing down at the primitive little altar with a queer, untranslatable expression on his face. His eyes were curiously bright as though they visioned something rather wonderful, but his mouth—that eager, passionate mouth every line of which she had learned to love—was compressed almost into a straight line.

She wondered what he was thinking about. But he gave her no clue. Instead, he swung round abruptly toward the entrance.

"I think we'd better be going, don't you?" he said in a clipped, off-hand way that somehow seemed to set her miles apart from him.

Mechanically she assented. She had a numbed feeling that everything between them was at an end, that Terry was trying to make her understand this, was trying to make her realize that theirs had been only the passing companionship of a summer holiday.

SHE turned blindly to leave the chapel and, not heeding where she was going, tripped over the uneven threshold and stumbled to her knees. Instantly Terry was bending over her.

"Hurt? Are you hurt?" The words raced from his lips, charged with something that sounded like terror.

She struggled up to her feet, forcing a smile. She had struck one of her knees sharply against a rock, and for a moment the pain was acute. But it did not seem to count at all against that bewildering inner pain which she was suffering.

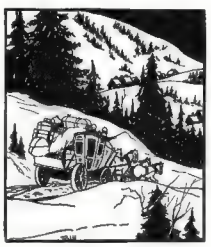
"No, I'm not hurt," she answered. And immediately she felt his arms, which had closed round her, hastily withdrawn.

Sensitively conscious of that quick withdrawal, she set off along the path which led from the chapel, Terry following her. But no sooner had they emerged into the open once more than she halted abruptly, her glance narrowing down to where a fleet of small fishing-boats could be seen heading toward Torrenby harbor. Thence it swept the sky, which had changed considerably in appearance while she and Terry had been visiting Saint Hubert's hut and chapel.

It was no longer blue, but filmed over with a pallid gray. Toward the left a bank of heavy clouds had risen on the horizon and was spreading rapidly, while unexpected little gusts of wind whipped the surface of the water into uneasy waves.

She turned to Terry with a sudden tensity in her face.

"We ought to get back at once," she said rapidly. "There's a storm coming. Do you see? All the fishing boats are making for home as fast as they can. They wouldn't be doing that unless they expected something pretty bad in the way of a gale."



He nodded briefly in response. There was no mistaking the threatening aspect of the weather, and in a flash he realized that very possibly real danger lay ahead.

"Come on," he said, taking her by the arm. "Straight to the boat. We can't wait to pick up the hamper. Hurry!"

And suddenly aware that he had taken complete command of things, Phil found herself hurried down the steep slope toward the shore, slipping and sliding as she went, but with Terry, amazingly sure-footed, at her side, his hand under her arm steadying and assuring her as she scrambled downward.

IT WAS only a matter of a few moments to untie *The Last Hope* and push off. Between the gusts of wind they contrived to hoist the sail and head her straight for the mainland, and at first it seemed to Phil as though the threatened storm were dispersing. But as soon as they emerged from the comparative shelter of the island into the open sea she received a rude awakening. The sky had darkened to a thunderous purple black, and the wind seemed to come shrieking from every quarter at once blowing in violent gusts which sent the little boat lurching perilously.

Holding the mainsheet in her hands, ready to slacken or make fast each time the boom swung over as they tacked to catch the wind, Phil threw a swift glance at Terry. His face was set as he sat gripping the tiller.

"Can we do it?" she asked suddenly, raising her voice above the hurly-burly of the weather. Something in the defiant set of Terry's mouth made her realize that they might never succeed in reaching land.

"We're going to, somehow," he returned grimly.

And then, as though jeering at their puny human strength for pitting itself against the storm, the wind slewed round abruptly and *The Last Hope* rolled broadside on to the turbulent waves.

"Look out!"

Terry shouted as he dragged the struggling helm to port and held it there. The wet mainsheet tore through Phil's hands.

For a breathless moment she watched the boom quiver uncertainly. Then, with sudden violence it swung over, and, crouched on one knee in the bottom of the boat, she ducked her head sharply to avoid it.

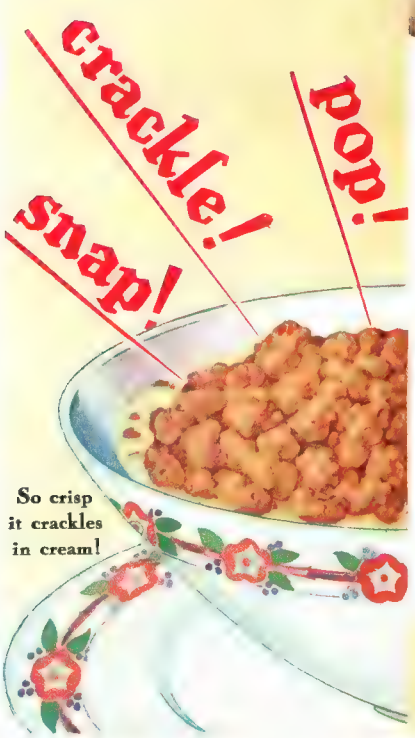
Almost in the same instant something struck her, knocking her sideways, and with a roaring in her ears as of many waters, she sank into the black darkness of unconsciousness.

[*Continued in* APRIL McCALL'S]

THE GREATER BEAUTY, comfort and durability of Fisher Bodies have always and quite properly been emphasized, but the really vital thing about them—today more than ever in the past—is that they give a car greater value. That value arises from the superior quality which extends throughout every Fisher Body and reveals itself more and more convincingly with every passing month of use. Long after lesser strength of construction and goodness of materials would have developed many defects, the Fisher Body is certain to retain its beauty, its comfort, its weather-tightness, its sturdy structure. These advantages are made all the more desirable by reason of the fact that the cars of which Fisher Bodies form so important a part, are the leaders of their price fields. General Motors cars—and these cars only—bring the motor car buyer the benefits of Body by Fisher. This joining of a higher-value body with a higher-value chassis completes a car of so much greater value, that to most buyers it will seem obviously futile to seek its equal anywhere but in a higher price field.

GENERAL MOTORS

It pops!
It snaps!
It crackles!
And how good it tastes!



You can't imagine a more fascinating cereal! So crisp it actually crackles when you pour on milk or cream. No wonder Rice Krispies were a sensation from the start—and are now one of the very largest-selling cereals!

How good those nourishing rice bubbles do taste! Crisp with crunchiness, rich with flavor. Youthful appetites welcome milk when it comes with Rice Krispies.

Serve this tempting cereal for your own midday meal. With sliced fruits or honey. Delicious for breakfast, lunch or dinner. And the kiddies' supper—so wholesome and easy to digest.

Good to munch right out of the package. Butter and serve like pop corn. Sprinkle into soups. Use in candies, macaroons, in place of nutmeats.

Order Rice Krispies at hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, on dining-cars. At all grocers. Always in the red-and-green package. Always so crisp they crackle in cream! Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

[*Continued from page 18*]

truly great and noble Ambassador of righteousness and good will.

At the memorable Stockholm Conference of 1925, Bishop Brent declared with tremendous impressiveness, that the Christian Church could, if it would, exterminate war by exterminating the causes of war. His declaration was received by the Conference with the most earnest assent.

"If," continued the Bishop, "I am called a fool for saying this, then I am God's fool."

Truly, he joined that morning a bright array of prophets, priests and lawgivers.

"God's fools!" Such were the Saints of all ages, the Pilgrims, the Quakers, St. Francis, George Fox, John Wesley, John Bright, Abraham Lincoln. Who, acquainted with them, would not wish to join their aristocracy?

And not a few of them opposed the World War.

The charge that institutional Christianity ignominiously collapsed in 1914 was sorrowfully admitted. The resolution that it should not be caught napping on the next occasion was registered on high.

"It must not happen again," is the slogan of right-minded and sagacious people of all creeds or of no particular creed. Should there be a repeated attempt thus to set the world on fire, I predict, from what I know, that the Church Universal will do more than merely make a gesture of protest. She will reaffirm in practical and far-reaching fashion the truths of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man as fatal to the claims of aggressive conflict.

The three agencies here named: the Church Universal, the Higher Intelligence of the Race, and the Industrial Order, are moving in the direction of the Holy Mountain of Isaiah's vision. They have still a long distance to go and grave difficulties to overcome. But what has been achieved since 1918 affords reasonable ground for the statement of Mr. H. G. Wells, that a century from now three major Powers will control the earth—namely: The United States of America, the United States of Europe, and the United States of Asia, headed by China.

NOWHERE more than in the United States is it true that the new epoch is instantaneously born from the old. Reading history backward the first century of the Christian era is one clear line of demarcation. Another is thrust between Medieval and Modern times by the discovery of the West Indies. Since then we, as a nation, have known three periods: the first, of colonization; the second, of constitutionalism and agrarian settlement; the third, in which this Republic has arrived at a majestic national consciousness.

Probably our ancestors, who lived through these momentous changes, were not always conscious of them. But it is now fairly certain that the United States of America has attained its majority; and will assume a position of paramount influence during the next five hundred years. We have already commingled the races in our population, and are now definitely decided upon a policy of Immigration.

What America thinks about all schemes for pacification is profoundly interesting to the statesmen, journalists and bankers of Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Italy and France, as well as to those of Great Britain.

Conceive, if you can, America as a land of continental extent, with practically exhaustless resources; a prosperous, happy and contented people; and half the gold in the world in its coffers. I submit that no country has more need of wisdom, of humility, and of a wise, far-sighted foreign policy than has the United States.

If Spain, by virtue of her military and naval strength, ruled the sixteenth century; and England, since the defeat of the Invincible Armada, has been the mistress of the Atlantic, who shall put limits upon the future sway of this Republic? It stands midway between the old world and the new to furnish a mediating and reconciling ministry, which, if exercised justly, will crown our democracy with honors no triumphant wars can confer.

What awaits the girl and boy graduate beyond the college gate? How will the world receive them?

Rita Halle

in

WANTED: A CHANCE

throws a penetrating light upon this problem which will come to millions in the spring, when as many caps and gowns are folded tenderly and packed away in attic trunks

In McCall's for April

A COTERIE of authors among us has written disparagingly about Europe and of the nationalism which has brought that continent to the verge of ruin. Other authors have painted her in despicable colors as a hypocritical beggar whining at Uncle Sam's door for a pittance, and caring nothing for justice and peace. It is always risky to indulge these criticisms.

What are the facts about the European nations as they now stand?

Their artistic and intellectual riches are beyond reckoning; and broad-minded Americans rightly contend that Europe's good is our good as her ill is our ill. The nations of the earth sink or swim, survive or perish, together. It is heartening to know that the majority of these nations are slowly climbing out of the pit which their mistaken or treacherous rulers dug for them.

The Treaty of Versailles made no peace which was pure and permanent. In it the victors imposed their own terms upon the vanquished. Cannes, Genoa, and Lausanne afterward tried in vain to render that Treaty workable. The Dawes plan undertaken at the suggestion of Mr. Hughes, marked the incoming of America's shrewdest business brains to redeem the wreckage of international finance, and evolve order out of its chaos.

Six years and three months after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles the Conference at Locarno was convened. Great Britain, Germany, France, Belgium and Italy had at last relegated to the rear war and its tumult of suspicion and lies, and settled down to the stimulating task of attaining a Peace which should light the world with a welcome radiance.

As if to emphasize the "miracle of Locarno" it was Germany's Security Pact which won acceptance there. Had any publicist or politician assigned to her in 1918 the rôle of peacemaker, he would have been laughed down as an idiot. Yet this is exactly what Stresemann achieved for his country; and with it her restoration to a high place in the councils of Europe.

Words fail to convey any adequate idea of his diplomatic triumph. There was a peculiar fitness in the priority given Dr. Stresemann to be the first to announce the decisions of Locarno. He it was, who, supported by the calm strength of his colleagues, after having already made the Dawes plan possible, showed in this Conference that at least one truly great German had learned something from the war.

The world at large is to be congratulated upon the results of the agreement, and these can now be stated in their order.

To appreciate them properly, however, think, in passing, of the conditions under which the Conference met. Think of what has come of all the rivalry, the struggle for prestige, for territory, for gain. The thrones of Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow are empty. The worst terms of the Versailles Treaty yet prevail. Russia after years of internal convulsion, terror, and untold horrors has small compensation for her travail. America was not officially present at the Locarno Conference. Nevertheless, the Convenant rises to fame; it ordains that France and Germany shall never go to war again, and that they shall arbitrate all mutual disputes in perpetuity. All existing treaties are to remain unaffected and Germany resumes her standing before mankind. She, France, and Belgium agree that the Rhineland shall constitute an unfortified frontier which neither one nor the other shall violate. Great Britain and Italy unitedly sustain this undertaking, and will resent any aggression upon the neutral zone, be it made by France, Belgium, or Germany. The League of Nations stands behind and is sponsor for the Locarno Pact, and its rules governing arbitration will interpret its terms.

SOMETHING more, however, was needed, and that something more was contributed by the Pact of Paris, ratified during the year 1929 and crowning the work of pacification up to date. The names of M. Briand, ex-President Coolidge, ex-Senator Kellogg and President Hoover and Secretary Stimson are inseparably associated with this great instrument. But it was born in the brain of a private citizen of the United States, Mr. Salmon O. Levinson, of Chicago, who enforces afresh the observation of Emerson that "the only thing in the world of value is the active soul which every man contains within him."

The Pact is not only a product of the highest American statesmanship; it also resembles Christ's great adventure for mankind, in that it relies upon the moralized intelligence of the nations it protects.

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from loose pins and buttons

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Baby Garments

No Pins No Buttons

PROTECT the tender little body. Keep Baby safe from pricking pins and twisted buttons, and danger of swallowing a pin or a button. Vanta Baby Garments tie with dainty bows of twistless tape, making them always comfortable, never too tight nor too loose, adjustable as baby grows. No turning or twisting to dress him so safely in the softest, downiest Vanta Quality Garments and Hosiery that Mother-love can desire.

DOCTORS and nurses everywhere recommend Vanta which originated the idea of dressing babies without pins and buttons for the first two years. Every prescribed weight of knitted fabrics in silk, wool, linen mesh, rayon, sase, cotton, fashioned so carefully for tiny bodies. Every Vanta Garment is guaranteed non-shrinkable, always giving perfect protection.

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Meat pie with mushroom cover. The mushrooms should be added the last ten minutes. The Open Baking Dish is perfect for all kinds of meat pie, creamed meat; scalloped and au gratin fish; oysters.

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Bread pudding . . . just one of the countless desserts that are delicious, prepared and served in this dish. Ideal for puddings, soufflés, custards, and gelatin desserts.

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Don't miss the opportunity to buy the Pyrex Open Baking Dish at nearly one-third less than the regular price. Be sure to buy early—because your dealer has only a limited number of these dishes. When his present supply is exhausted, they will go back to their regular price. You can get them in the houseware or china sections of department stores and in hardware stores. No dishes will be sold direct from factory. Canadian price, regularly $1.50—reduced to $1.00.

When you are making your purchase, be sure to ask to see the extremely interesting group of other Pyrex dishes. Among them are a Two-Piece Dish for waterless cooking in the oven; a Divided Dish that does the work of two dishes; a Pyrex Platter that bakes foods perfectly and looks beautiful on the table.

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Please send me your FREE Menu Booklet containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time. New edition, beautifully illustrated in color.

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CHEAP

[*Continued from page 21*]

all their intimacy: "Linda Merring's coming back from California Thanksgiving. I've told you about her—you know, the family's choice for Jerry! Jerry's, too, or always has been!"

Janet was pretending to do trigonometry. "Oh!" she said, and went on with sines and cosines.

"She's Jerry's kind, exactly!" Pam went on. "Trees and poetry—no money! Jerry'll never have anything, so it's really quite perfect!"

JANET drew a circle too carefully, drew it again and again.

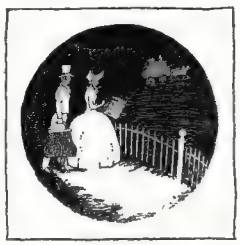
"There are lots of girls like that," she said finally, faintly defiant.

"Oh, I don't know so many! Not like Linda. It's not pretense with her. If she slept out in the woods, rolled up in a blanket, she'd do it because she loved the stars and the night—not as the rest of us would, because it would be a stunt! And she doesn't care a rap about clothes! Lucky for Jerry!"

"Isn't it, though?"

Right then, in her heart, she said, "She can't have him!"

No one had ever taken what she wanted away from her before, but, nevertheless, she was afraid. She said to herself: "She's one of these athletic girls—plain and dowdy but terribly intelligent!"



Still, she was afraid. All summer she had to be afraid, for Jerry was on Mount Monadnock again.

Then it was Thanksgiving.

On Thanksgiving morning, dressed all in brown, she came downstairs, called Rags.

"To Pamela's so early?" Cousin Mary asked.

"No. Just off by myself with Rags!"

Cousin Mary gave her a quick, troubled look.

"They—they tell me Jerry Hilver's engaged to this girl that's there!"

"They do?" Janet laughed. Then she said lightly, "They're wrong, Cousin Mary!"

But out on the familiar road, a bright brown figure in the bright brown day, she did not laugh. "She can't have him! She can't have him!" drummed in her heart.

She met them face to face in the wood path beyond the old schoolhouse—Jerry and Linda Merring. Plain? Dowdy? Terribly intelligent? Janet knew, with a hard hurt in her heart, that she had never seen a face so lovely. Linda Merring was tall, nearly as tall as Jerry. Her dark hair was combed back plainly and was beautiful so. Her eyes were fine, mature. Janet was aware of her youth, of her own gamin provocativeness beside Linda's wise beauty.

"You must come over with Pam!" she heard herself saying.

She was going on, her hands clenched tight in her tweed coat's pockets. "Here, Rags!" She must keep Rags beside her, so she could go on steadily, not looking back at the two tall figures. But she was not steady. Nevertheless, her heart kept saying, "You can't have him! You can't have him!"

It wasn't so hard, after all. Not hard at all, really, for almost at once—in a few days—she found the weakness in Linda's armor.

The four of them tramped to the inn on the Ramsdell road. Pamela was in high spirits.

"I'll bet I can jump that fence!" she called out once.

They took turns, four athletic young people who scorned fences.

Then, as Linda's turn came, Jan saw her suddenly wince. She did not try again. When they came to the inn, Linda called Pam aside and said: "Do you suppose I could get some witch hazel and a bandage here? I think I've sprained my wrist!"

It was right then that Janet knew Linda's weakness. It was this—that Linda would never make a fuss. She would never ask for sympathy or kindness. You knew what she was: You could take her or leave her. That was her weakness—pride in her own dignity. Janet knew that no man would appreciate that pride, not even Jerry; men resented self-sufficiency in a woman; they wanted to give sympathy and protection.

But it was Christmas before some curious inhibition let her use her knowledge. Perhaps she wouldn't have then had they not skated one night and the memory come too sharply of the first time she had skated with Jerry and had felt so warm and glad and at home. Seeing him skating with Linda hurt too much.

On this night, Jerry said: "I'll walk over with you!"

She was quiet all the way across the snowy field, but at the door, she turned to him and said, half-wistfully: "Don't you want to come in and get warm, Jerry?" She knew just how she looked standing there in the snow. Cousin Mary sat by the fire, darning.

"Don't go, Cousin Mary!"

But Cousin Mary, seeing that look that had troubled her of late in the blue eyes, took herself and her stockings off to the kitchen.

JERRY put the skates down and dropped to the big chair by the fire.

"How quiet and cozy it is here!" he said warmly. "I get awfully sick of a crowd!"

She gave him a quick look. He was so brown, so kind, so dear. No, she could not bear it that Linda Merring have him. She could not bear it! She sat near him on a low stool. The plaid of her skirt made soft gaiety in the firelight.

"I do, too. I like people, though—one or two at a time!" She paused a wistful moment. Then, "I guess I was lonely too long to do without them now!"

"Lonely?" He laughed at her a little, and she laughed with him.

"But I was, really! This was all country not so long ago. There wasn't a soul to play with—just my dolls and I out under the mulberry tree! Dolls are wooden things, though I like live things! I used to pretend the hollyhocks were princesses come visiting and mornings I used to come down before the dew was off the grass and look under all the toadstools to see if maybe there wouldn't be one fairy left! There never was, though!"

There was a gentle little silence.

[*Continued on page 100*]

First sweeping HOLLYWOOD . . then BROADWAY . . and now the EUROPEAN CAPITALS . .

Lux Toilet Soap cares for the loveliest complexions in the world

You can keep *your* skin exquisitely smooth just as 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars do . . . .

LONG ago our own charming Hollywood stars discovered that for attractiveness a girl *must* have soft, smooth skin—and that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin at its loveliest!

Then the famous Broadway stage stars became equally enthusiastic about this delicately fragrant, white soap. Never have they been more grateful to it than since so many of them are playing in the talkies!

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In Hollywood alone
511 *lovely actresses use it*

Every girl who appears under the blaze of the great close-up lights *must* have flawless skin. And the talkies have so many, many close-ups!

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Small wonder, then, that in Hollywood alone, of the 521 important actresses, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. And every one of the great film studios has made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

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MARION DAVIES, Famous screen star — BEBE DANIELS, Radio Pictures' Player — EVELYN BRENT, Paramount

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MARY EATON, "Five O'Clock Girl" — HELEN HAYES, "Coquette" — MARILYN MILLER, "Sally" — BEATRICE LILLIE, "This Year of Grace" — LENORE ULRIC, "The Sandy Hooker" — ANN PENNINGTON, George White's "Scandals"

EUROPE

ARLETTE MARCHAL, French screen star — SUZANNE BIANCHETTI, French screen star — LUCY DORAINE, Franco-Slavic star — LIL DAGOVER, German star — MABEL POULTON, English star — JULIETTE COMPTON, English star

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BOTTLE babies sometimes have a pretty hard time of it. They gain slowly—nothing seems to "agree" perfectly. Mothers can't help worrying.

In thousands and thousands of cases like this, Eagle Brand has come to the rescue. Again and again this marvelously digestible food agrees when all else fails. Many a baby, literally starving to death because unable to digest his food, has been saved by Eagle Brand. Countless mothers and doctors, during the 70 years that Eagle Brand has been in use, have written to express grateful praise of this remarkable milk.

What is Eagle Brand? Simply pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar supplies carbohydrates required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building material and growth-promoting vitamins—the same food elements that are supplied by pasteurized Grade A milk. But here is the difference: Eagle Brand is so easily digested that it is comparable to mother's milk in this respect. It is so readily and perfectly assimilated that every drop of it goes to nourish the infant—to build firm bones, strong muscles, healthy tissue.

Your baby—is he thriving on his present food? If not, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare"—containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods advised by doctors—orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. "The Best Baby"—a beautiful little book, illustrated in color for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today.

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Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is.....months old.

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Please print name and address plainly.

CHEAP

[*Continued from page 98*]

"It's snowing!" she said presently, as if pulling herself back from somewhere. "Hear it on the windows?"

"I like it."

"I do, too."

"Were you really ever lonely, Jan?"

"Was I? Heavens, yes! But not since you and Pam came. Not so much, anyway. I used to want a brother so—I'd even dream of farm hands winning Father's approval and getting adopted! But when you and Pam came, everything seemed different—warmer. Sometimes, I get afraid that it's a dream and that I'll wake up and you won't live next door!"

He was silent but he put out a hand suddenly and drew her head to rest against the arm of his chair.

"Jerry . . . ."

"What, Jan?"

"You remember that first day we knew each other? Over on the Pond?"

"Of course!"

"Jerry, I went on purpose! I'd been over that way with Rags the day before and you were there skating. You—you looked so nice, like the brother I'd dreamed about having—so next morning I . . . . do you hate me for doing that?"

"Hate you, Jan? Look at me!"

But, for a moment, she could not look at him. She had a feeling of having betrayed that little girl who had truly looked under toadstools for fairies and bowed low to hollyhock princess; that little girl who had been so supremely content to be lonely.

But then she remembered Linda and Jerry skating side by side and she looked up at Jerry and let her heart come into her blue eyes, eyes a deep gray now, and stay there. And a look came into Jerry's eyes that she could have cried to see.

THEN his homely, dear face was against her hands and he was saying, "Oh, Jan, I love you! I love you! I love you!" over and over.

So it had been easy, after all. A few words before a fire in the midst of a storm that shut them in. A few wistful words and a look.

Pamela was quiet about it.

"I don't believe you want me for a sister!" Janet said to her one day.

Pamela gave her a troubled, though loving look.

"Oh, I do, but if you want the truth, I can't get Linda out of my head. It isn't that I like her better—it isn't that, Jan . . . ."

"They weren't ever engaged."

"No. But we'd grown up thinking it was going to be that way. It's going to break Linda's heart!"

"Maybe I have a heart, too."

"But you'd know how to mend yours. Linda won't even try!"

For a moment she almost hated Pam for her discernment.

She didn't finish college. She married Jerry, in the old stone house where she had spent her life. The yellow roses and larkspur and the snapdragons were in blossom and the great clumps of peonies along the drive. Janet felt free and glad, as if she were done with bargaining and could put even thought of it behind her. She thought, even humbly, that she would be a good wife to Jerry, better than Linda could have been.

But they'd only been married three weeks and they were waiting for word about Jerry's appointment as forest ranger in Washington, when Jerry's father said to her one day: "Janet, can't you talk Jerry out of this back to the wild stuff? I'm getting on in years and I want him here! He says he doesn't want money, but that's all nonsense. Everyone wants money, and he'd be fixed for life if he'd only have sense enough to stick to the Great Northwestern!"

And the day after he took her for a drive past a sweet white house near the edge of the city. "There!" he said, as if just discovering it. "There's a house made for you and Jerry! The stubborn young pup!"

She thought about the house all that day. That night she said, "Why don't you help your father out till you get word?"

"Oh, let's play till then!" he replied.

"I don't like to live on your folks, do you?"

"No. But I know Dad. And I know the Great Northwestern. If either of 'em gets a grip on you, it's for life!"

But in the end they rented the white house and Jerry went to work for his father.

And one day Jerry's father stopped at the house with a letter from Washington for Jerry.

"Jan . . . ."

She was seeing the envelope.

"Yes?"

"What's a decent salary for an energetic young man—a salary that'll allow for a little fun?"

She flushed a little.

"Oh, six or seven thousand!" she said lightly.

That night Jerry told her his father had offered him seven thousand to stay on. He told her a little soberly.

"Seven thousand!" she cried.

Just then he spied the government envelope. He gave a shout.

"Delivery from bondage!" he cried. "How soon can you pack?"

HE WHIRLED her around and kissed her joyously. She laughed; but then she drew away from him and went to the dining room window which looked out on a colorful patch of fall flowers.

"It'll break your father's heart!" she said presently.

"It'll have to, then. I told you how it would be. But I've got to go, Jan; it's my job!"

"I know . . . . but, Jerry, it's so easy to say, 'It's our life to live'!"

"It is our life."

"Your father's worked all his life for you! And my folks for me!"

"*Jan!*"

She had turned now, an appealing child in a green linen frock. His disbelief was queerly unsteadying.

"But Jerry, what if we'd have a baby—'way out there—on twenty-two hundred a year! We have to think of that!"

"I only wish I could have been a baby—'way out there."

"It's different with a woman. She might not get a doctor. Besides, a woman gets lonely!"

[*Continued from page 103*]

In this fine CHEESE

...a new time-mellowed flavor that only "CAVE CURING" can give!

The Kraft five pound loaf, with the rare "cave cured" flavor is now wrapped in a new silver foil, so marked that you can identify the smallest slice. Ask your dealer to cut any amount for you—Kraft American Cheese or Pimento. Also in the quarter and half pound package

Now, in this country, Kraft-Phenix, the world's greatest cheese makers, are offering everyone, everywhere, a new delight . . .

The teasing, long remembered flavor of "cave cured" cheese.

The same time-mellowed goodness that has made the limestone caves of Southern France—cool, deep, wind-blown—famous for the cheeses ripened in them!

To give you this rare delicacy of flavor, the ideal conditions of these famous caves of France have been reproduced. With infinite care and skill, nature is assisted in her unhurried task. Kraft cheese makers duplicate precise temperatures . . . regulate subtle variations of moisture and skilfully control ventilation.

Visitors to the Old World rejoice in the time-mellowed flavor of the cheeses served in even the smallest inns. Kraft Cheese . . . aged, ripe, mellow . . . makes this pleasure possible for everyone

Master cheese blenders choose . . . now a mild cheese, made in June when cows graze in the clover . . . now a "cave cured" cheese, with the ripened flavor that's the pride of Old World epicures. They blend, test, taste—until piquancy and mildness mingle in just the right degree.

With what proud results! The smooth creaminess revered by cheese lovers is there. So too is the tenderness. But a new savory quality has been added—a rich, mellow flavor that only Kraft "cave curing" can impart.

You'll want this cheese for impromptu lunches, for desserts, for any number of cooking uses. And because it is thoroughly ripened, it is one of the most digestible of foods.

Ask for it at your grocer's—Kraft American and Kraft Pimento. In the familiar quarter and half pound package. And in the five pound loaf, now wrapped in a fine new silver foil of striking design. There's a rare treat in store for you. Try some today. And remember Kraft Brick and Swiss Cheese, too.

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Here's that new Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin . . .

You make it in 3 minutes—serve it in an hour—It's an utterly new type of gelatin dessert—smoother and far more delicious

Dissolve in boiling water, add ice water. Put in ice box

At dessert time it's ready . . . tempting and colorful

AT LAST a way has been discovered to make gelatin desserts jell faster. It's a secret manufacturing process invented by the makers of Royal Gelatin Dessert.

You know how long ordinary gelatin takes to set . . . three or four hours. Even then it sometimes fails to jell.

This new Royal Gelatin Dessert cuts the time in half. And with modern electric refrigeration it sets in about an hour . . . or in some cases in less than an hour.

What a convenience! You prepare it in three minutes . . . along with the rest of the meal. Then into your ice box it goes.

At dessert time it's ready to serve—firm, yet tender . . . smooth and quivery . . . sparkling with color.

When you taste it, you notice a difference in flavor, too. Huge red raspberries . . . scarlet strawberries, ruby red cherries—that's what you taste in Royal Gelatin Dessert. The rich juiciness of orange, the sharp tang of lemon.

The flavors are always fresh—because Royal Gelatin Dessert is always fresh on your grocer's shelf. It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by the nation-wide delivery system of Standard Brands, Inc.

Doctors, you know, recommend gelatin both for its nutritive value and its easy digestibility. It's especially good for children . . . and how they love it! Let them eat it to their hearts' content.

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Five delicious flavors to choose from: Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, and Lemon.

You can make a variety of luscious, colorful desserts with Royal. Plain or fancy, garnished with whipped cream, fruits or nuts.

Strawberry Fruit Mould: Dissolve 1 package Royal Strawberry Gelatin Dessert in one cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. When it just begins to thicken, pour small amount in pint mould. Slice 2 or 3 halves of canned pears, and seed and cut in half ½ cup white grapes. When gelatin has set, arrange pieces of fruit as desired, to form design. Add more gelatin to cover fruit, chill until firm. Mix remaining fruit and gelatin, pour into mould. Chill until firm. Turn out and garnish with canned fruit and whipped cream.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

CHEAP

[*Continued from page 100*]

"I'd be there."

"I know."

She turned and looked again out toward the zinnias and marigolds and asters. She was still a long time. Then his cheek was against her hair and he was saying, "Jan, sweetheart!" but his hands did not touch her.

They stayed in the little white house.

"Dad's as happy as a boy!" Pamela told Janet. "But it must have been a struggle to persuade Jerry."

"Oh, not so much of a struggle!"

"He's had his heart on forestry since he was ten! And Linda was all for it, too!"

For an instant the ghost of Linda stood there, a most superior ghost who didn't know pretense.

"We rarely get our heart's desire," Janet said, not too seriously.

To do Janet justice, she made a gay place of the white house. She believed in getting the best of a bargain, but not in getting something for nothing at all. There were always laughter, a healthy excitement, pretty girls, there. And she gave it an air of permanency. It was her kind of life—a little garden, the little luxuries, intelligent, jolly people. It was the kind of life Jerry would love, once he had given up his thought of that other. But some nights Jerry seemed not to want young folks.

One night she read a poem and Jerry said, "Oh, yes, I know that!"

For some reason the ghost of Linda came to stand by her. She closed the book and could not finish the poem.

The baby for whom she had given up Washington forests, did not come.

"Any doctor'll say—not the first year or two!"

Then when they had been married nearly three years, Jerry's cousin in Ohio died, leaving a baby.

"Oh, Jerry!" Jan said. "It's our baby, made to order!"

JERRY looked at her with a strange wryness to his tender smile.

"Our baby?" he said slowly.

"Yes, ours! Jerry, it's an answer to prayer! The idea of having one was scaring me so . . . ."

Jerry got up, went to the window. Spring was come and there were crocus in the grass and red buds on the maples. But Jerry had spent a summer on Mt. Monadnock and looked down on giant pines and once had seen an eagle soaring . . . .

"Why were you scared?" he said presently, without looking around; but someone ran in and the moment was gone.

They took the baby and it was good and sweet.

"Oh, it's just nothing to have a baby!" she would boast, laughing. But she had thought it would be just the same as their own and it was never quite that. Jerry loved the baby, but there was always something there—some resentment that she couldn't get past.

Cousin Mary said to her once: "Is Jerry well, Janet?"

"Oh, yes! Why?"

"He looks tired—you ought to get him away somewhere!"

But it seemed Jerry would rather not take a vacation just now. She could go if she wanted to.

"It wouldn't be any fun without you there!"

He wouldn't go, though. She came over to his chair, sat on the arm of it.

"Jerry, what's the matter lately? Don't you love me?"

"Love you?"

She was ashamed that she had asked that. But something drove her on to ask: "You don't wish you'd married someone different—like Linda?"

"How could I wish that?"

His tired eyes worshiped her slim face and her shame somehow deepened.

Only a few days later, Pamela dropped in, pretending she had come for no reason at all, but Janet sensed at once that there was a reason. At last Pam said, "I must fly! Be out Sunday, won't you?"

"Why, yes, unless you're withdrawing the invitation!"

Pam laughed, then looked up from the flagstone path to Janet on the steps. "Jan, I feel a little guilty. I saw Linda Merring in town and before ever I thought, I asked her out for Sunday!"

Janet grinned a little teasingly at Pamela.

"Well, I think it's safe. We won't stab each other, I'm sure!"

But she stood there on the low steps and remembered with a clarity she had not known possible, the proud, beautiful face of Linda Merring looking at her from beside Jerry's dear, lean, homely face in a little path beside an old brick schoolhouse. The face seemed to challenge her. She thought of excuses for not going Sunday, but all seemed childish. She tried to tell Jerry, casually, that Linda was coming; could not do it; scorned herself because she could not.

THEN she was face to face with Linda before the old fireplace in Jerry's house and knew she had not been frightened for naught. Linda wore a soft, crêpe dress with little rambling, old-fashioned flowers on it, like one of the old challis patterns. The dress seemed to say to Janet's childishly brief skirts: "What! You're not grown up *yet!*"

She was saying: "Hello, Jerry. Why, the baby's not a bit like you!"

Janet hated her for saying that. Didn't she know? Of course she did!

Dinner was through with somehow, with Jerry a little too talkative; then music. Janet was wont to play to them softly as they sat by the fire and visited.

She couldn't do differently tonight, though she had a strange desire to take Jerry by the hand and lead him out of the house, away from all these people.

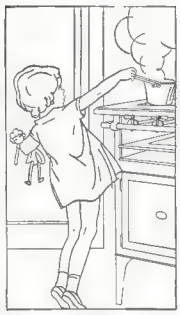
"Well, Linda, how goes it?"

She heard that clearly above her playing, though the voice was low. There was something about the voice that was different, a rested tone, as if he had come to a place where he never had to pretend.

"All right with me, Jerry. And you?"

It was as if Linda Merring had been waiting all these seven years to say those words to Jerry and as if all her heart's ease hung on his answer. Janet began some gentle thing of Beethoven that she had known for years, waiting all the time for Jerry's answer. And it

[*Continued on page 110*]



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Unguentine has taken the pain away!

It's little short of miraculous, the way Unguentine stops the pain from an ugly burn.

For cooling, *antiseptic* Unguentine penetrates the surface skin, and quickly relieves the inflamed, smarting tissues underneath. Unguentine heals gently, safely, and helps Nature build up fresh new tissues. Hardly ever is a scar left.

***Antiseptic*—guards against infection**

Unguentine is a powerful *antiseptic*, too. Unlike many other applications, Unguentine does not *dry* out and lose effectiveness. Unguentine continues to ease pain, continues to destroy invading germs, as long as it remains on the wound.

Eight out of every ten hospitals use Unguentine. Keep a tube on hand always. Use it not only for burns, but for cuts, scratches, insect bites, bruises. Easy to use—spread it on gently and generously.

Get Unguentine from your druggist today. Only 50c for a tube that will relieve every household injury for months to come. Write for free booklet "What to Do," by M.D. Stofer, M.D., Dept. UD3, The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Whenever you bathe burned or wounded skin, always use UNGUENTINE SOAP. *It is wonderfully soft and kind to tender skins.*

Unguentine

Quick-healing and *antiseptic* for

BURNS SCALDS
CUTS BRUISES

- Strong little backs
- straight little legs
- well shaped heads
- fine full chests
- sound even teeth

Bottled Sunshine builds them!

To most people, it is an interesting scientific discovery. To mothers of babies, it is vital news... this story of a strange factor in sunshine which babies must have to build straight bones and sound teeth.

This factor is known as Vitamin D. Without it, your baby cannot utilize the milk and vegetables that you so painstakingly prepare for him, to build good bones and teeth.

Of course sunshine is the greatest natural source of Vitamin D.

But under modern living conditions, it is hardly possible for your baby to get enough sunshine directly on his bare skin, to supply the Vitamin D he needs.

Clouds, fog, smoke and clothing shut out the precious rays that protect—the ultra-violet rays. These rays cannot even go through ordinary window glass.

You cannot depend upon sunshine as a day-in, day-out source of supply. But there is something you can depend upon. Good cod-liver oil—*Bottled Sunshine!*

In good cod-liver oil there is an ever abundant, constant supply of Vitamin D. This is why cod-liver oil has come to be as regular a part of infant feeding as milk and orange juice.

Baby specialists are always insistent on the use of *good* cod-liver oil, because they know that different oils vary in their content of Vitamin D.

Squibb's is a favorite with physicians because it is guaranteed to be very rich not only in Vitamin D, the bone-and-tooth-building vitamin, but also in Vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to certain infections.

Be sure that your baby gets a cod-liver oil that has been tested and proved to be the highest quality. Your physician will tell you that there is none better than Squibb's.

A New Mint-flavored Cod-Liver Oil

Expectant mothers also need Bottled Sunshine to protect their own teeth from decay, as well as help build good teeth and bones for the coming child. Squibb's new Mint-flavored Cod-Liver Oil is so easy to take—try it. You can get it at all drug stores.

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To the tune of the Duke's flute they danced and frisked

LITTLE MOUSE and THE OLD DUKE

By PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE

MANY years ago a lonely old Duke lived alone with his servants in a castle in Spain. He had no children and so his only pets were a cat and a dog. The dog was a Spaniel with scented ringlets and a blue bow on his collar, while the cat was powerful and as big as the dog. They were spoiled by too much luxury and would only yawn when their master would throw a ball for them to catch. Neither of them would make a move to bring it back to him. Every day their master would play on his flute of black wood inlaid with gold. The music was sweet but the cat and dog couldn't bear it, for it made them feel like howling. As they had been brought up with court manners, however, they did not give way to their feelings but would run to the bedroom and jump on the silken coverlet of the great four-poster bed and there go into an uneasy sleep.

One afternoon the music changed and wakened them. From being, as usual, plaintive and a trifle sad, it was now as merry and cheerful as a fairy jig. Then they heard tap-tap, tap from the old Duke's foot.

"We'd better see what's up," said the cat.

The Spaniel yawned. He always yawned before he spoke. "I was entirely comfortable," he answered. Nevertheless, he followed the cat off the bed.

The two stole slyly to the door which was partly open and looked out into the great music room. In it was a piano and dark furniture covered with bright blue leather. Spain is cold in the winter and as the old Duke spent much time in the music room, he wished more than the usual heat of a charcoal fire in a brass bowl, so he had sent away to Northern Europe for a big stove built of tiles. It was a handsome stove and historical scenes were painted on its tiles, and its pipe went high up into the lofty room before the elbow turned into the chimney.

Yes, the Duke was tapping gaily with his foot, and his silk cap was crooked on his head. He was looking down at the edge of the rug, where a little mouse was frisking and spinning and dancing around to the music. The mouse, hearing the music, had come up through a knot hole in the floor.

The cat and the Spaniel exchanged a surprised look. The Spaniel started to bark, he was so indignant, but the cat cuffed him sharply with his paw to be still. What a most unpleasant surprise this was to them, for they did not wish their master to love anyone else. Jealously they watched from behind the door until it grew dusk and the servant came in with the lighted candles. At the entrance of the servant the mouse slipped down the knot hole and the old Duke laid aside his flute. The old Duke planned to keep the visit of the little mouse to himself but he was all unaware that two pair of sharp eyes had watched his actions from the other room.

The cat and the Spaniel consulted how they could get rid of the mouse. Every night when all in the castle were asleep, the cat would glide out into the music room and watch by the knot hole to catch the mouse. He wished to kill him. The Spaniel always sat by the cat, but sometimes he would forget and fall sound asleep. Then when he moved in his sleep he would step on his own ringlets which would hurt and he would whimper and the cat would give him a cuff. For the cat could sit all night without moving. His eyes would be closed but he would hear every sound. [*Turn to page 146*]

You can't help but notice
how much softer and lighter Kotex is

Travel Apparel from Jay-Thorpe

Here is a sanitary pad that really fits . . . really protects. And women have the added assurance of knowing that 85% of America's leading hospitals choose this very same absorbent.

TODAY, with smartness a guide to every costume detail, women appreciate Kotex more than ever. For this sanitary pad is designed to fit securely, designed to protect adequately, without being in the least bulky. And it is soft . . . even after hours of wear!

Used in great hospitals

If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world, certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

Please remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with 5 times the absorbency.

It replaces thousands of pounds of surgical cotton in dressings. Last year hospitals bought 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads!

Kotex is so soft and comfortable because it is made up of layer upon layer of this unusual absorbent—Cellucotton. Each layer is a quick, complete absorbent in itself. And you can easily separate these layers, using only what needs demand.

The way the corners are rounded and tapered makes for further comfort. It explains, too, why Kotex leaves no revealing outline under the most close-fitting of frocks. Kotex deodorizes . . . gives that final measure of daintiness no smart woman dares overlook. Buy a box. Try it. After all, how else can you tell?

SAFE, SECURE . . .

1. Keeps your mind at ease.
2. ***Kotex is soft*** . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
3. ***The Kotex filler*** is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
4. ***In hospitals...*** The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
5. Deodorizes, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
At any drug, dry goods or department store; or singly in vending cabinets, through West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

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Prices are Lower — and We Pay Postage

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STYLES have changed! And to you this is good news, indeed—for the new styles are more becoming to all stout women. The new mode *favors* the fuller figure and the new lowered hemline is definitely more slenderizing.

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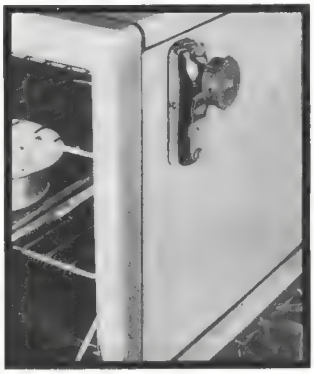


Most gas and electric ranges are now equipped with oven regulators

MEASURED HEAT MEANS HAPPINESS

By DORIS W. McCRAY

RECENTLY a physician told me he had not tasted good custard since he was a boy at home, and asked me why his patients in the hospital were invariably served such unpalatable custards. The same question often comes to me from women who ask me why their custards are watery and tough.

There is just one secret about baked custard. It is summed up in the one word *temperature*. Too hot an oven makes a tough custard. The perfect oven always makes the perfect custard.

Indeed, correct temperature is the secret of nearly all successful cooking. We now know that heat, like ingredients, must be accurately measured. Given a reliable recipe and a means for calculating temperature, any amateur can become a good cook.

The implements for measuring heat are inexpensive and easy to use. A single thermometer can now be bought to take care of deep fat frying and candy making. It costs about two dollars. Formerly each of these processes demanded its own thermometer, hence the new type means a saving of a dollar or more.

To gauge oven heat you need either an oven regulator or an oven thermometer. My own regulator added fifteen dollars to the price of my new stove, but in addition to measuring the heat it automatically controls the flow of gas during the cooking process, so that the oven temperature remains uniform without my having to watch it. (Electric ranges, also, are made with oven regulators.)

The portable oven thermometer costs about two dollars and is really a necessity for stoves not equipped with regulators.

At the altitude where I live water boils, not at 212° F. as it does at sea level, but at 210° F. I discovered this by boiling my candy thermometer ten minutes in water. Now if a recipe tells me to boil my fudge to 236° F., I boil it to 234° F. instead. This point is important if one is to get perfect results in candy-making.

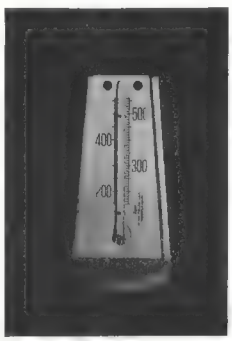
Whipped Cream—Perhaps your cream won't whip, or worse yet, it turns to butter. Again the reason is *temperature*. It must be thoroughly chilled; 50° F. is the right degree of coldness, a temperature which can be obtained in an efficient refrigerator. To maintain this low temperature during whipping it may be necessary to set the bowl in cracked ice or ice water.

Cottage Cheese—For tender, delicate cottage cheese heat the milk to 98° F. in a double boiler, if it is very sour. If it is less acid a temperature of 140° F. will not be too high.

Eggs—Do not *boil* eggs. For soft-cooked eggs drop them in boiling water, turn the heat off, and keep them at 175° F. for five minutes. Cooked this way eggs are deliciously tender.

For hard-cooked eggs, simmer them at 175° F. for 45 minutes. This method keeps them from being rubbery and indigestible.

Soft Custard—Soft custards will not curdle if cooked over a low flame in a double boiler until they barely coat the spoon. Long cooking, even at low temperature may cause curdling. If made of egg yolks, 183° F. is best, but if made of egg whites, 179° F. is better. Remember that the temperature in the top of the double boiler is from 190° to 200° F. when the water in the lower part is boiling.



A portable oven thermometer

Boiled Meats—A simmering temperature of 180° to 210° F. is best for boiled meats, as this makes them more tender than if they are actually boiled. Soup

[*Turn to page 140*]

THE "MYSTERY" VITAMIN IN ICEBERG HEAD LETTUCE PRESERVES YOUTHFUL VIGOR

Take INTERNAL SUN BATHS *Daily for* Radiant Health

THE Sun is the mother of us all. It ministers to us daily. Even when you sprawl on the beach, taking a sunbath, you are being fed with "sun-food"—your body is being renewed.

And when you eat a portion of lettuce—say, half a head—you are also taking a sun-bath—an internal sun-bath. For this lettuce is grown under the smiling, sunny skies of the great Far West. Day after day the ardent sun irradiates it—shoots myriads of rays into it—fills it with the actinic elements necessary to brimming health—in short, puts up a package of sunshine for you.

This is Nature's way. And when your home skies are dull, and the sun never peeps out all day, or shows only a pale, wan face, you can still take your internal sun-bath. For Iceberg head lettuce is at your grocer's in winter as well as in summer. Every day in the year you can serve Nature's concentrated sunshine on your table.

What You Eat, You Are

Remember this! What you eat, you *are*. The radiant energy of the child, the vitality of a vigorous man, the lithe grace and lustrous beauty of a woman are but transmutations of the food they have eaten. They are the reactions of body tissues—glandular, nervous, muscular—tuned to the concert pitch of health by the right foods.

In your body millions of little workmen—known to Science as cells—transform the food you eat into teeth, hair, bones, organs, glands. Yes, and into beauty, vitality and character. If you are forcing these cells, through an unbalanced diet, to make "bricks without straw," you are growing old before your time. You are tossing into the discard years of that virility which enables men and women to attract, achieve, win in love and business as well as in war.

The "straws" with which these little workmen bind together proteins, fats and carbohydrates into the "bricks" of which your body is built, are the Vitamins and Mineral Salts. Iceberg head lettuce, grown in living sunlight, abounds in these. And as you eat lettuce raw, they are not impaired by heat or dissolved away by cooking.

The House Called Your Body

Many foods which we like and which are necessary to nutrition, produce an acid condition. This is neutralized by the alkaline ash of lettuce. Highly concentrated or refined foods are almost entirely absorbed. They leave no residue for the intestines to work upon. Lettuce supplies the necessary ballast, and helps to ward off that common but dangerous enemy—constipation, with its train of evils.

Lettuce is a delicious and wholesome food—one which has helped thousands of women to preserve or restore their youthful figure and youthful vigor. You should eat it every day. Better still, twice a day. And see that your family does the same!

Sunflower Iceberg Salad

Wash a head of Iceberg lettuce, and cut across into slices about one inch thick. Cut pineapple into wedge shaped pieces, then reverse these, and arrange around the slice of lettuce to represent petals. Mix some ground nuts with mayonnaise or cottage cheese and place on lettuce for the center of the flower.

Send for Free Booklet

Write for the booklet *Charging the Human Battery*—a finger-post on the road to a better and a longer life, with fifty recipes for Lettuce salad. It is FREE if you use the coupon.

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Please send me, free, your little book called *Charging the Human Battery*, revealing the most recent scientific findings upon health, growth and vitality.

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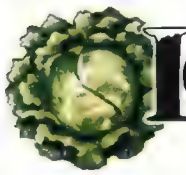

ICEBERG HEAD LETTUCE

Nature's Concentrated Sunshine
from ARIZONA *and* CALIFORNIA

EVER SINCE AMERICA WAS YOUNG THE NAME BAKER HAS BEEN A GUARANTY OF SUPREME QUALITY!

—and it still is!

The Cocoa that's best for the Children is best for you, too!

HOW much those little bundles of activity —the children—need the gentle, glowing benefit of a steaming cup of Baker's Cocoa!

You, yourself, know how soothing and refreshing a cup of this best of beverages can be.

Indeed Baker's has been the American family's traditional refreshment for generations!

Your grandmother enjoyed the same superfine Baker Quality—the same Baker Purity—the same creamy-smooth chocolate flavor — that you buy today, for even when our cocoa beans came home from Southern seas in clipper ships they were the *best* cocoa beans the world produced!

And even when a great water-wheel turned the simple machines of the first chocolate mill in America, every step in Baker manufacture was performed with the same painstaking care that is the rule in our vast plant today!

Perhaps that is why you have *always* had confidence in Baker Quality — perhaps that is why you don't really need the assurance of most modern dietitians that "Baker's is best!"*

Best for your children and best for you — for in every fragrant cupful there is the extra nourishment of the world's best cocoa, the bountiful food-value of milk and the soothing glow of warmth.

Serve it often!

WALTER BAKER & CO., INC., Dorchester, Mass.

*Recently chosen as the *Best* Cocoa by 78% Professional Nurses; 79% Home Demonstration Agents; 82% Home Economics Teachers; 63% School Lunch Room Managers; 67% Hospital Dietitians; 87% Editors Women's Magazines.

BAKER'S COCOA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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TO PAY MORE IS EXTRAVAGANCE TO PAY LESS IS FALSE ECONOMY

IS YOUR LIFE LIKE MINE?

[*Continued from page 19*]

first names. Few responded audibly. None looked straight at him. All cast sidelong glances at me and sheepishly hurried on.

From behind bowed shutters and drawn parlor window shades I was aware of an invisible scrutiny.

My husband chuckled. "You are being appraised and classified."

I was mortified. For the first time in my life I was conspicuous and self-conscious in public. I, who had approached the small town with a chip of ridicule on my shoulder and a stone of haughty superiority and condescension in my glove, was abashed. Involuntarily, I lowered my voice and spoke cautiously and perfunctorily, averting my eyes and speeding my gait.

My resentment deepened. I welled with self-pity.

Now and then we struck patches of cement when I could again walk erect. In a stretch of uneven bricks my high heels turned and I twisted an ankle.

"I foresee some sensible shoes on your feet," my husband said, irritably.

I groaned—not entirely from pain. "And I a cement bill, if your mother's pavement is like most of the others!"

"It is," he said, laconically.

From the vicinity of the depot several half-grown girls dogged our course, keeping a wary distance, laughing and mysteriously shrieking among themselves.

Were they ridiculing me? Was my new spring sports suit awry in the back?

I grew red and suffered the discomfort of gooseflesh. My husband, after a quick, shoulder glance, wrinkled in amusement. "They are studying the latest style in woman's wear. Such is distinction. You're 'Big City,' y' know!"

MY NERVES were on edge. "I wish we had ridden. How much farther must we go?" It seemed to me we had tramped miles in the two half blocks up the main street grade.

"We'll be home in a few minutes," he said, soothingly.

Home!

"Must we run the gauntlet every time we appear on the streets?"

"It is an ordeal," he admitted, perspiring.

"Everything is so strange, hostile."

"Not hostile. Challenging."

"I haven't seen a friendly sign yet."

His eyes twinkled. "You are passing several this instant."

We had crossed the square, with its central historical monument, where the leading business and commercial activities focused. Now I was, indeed, on familiar ground and my own footing.

I stared incredulously at store fronts I was positive I had left behind forever.

"Why, all the chain stores are here!" I gasped.

"Sure!" And in my husband's voice was a refrain of relief and on his face a gleam of hope. "Craleytown is standardizing, with the remainder of the country. See? There's a movie, a hair dresser and a manicurist. In some respects, you can't tell Main Street from Broadway, any longer. How about those hats in that window? Not so bad?"

"Not so good," I said, but I did not frown. I had seen worse that same week.

All of a sudden, I was more at home. We turned at the next corner. In another moment I was in his mother's arms and my heart was racing. She was warm and expressive and her welcome was unalloyed.

My spirits oozed back. "Perhaps, it will work out," I said, in a moment of privacy, in our bedroom.

My husband squared his jaw. "We'll make it!"

He added significantly: "Remember, from now on, you are a real pioneer. Craleytown is your wilderness. You won't succeed in subduing it roughshod. It has to be won. If you attempt to standardize the acquaintances you will make to your own pattern, you will lose and become the unhappiest of mortals. If, on the other hand, you model to the pattern of what Craleytown will expect of you, your individ-

uality will shine through and you will achieve victory."

"What will Craleytown expect of me?" I inquired, inwardly shivering again. "To be the grand lady?"

He looked positively horrified. "No high-hatting here! In the category of the small town there are no superiors and no inferiors. It is the nearest approach to pure and rock-ribbed socialism that we have. The big city is transient and changing. It is never finished. It is everlastingly experimenting."

He smiled, whimsically. "Craleytown? It is a finished and an enduring civilization. Several hundred years ago, it wrote and adopted its constitution and by-laws. It fixed its code, and its exaction of you will be conformity."

"I feel all smothered," I said, in dismay.

Nevertheless, when the dining room gong sounded, I went down, self-repressed and wary, literally watching my step.

EVERY detail of that first evening is still painfully clear-cut and like a scene on the stage in which I figured in an unreal rôle. Again I experienced the magnetic personality of my quaint mother-in-law who tactfully yielded to me the matron's seat at the table and insisted that I pour, since it was now my house as well as hers.

She was at infinite pains to please me in all particulars. She had taken me, with her son, to her starved maternal heart. Her subservience became pathetic and burdensome before the meal was finished. It rendered me almost incoherent.

I, on my part, contemplated the changes I meant to make, and, through squalls and with nerve-wracking patience, did make, in her appearance. She was meticulously neat, but her hair was pompadour, her wide, heavy black skirts fell primly to her heels and she wore a stiffly starched, white shirt-waist with a high choker. I visioned the sensation this would cause among my New York friends, if any should ever visit me.

So, also, the house, where first cost had been last cost, when it had been refurnished and decorated, thirty years before, in the hideously severe and now drab and uncomfortable mid-Victorian fashion.

"It gives me the creeps!" I told my husband. "It reminds me of a museum."

"The attic is filled with a lot of old colonial pieces," he suggested. "You might look at them at your leisure."

My eyes flashed. I am, at heart, a passionate homemaker. My pulses leaped.

"I see my course cut out, I think."

"Go the limit," he said, nodding emphatic approval.

"It will give me an outlet to do the old place and your mother over."

"Outlet? Yes. That's your first need and now you have found it. Only, don't be too bolshevistic, in the beginning."

Dinner was about ended. He lighted and mused over a cigarette. My mother-in-law, who had not heard a word we had exchanged, threw a bomb into my ears. "Perhaps you smoke, too," she said, timidly, pushing the ash-tray near. "I understand many city girls do."

My husband never once blinked. He passed his cigarette case.

I hesitated, like a foolish schoolgirl exposed.

"Don't Craleytown girls smoke?" I screamed, blushing.

"Not generally, or in public."

"Well, here's one who does," I said, boldly, accepting a light.

"That's not conformity," my husband put in, slyly.

"You led me into temptation and spoke too late," I reminded him.

"By the way, don't yell so loud when you talk to Mother. The whole town will hear. It will be listening, too."

I crushed the fire impetuously from my unsmoked cigarette. "It's evident you can't be yourself in Craleytown," I said, petulantly.

DON'T let him tease you," my mother-in-law interposed, swiftly coming to my rescue. "If I were as young as you are, I'd smoke, if I pleased, and bob my hair, too."

"Mother!" ejaculated my husband. He was truly startled.

"Who's the smug one now!" And I laughed at him sarcastically, with a lilt of triumph I could not suppress, patting his mother's knobbed hand.

I had won a tactical point. She was my ally!

He left the table in a strictly masculine huff.

His mother and I glanced at each other. Something indefinably feminine passed between us, unspoken. Her intuitions, as is true of the deaf, were extraordinarily keen. I sensed that she was taking my measure, now that we, the two women of the house, were, for the moment, alone.

"I'll help you with the dishes," I said, rising.

"Not tonight," she insisted; and I let her have her way that once.

My husband was in the set, spacious living room, roaming about like a lost soul in the thin, ghostly lamplight.

"Your mother's a dear," I said.

He nodded abstractedly. "She'll be your slave."

"We'll get along together, somehow," I qualified.

He sat down, restlessly; but, after a few seconds, he was on his feet once more, gazing from one object to another with a lack of expression. "Lonely for little old New York?" I drawled.

"To be honest, I'm not acclimatized, yet. It usually takes me a day or two to get settled, when I come back to Craleytown."

[*Continued on page 130*]

A *Wake-Up* BREAKFAST

A *Wake-Up* LUNCH

A *Wake-Up* SNACK FOR EVENING TOO

delicious

POST Toasties

is the

Wake-Up Food

brimming with quick new energy for the whole family

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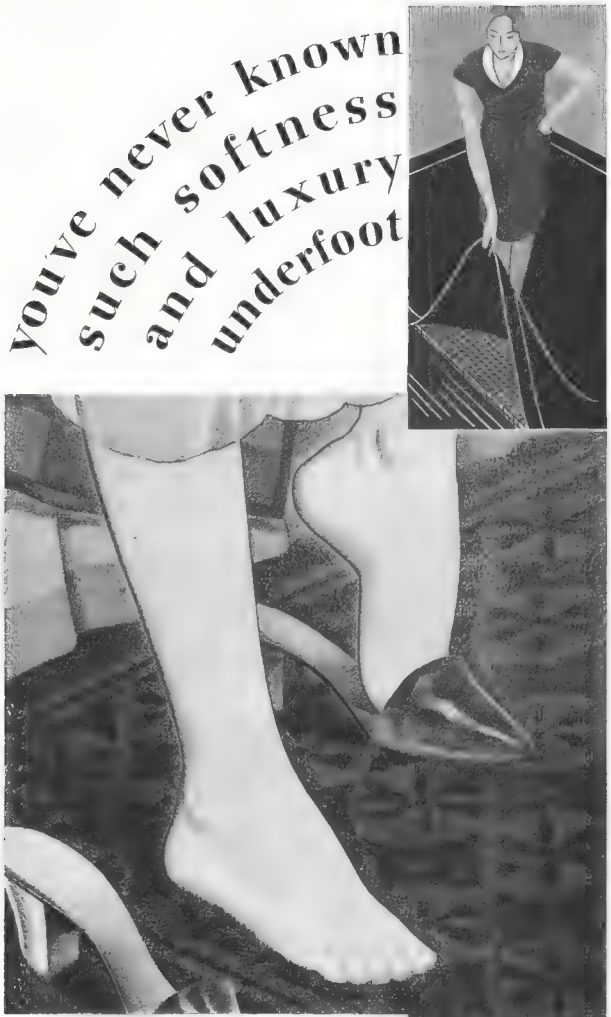

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CHEAP

[*Continued from page 103*]

became tremendously important, as she waited, that Jerry say it was all right with him. She kept on waiting. The answer did not come. Then she heard Linda say, as if he had told her all his married life, "Sorry."

Just that one word. Janet went on, mechanically, not seeing the keys. Sorry? Why should Linda be sorry for Jerry? And what right did she have to speak to him in that tone, as if she understood him so? Sorry? She stopped abruptly, left the piano, came over and dropped down on a cushion by Jerry's feet, let her bright, boyishly cropped head rest against his knee. She loved that gesture. It could be done in public and yet it made her feel so surely his. Sometimes, as she sat so, he'd put his hand on her hair. Jerry had the strongest, yet most gentle fingers.

HE DID not put his hand on her hair tonight and presently Janet became aware that she looked childish, sitting there so. She sat up, drawing away from Jerry, clasping her arms about her knees

That was the beginning of a strange and terrible winter to Janet MacFadden Hilvers. Pamela and Linda had renewed their intimacy and were always together. Pamela was to be married and Linda was helping her buy clothes. The two came to town often, stopped in at Janet's for dinner or the evening. Sometimes Jerry was there, sometimes not. And all the time Janet was aware of something going on under the surface — something that made a queer terror ever in her heart. There was never anything she could take out and show to Jerry, saying, "Oh, Jerry, how could you?" It was just something that seemed to be laughing at her with a laughter beyond her sophistication. It was as if Jerry were slipping away from her or, rather, she thought sometimes, as if he had never been hers and she were just finding it out. She had never believed ghosts could come alive and mean so much.

It was not her imagination. She found that out through Pam.

One day Pamela came up to Janet's room and said abruptly; "Jan . . . "

"What's troubling you?"

"Would you rather I saw to it that Linda didn't come here so much?"

Janet, unprepared, went a deep crimson. But she gave Pam an amused smile. Pamela made a little resigned gesture as if to say: "Well, I've warned you!"

Linda kept on coming and she was nearly always at the Hilvers' when Jerry and Janet were there. But, for once, there seemed nothing to do. Janet restlessly bought new clothes.

One day she came in and found Jerry home ahead of her. He sat in the old rocker by the window, with Barbara in his arms. He was rocking gently back and forth, but his eyes seemed to be looking away to some country that did not even include Barbara or Jan or this house.

"Oh, 'lo, Jan!"

She felt her throat go tight, so that she could not answer.

At dinner she said: "Let's not go out home for Sunday!"

"All right, Jan, but I promised Linda some music."

"Oh—well!"

It was on that week-end visit that Linda and Jerry went off on a hike together.

"Jan, your husband is being vamped!" Pam laughed.

Janet laughed, too, but she was humiliatingly conscious of Pam's concern for them all and her every nerve awaited the return of the two. They were quiet enough when they came back. But Janet saw that they didn't look at each other. Tears began to flow in her heart. Jerry—her Jerry—it could not be! But Jerry said: "We can't wait till morning, Mother. I have some things to do tonight!"

On the way home: "Why did you want to get away, Jerry?"

"Oh, I don't know, Jan. Just didn't want to stay!"

Jerry was strange that week, remote and troubled. It was useless to pretend that he was the same as always.

On Friday, impelled toward the place where all her wishes had been fulfilled, she drove out to her old home. Her father came down the walk to meet her, lifted Barbara up in his arms.

"Well, the Hillcrest crowd are going to pay my price!" he said jubilantly. "That about fixes us for life, Jan, girl!"

But she hadn't come to hear about real estate deals. She hardly knew what she had come for, though the need to come had seemed very definite. She wandered through the gracious rooms with a little bewildered feeling of searching for something. But nothing had answered the insistent, hurting questions in her heart.

Nothing had answered them on Saturday or on Sunday. On Monday, all restlessness and ache, she went to town. The fall dresses were in and she went into Jenny's and asked for brown velvet. But the loveliness of her red-brown hair above the velvet came to her from the glass dulled.

"I don't seem to be in the mood for new clothes," she apologized. "I'll come in again!"

SHE walked on down the avenue. Elm leaves drifted slowly here and there and seemed to add to her depression. All her hopes and happiness seemed to be settling to earth like these yellow leaves.

"What is it?" she demanded of herself. "Why have I failed so? When it seemed Jerry and I couldn't fail?"

A sudden sharp longing to see Jerry took possession of her. She had always scorned women who said you had to do this or that to hold a man. Only—Jerry—her Jerry! . . . . Linda was sorry for him—sorry. She came near the great office building where the Great Northwestern did its business. What would Jerry say to see her there at this hour? Would he be pleased—frightened—annoyed?

She did not see him.

She had turned toward the entrance when out of the revolving doors she saw Linda Merring coming. But a different Linda. Her lovely proud face was bereft of its pride and only a white misery was left. She had never seen Linda when she was not quite

[*Continued on page 112*]

Party frock . . porch dress and a smart ensemble . . ALL IN ONE

FLOWERED PRINTS . . . TINY CHECKS . . . POLKA DOTS are all included in our porch frock collection. Colors range from high shades of coral, lettuce green, and blue to natural-color pongee and conservative black-and-white. New circular skirts and straight-line models, tailored or gracefully ruffled. And elbow sleeves, cap sleeves, or little frocks with no sleeves at all!

GAY SPRING HATS of felt or straw, in close-fitting models and flattering wider brimmed styles, from $1.98.

LITTLE JACKETS make smart ensembles of these good-looking frocks. Choose cotton yard goods in either harmonizing, or contrasting, tints and patterns.

OUR 98¢ HOSE are so good-looking that millions of women choose them for daily wear and dress occasions. Chiffon-sheer or service weight. In all the new shades.

THIS month, in 1,400 J. C. Penney Company stores, well-dressed women are buying millions of new porch frocks. Paying only $1.79 apiece for them . . . and planning to wear them to the country club, to market, to parties all summer long because their colors, their styles and their patterns are smart and new.

There are ten fabrics in a hundred designs. Each one *absolutely fast color* . . . neither soap nor brilliant sunshine will dim their fresh beauty. Seams are closely stitched and hems turned and finished . . . not basted. And their generous length follows the line of all smart new dresses . . . well below the knee!

Because these good-looking frocks cost so little, you can buy *a complete summer costume* in your J. C. Penney store for less than you often have spent on your dress alone. Choose the porch frock you like best; make a bright little jacket to wear with it . . . we have many pretty prints at 49¢ a yard. And buy a gay new felt, or felt and straw, hat to match; they're only $1.98. With a pair of our famous 98¢ chiffon stockings, and a pert little flower for your shoulder . . . your costume is complete. And it has cost you exactly $6.23.

At this price these frocks are extraordinary

We know of no other department store, or group of stores, that could create millions of these frocks . . . make each one so charming that women wear them for all daytime occasions . . . yet keep the price at $1.79, the cost of an ordinary "housedress."

Even the J. C. Penney Company could not achieve this triumph of merchandising without the coöperation of the local managers in 1,400 stores. With their assistance we have been able to organize and operate a new efficiency in storekeeping. New selling methods, far more than our tremendous purchases, keep the prices low on this fine merchandise.

If you do not know the location of our store nearest you, write us for this information and for a free copy of our "Store News" illustrated in rotogravure. Address J. C. Penney Co., Inc., 330 West 34th Street, N.Y.C.

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The largest department store in the world . . . under more than 1400 roofs!

For pore-deep cleanliness of skin

POND'S

CLEANSING TISSUES

to remove cold cream

Remove cream with Tissues, two at a time, until they show no soil.

POND'S

SKIN FRESHENER

to banish oiliness

Pour Skin Freshener onto cotton and dab briskly over face and neck

THOROUGH CLEANLINESS is the keynote to a lovely skin. A sparkling complexion is *clean* to the depths of the pores. If each tiny pore is free to breathe gently and naturally, then the skin is dewy fresh . . . translucent . . . radiant.

Use lots of cream for cleansing—it loosens the dirt and keeps the skin soft and supple. But you *must* remove cream and dirt *completely*. Clogged pores distend and coarsen, inviting blackheads—even pimples.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues are so absorbent they *lift* the cream and dirt from your skin. And so soft they feel like velvet when you crumple them, two at a time, in your hand. Use and discard until they show no trace of soil.

Who wants a shiny nose?

The oil in cleansing cream lubricates the skin—is good for it—but who wants a shiny nose?

Pond's Skin Freshener cuts the surface oil, gives your skin moonlight clarity, leaves it delightfully cool, refreshed. This mild tonic tightens the pores, refines the texture, braces slack tissues under chin, brings fresh life dancing up under your skin.

Your foundation cream and make-up go on so smoothly after this perfect cleansing. Your skin has a clear, flower-petal enchantment!

Add these two important aids to your beauty accessories today. Use them with your favorite creams. The Tissues in the charming green and ivory box, 50¢ and 25¢, have a score of other uses, too—as handkerchiefs for colds, as paper napkins—they're indispensable and economical. The Freshener bottled with smart screw cap, $1.00—50¢.

FREE OFFER . . . mail coupon for Pond's Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener

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CHEAP

[*Continued from page 110*] M.

sufficient unto life's demands. She did not look sufficient now, and Janet, though she did not want to, had to go up to her and say: "Why, Linda, what is it? Are you ill?"

No color came to Linda's white face.

"No," she said.

"But you are!"

She was walking along the street beside Linda now. Linda laughed a little, a queer laugh.

"No more than I have been for a long time," she said. "And it's an illness that you couldn't possibly understand, Janet!"

Janet wanted to turn and run—somewhere—anywhere. Only she couldn't. A good many people passed them, but no face stood out clearly.

"Are you sure?" Janet insisted.

"Quite, quite sure," he replied.

Janet's fingers dug into her smart bag desperately.

"I suppose you mean Jerry," she said. It was almost a relief to have said it.

"Yes, Jerry," Linda said. Then again, with that little laugh that did some hurting thing to you: "It may interest you to know, Janet, that I've just come from asking Jerry to go West with me!"

A fog came over all the busy street.

"Yes, it interests me." She tried to make her voice detached like Linda's.

"Then it may interest you to know, too, that little as you've paid for it and little as you prize it, it seems his love is still yours!"

Janet could not bear Linda's voice.

"I'm sorry—I have an appointment here!" Linda said, dismissing her.

JANET stood alone with people hurrying all about her. For a moment she could not stir. Then she became aware of curious eyes and moved on. She did not go to Jerry's office. She found herself at home. Barbara played in the garden. She went up to her room and closed the door. She thought then that the tears swelling her heart to bursting would fall, but they did not. She sat down in the chintz-covered chair by the window, stared down at the bright flowers and Barbara's fair head bobbing here and there.

"It's an illness that you couldn't possibly understand" . . . . the insolence of that was like a sword cutting . . . . *"Quite sure!"* . . . . Linda granted her no perception. But she did understand—she did!

She got up and began to pace up and down the room.

All her years of little paying leaped to her memory. Oh, it was true, she'd never paid much for anything!

It came to her with a great rush of longing, the desire to begin again, to pay the price of things, maybe more than they were worth! But how could you—how could you begin when you never had?

The maid was going out. Barbara had to be put to bed for her nap. A queer hour when she could not think of anything except a verse Jerry had said to her once about trees. Then Jerry was coming and dinner not yet ready. Barbara was running from the back yard to meet him. He did not lift her for a kiss, only took her small hand in his and entered the house with her. He was coming to her in the kitchen. He was bending to kiss her.

The kiss hurt . . . . *He must have been gentle with her, too* . . . . He didn't stay in the kitchen telling her about his day. He went into the other room and sat down in the deep chair. As she went into the dining-room she could see the weary lines of his head and shoulders against the chair back . . . . *She had begged him to go West with her* . . . . It seemed he still loved her . . . . seemed so, seemed so! . . . . Oh, Jerry—but how could you go back and begin again? Life didn't let you. You had to go on from now . . . . Bread—put the bread on—oh, and salad forks! . . . . *Little as you've paid for it—little as you prize it* . . . .

"Dinner, Jerry!"

He came slowly.

"Aren't you hungry?"

"Not very—not tonight."

Later: "Let's have our coffee by the fire!"

"All right, dear!"

"Yes, Babs, you may sit on the stool and have your milk . . . . Jerry!"

"Yes?"

"Why are you so tired tonight?"

"I don't know—am I tired?"

"You look tired enough to die!"

"I do? . . . Well I am a little tired."

A little? A little tired? He was not going to tell her of Linda; he would never tell her of—of anything? The crowd was coming in soon; she must clear off the table and get Babs to bed. But first . . . . no, not first.

"Come, Babs!"

There he still was, his coffee cup on the little table, his tired head back. No—not the arm of his chair. She mustn't have any tricks about this. Bab's little stool.

"Jerry, I've found out something today!" What was happening to her voice to make it so humble?

"Yes? And what?"

"You couldn't guess! About trees!"

"Trees, Jan?"

"Jerry, I grew up with trees. And loved them, too. My mulberry tree and the old Balm-of-Gilead tree, the Norway spruces and the big apple tree—I loved them all! I dreamed all my dreams under the mulberry—and the Balm-of-Gilead seemed to reach to heaven! I can't explain how . . . . Jerry, let's chuck all this and—and could you still get a job as ranger?"

SHE couldn't give him that wide blue look of hers. She couldn't give him any look at all. She felt bruised all over, and something made her heart hammer and hammer.

She was being drawn up into his arms. Jan! Look at me!"

"I can't."

"Look at me!"

She opened her eyes and saw the look in his gray eyes. *It seems he still loves you.* Yes, it seemed so. It had always seemed so.

"Jerry—you aren't crying?"

"No, Jan!"

Why, love was free—it was! Linda was wrong—it was free! It didn't cost a thing! But you wanted to give it gifts and not bargain over the price of the gifts—that was it! You wanted to give it room to grow—to stretch out on every side like the old mulberry tree, or straight up, like the Balm-of-Gilead tree—straight up to heaven!

Little P. A. B. Widener, III, and his sister Ella are the children of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. B. Widener of Elkins Park, Pennsylvania, of Newport and Santa Barbara—famous for their interest in sport and the breeding of race horses

Healthy and merry in their story book world— the children of

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Protected by a modern care all mothers can give

A FIVE year old boy—with brown hair and melting brown eyes—dressed in a rose linen tunic blouse, and diminutive rose "pants." That's Peter A. B. Widener, III.

A baby, as exquisite and lovely as a French doll, living in a delectable peach and blue nursery. That's Peter's little two year old sister Ella.

Charmed lives they lead—this little pair. Their parents' estate is a dream place. Palatial Italian house . . . far stretching lawns with clipped hedges and lovely vistas . . . jetting series of fountains . . . greenhouses . . . polo fields . . . kennels . . . race track.

With the children, health laws are scrupulously observed. The dictates of famed child specialists are unfailingly enforced, especially in that all important matter of diet. For both children a special point was emphasized early in their lives. That was the habit of eating a *hot, cooked* cereal.

A particular cereal advised by child specialists

And the cereal specified by the Wideners' physician and approved by the children's trained nurses was that universal favorite—Cream of Wheat.

"We follow the pediatrician's advice in giving both children Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. Widener. "Ella eats it twice a day, and Peter always has his hot cereal breakfast. Cream of Wheat has certainly played its part in the children's good health."

Mothers of thousands of other little boys and girls share this same conviction. Their judgment is reinforced by the verdict of 221 members of leading medical societies in four great cities—Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Toronto. In a recent investigation all of these noted specialists went on record as approving Cream of Wheat.

They value its rich energy content—its quick digestibility. For, with all the harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is more easily digested than any other cereal in common use.

To give your children the very best possible preparation for their day, start them off in the morning, regularly, with a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

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CREAM OF WHEAT

When you talk about things to eat . . . that's where I come in

Says the Uneeda Boy

I've got something to say, too . . .

If it's refreshments for a bridge party the "Uneeda Bakers" are your best helpers.

Or if you're talking about crackers and milk for the baby—they're still your best helpers.

I guess you can't *think* of a meal that the "Uneeda Bakers" couldn't help you with. They help millions of women every day. They make everything that anybody could want in the way of cookies, crackers and biscuit . . .

And besides . . . they make things so much *better.*

It's the things they use in their bakery—and the way they do their baking. It takes a company like National Biscuit Company to buy such good things to start with—and bakers like the "Uneeda Bakers" to *bake* them.

That's all there is to it. But it means such a lot! And it isn't hard, is it, to look for the N.B.C. Uneeda Seal—just to be *sure* you're buying the best that can be made?

If it's salty soda crackers for the bridge party—all you need to say is "Premium".

One nibble at a Premium Soda Cracker leads to one more—to a dozen more. You can't leave them alone. Their tantalizing saltiness is just enough to make them irresistible. No wonder they're the largest selling salted soda cracker on earth.

Fresh always in the package—or if you buy them in bulk at your grocer's.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

"Uneeda Bakers"

Even a small inheritance may make all the difference between happiness and misery, success and failure, as the years go on

WHO WILL INHERIT YOUR MONEY?

By GEORGIA A. POST

DOES the law in your state allow you to dictate who will inherit your personal possessions? Have you the right to bequeath them precisely as you wish, or must you bow to statutes governing the disposition of your own property?

Women have always had certain recognized dower rights in their husbands' estates even when, for one reason or another, the husband has tried to prevent his wife from inheriting her just share. In addition to this rather comforting protection, women, in most states in the Union, have had the additional privilege of bequeathing their *own* property as they wished. But our so-called Emancipation has brought forth some curious complications. Along with our newly acquired independence we have had to submit to more than one ruling which, heretofore, applied to men only. Where the wife was a person of means, courts have been known to grant alimony to a husband. And, gradually the law is stepping in and depriving women of the choice to will their personal property according to the dictates of their hearts. Emancipation has its disadvantages!

The New York Legislature of 1928-29 passed what is known as the "Decedent's Estate Law" which goes into effect on September 1st, 1930. Until that date women of New York may make their wills bequeathing their property as they wish, and the wills remain valid no matter at what age death comes. After that date, however, one third to one half of all the wife owns is given to her husband at her death, regardless of how she wills it, regardless of her children. Similar laws have been in existence in certain other states for some time.

How many wives are familiar with statutes governing their personal privileges, and how many have taken the trouble to make a will? Husbands are often inexcusably negligent in this respect and wives can be, and are, equally thoughtless. When there are children it is particularly important that wills be drawn.

THE point for a wife and mother to consider is; Whom does she want to benefit from her estate? Her children? Her husband? Or—perhaps—her husband's second wife? Only the most selfish of women resent the thought of a husband's second marriage in case of their own death, but our time-honored sense of the financial proprieties tells us that the second wife should be supported by the husband and not by his first wife's personal estate, which beyond question should be used for the benefit of her own children.

It is not necessary to own property at the time a will is made in order to have it legal. Many women who have no money in their own name at the present time do not realize how unfair they may be to their children's future by neglecting to make a will providing for emergencies. No one knows from what unexpected source an inheritance—large or small—may come. An ash-man employed by a city department recently inherited a large fortune from a person he did not know existed.

Any lawyer knows how to cover the intents of the testator: "I hereby give, devise and bequeath to my three children, John, Mary and Eleanor Smith, all that I die possessed of, to be equally divided among them."

THIS article is not intended as a warning to mothers who have cause to honor their husband's integrity and fatherly devotion. It is concerned with the problems of the woman who knows that in the event of her death her children will need every bit of financial and property protection the law can give them. We believe it contains many facts of interest to parents.—The Editor.

Such a phrasing covers all real estate or money that may or may not come to the mother at any time in the future. If she has no more personal property when she dies than when she made the will, the children have lost nothing, but anyway she has the satisfaction of knowing that she has provided for them if good fortune *should* come their way. In all such cases, the mother should also name the person she wishes to have act as guardian over her minor children's funds, actual or possible.

Women who own property in their own name have usually come by it in one of two ways: either by inheritance from their own parents, or by earning it through their own efforts. Frequently, of course, women have property in their own names because their husbands have given it to them. Let us take first the woman who receives an estate—large or small—through the will of her father or mother. The probable thought in the mind of the parents is that the sum they are able to leave their daughter will help smooth the path that is often rough; will provide comforts for her; and perhaps make possible an education for her children—their own grandchildren. Did they intend that in case of their child's death, her husband should receive one-third to one-half of what they had painstakingly saved for their own blood?

Yet that is what may happen unless women awake to the fact that they should see their lawyer and draw up a will that shall, as far as is possible, allow them to protect their children's rights—if they need protection—and carry out what was probably the intention of the grandparents.

This is of greater importance in a small estate than in a large one. Five thousand dollars inherited from a mother's parents and passed on to her children, if divided equally between two children, provides them with funds that may make all the difference between happiness and misery, success and failure as the years go on. Now, in a state allowing the husband, if his wife leaves no will, to claim one-half of a five thousand dollar estate, the children's share (supposing there are two) is reduced to one-quarter each, or only twelve hundred and fifty dollars! Is this the mother's intent? If not, let her take steps immediately to find a way to have her wishes carried out.

In California the law is broad in regard to a woman's rights in bequeathing her own "separate property", as distinguished from "community property", the latter comprising all possessions amassed from the time of marriage. She may will her separate estate as she wishes; to her husband, to her children, or to both. But if she has neglected to make a will, the court grants one-half of her property to her husband and one-half to the child, if only one; if more than one, the husband is given one-third and the children two-thirds.

A particularly unjust case occurred recently in California through a young wife's neglect to make a will. Her mother, a well-to-do widow, presented the deed of a new home and ten thousand dollars in cash to her daughter as a wedding gift. Three years later the young wife died at the birth of her second child. As she had left no will, one half of the home which her mother had provided and one-half of the ten thousand dollars was given the husband by the California courts. The other half went to the children. The father was also appointed guardian of the funds of his two minor children. This would seem to be a logical procedure.

HOWEVER, the father married again within a few months. His new wife refused the grandmother admittance to the home she herself had bought, which automatically prevented her from visiting her grandchildren. Strange as it seems, the father himself is charging the entire support of the children against their inheritance (which he controls), thus eating into their small capital so that by the time they are of age nothing will be left. This, of course, is an extreme case.

By contrast, a Massachusetts mother of my acquaintance left one-half of the estate she had inherited from her family to her husband and the other half to her children. Eventually the father married again, but believing *all* of his first wife's estate should go to her children he set it aside for them in trust.

Individual cases demand individual treatment, and not many women could fail to recognize a serious flaw in their husband's character. It is odd that the young mother in California did not detect signs of unfairness in her husband while she lived and could still make provision for the emergency.

The second class of women who are property owners in their own right are the earners, a long list of whom are wives who have been obliged to eke out the family living because of worthless or inefficient husbands, or because conditions have forced them to separate from their mates. These women should take steps to protect their children who apparently will need every bit of assistance the mother can leave them. Women who tolerate marital infidelities, non-support, and other causes of unhappiness in order to spare themselves or their children the odium of divorce, may not realize that never having legally freed themselves, the law, at their death, will give the husbands a share in their estates. This penalizes their children [*Turn to page 128*]

Table C 2032 G and Chairs C 2105 A are shown above . . . Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Co., Boston, Mass., to cover the cost of mailing our new edition of "Color Furniture in the Home."

Make Short Skirts Stylish *This Way!*

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For every home use, Diamond Dyes are the finest you can buy. They are easy to use; go on smoothly and evenly because they contain the highest quality anilines that can be produced. That's why they give such true, brilliant and fadeless colors.

When buying, remember this. The *white package* Diamond Dyes are the highest quality dyes for general use. They will dye or *tint* silk, wool, cotton, linen, rayon; any kind of material. The *blue package* dyes pure silk or pure wool only. It gives greater fastness and brightness to these two materials. Your dealer has both packages.

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ALL DEALERS **15¢**

HEARTSICK TOWN

[*Continued from page 25*]

Dayville to choose a site for the airport and build it. I haven't been out of college very long, and it's a big job for me. Half a million to spend, full charge and a free hand . . . "

"I see. The young wonder-man himself."

"Don't! Give me a chance," he said "I want you to understand. For four years I've been as lonely as hell. You'll never know what it's been like. Trains, hotel rooms, construction camps. Then I nailed this job."

His manner grew animated, his speech quickened. "A fine city, modern and growing, but full of fine old families. A year ahead of me here to get into things, make friends. Imagine! Some people brought me here tonight. There sat the sort of young crowd I'd been homesick for four years. Pretty girls, well-bred young chaps. They had all the things I'd missed, parties, homes, clubs, cars . . .

"Oh, yes, a lovely bunch!" he snapped. "All kicking their own town, but ready to fly at my throat if I said Chicago was bigger. Knifing each other at every chance. Engaged couples cheating and snitching. Snobs of the worst kind.

"You asked me who I am," he finished. "Who was I to talk? Well, now you know. Just an amiable ass who wanted a few friends. This bunch? None of them ever really *does* anything that counts."

THERE were any number of business men downtown whom Dorothy had known all her life. Surely one or another of them would give her a job. She made some appointments, but by Monday afternoon she was depressed by the results of her job-hunting.

They all had said: "Now what do you want to work for? Pretty girl like you." They had laughed, like jocular uncles, patting her on the shoulder. Certain ones, friends of her father, found imaginary positions for her in which her duties would be purely decorative. No one took her seriously, or offered her a chance to do anything that counted.

Driving disgustedly along 20th street she caught a glimpse of Mark Wilding and ran her roadster in toward the curb with a short "beep" on the horn. "Where're you going? Give you a lift?"

He smiled, hopped in beside her. I'm only going up to the Times-Record office to see about the publicity for this airport job."

"Do you have to take care of all that, too?"

"Yes. The budget won't stand a regular press agent. I'll have to find time for it, somehow."

She shook her head. "Bad policy! You're supposed to build the thing. Better let me handle your publicity. The budget would cover my services." She turned her head and eyed him coolly. "And I warn you, the next man who acts amused and says: 'What's a pretty girl like you want to work for?' is going to get headlines. 'Victim of Mysterious Assault by Girl Tennis Champion'."

Wilding looked interested. "Could you do the work? Can you write?"

"Well? Can you? I know something about publicity. I have done it for Junior League fights. I'd have to learn a lot, yes . . ."

"Come up to my office and talk it over," he proposed abruptly.

She plunged into the work with enthusiasm. The owner of the Times-Record was her godfather; from infancy she had called him Uncle Bob. That helped. He gave her the run of the office, and the city desk crowd taught her to chop adjectives. Men were eager to supply her with data and pictures.

But in Dayville's younger set there was almost consternation. As if she had deserted her caste, destroyed a social boundary. "My dear! You're working! What are you thinking of!" They seemed to fear she had some unfathomable game. She let them think as they liked.

GEORGE BALLOU gave her a lift one day. "Hi! I hear you're working. Gosh, what's the idea?"

What a furore, she thought wearily, over one person's going quietly about her own business. "Why not?" she countered. "Lois does, doesn't she?" George pointed out that Lois more or less had to. "Well, that makes her the real thing and me the imitation, I should think." Did she mean by that, he demanded, that she was *copying* Lois? "How can I copy her, George? I'm myself. I admire her, yes. She's my idea of a real person." She left him blinking thoughtfully over that.

After a leisurely interval Clarence Orr called up. She was busy. Busy both times he called the next week, though friendly enough. He was back in Dayville, he said, for good. New York was the bunk; you made big money there, but it wasn't worth the wear and tear on you. He had his old job back. "They had to kick in with a nice raise to make me listen to them . . ." She smiled reminiscently.

"Dorothy," wailed Jane one evening, "won't you tell me? I do hear the wildest tales. Why are you dropping out this way?"

She told Jane more than she had told anybody else. "I started thinking," she explained. "Thinking?" Jane echoed her in a faintly horrified tone. "Yes. About us. Our crowd in general. Somebody said we were a lot of rotters. And we're not, really. The trouble was this everlasting scheming to get married. We were so bored with it, getting on each other's nerves. This idea that you've got to get married or you're sunk."

"Well?" said Jane. "Is it true—I mean, do you know what they're saying?" Probably, Dorothy replied, not. What were they saying? "That this job of yours is just a play for Mark Wilding."

Dorothy's quick anger subsided with a sigh. Tongues, she supposed, must wag. "No. It's not true. Not even sensible. I could see much more of him by *not* being in his office. Anybody, I should think, might realize that."

Suppose, Jane propounded, she could have Clarence Orr now. "Dorothy, would you—?"

"No," curtly. "Not that one."

She meant it, and she was put under the necessity of assuring Clarence himself that she meant it a few days later.

[*Continued on page 118*]

"...in just one hour"...

how eagerly he said it! And how happy you are that, after all these months, he still remembers. But when he looks into your face again . . . will he see a complexion as youthfully fair and clear as it was then? . . .

Perhaps not quite so fair . . . perhaps not quite so clear . . . for you have not been quite so faithful in caring for your skin . . . already it is showing marks of neglect. Dull, murky, drawn about the eyes. And your pores . . . will he notice that they are a trifle conspicuous?

Then reach for those never-failing aids, there on your dressing-table. Begin at once the treatment you know will restore the clear and radiant look to your skin.

Cover your face and neck with Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. Quickly it penetrates down into the stifled and sluggish pores, coaxes out the make-up and clogging impurities. Now gently rub it out . . . your skin is stimulated—refreshed because it is clear and clean. You see the immediate improvement—feel it.

And finally, before powdering, apply just a touch of Woodbury's Facial Cream. Fluffy and greaseless, it tones your skin—leaves it soft and pliable.

The two Woodbury Creams come to you from the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap—authorities on skin beauty and skin care. And, because so many women use these creams regularly, you will find them on sale everywhere. Or, we will send you a trial set and Woodbury's Facial Soap, upon receipt of 25c in stamps or coin. The Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. M-3, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE *TWO* WOODBURY CREAMS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . *caressingly soft*
WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . *refreshing, greaseless*

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Millions of flashing bubbles — so quick — so rich and creamy — so cleansing. Magic bubbles in any kind of water — lather that leaves your skin soft and sparkling with animation; your hair delightfully clean, fluffy and healthy. Wonderfully economical, too, is this large, white, long-life cake. Test it yourself — only 10 cents for the big *oversize* cake.

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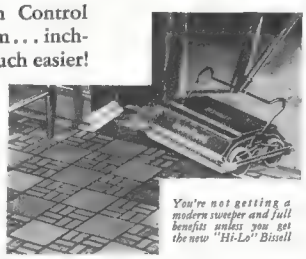
Why your old sweeper *can't compare with this*

New Bissell "Hi-Lo" Brush Control enables you to sweep linoleum . . . inch-thick rugs . . *any* surface . . much easier!

YOU can't realize how much better the new Bissell Sweepers are . . . until you try them! Now, with practically no pressing down on the handle, with easy, one hand action, you can sweep *any* kind of surface . . . bare floors, linoleum, or heaviest tufted rugs. And the new Bissell sweeps better, too.

The "Hi-Lo" Brush Control feature doubles the automatic brush adjustment so it instantly, easily responds to the will of the user and the needs of any surface. Only the recent Bissell models have this great improvement. It's worth getting, for it multiplies the sweeper's helpfulness.

Ask the leading furniture, hardware or department store to demonstrate. A Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all Cyco models) costs only the price of a few brooms—



You're not getting a modern sweeper and full benefits unless you get the new "Hi-Lo" Bissell

$5.50 and up (50 cents higher in the West and South). "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The new **BISSELL SWEEPER** with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

HEARTSICK TOWN

[*Continued from page 116*]

He had been telephoning more and more persistently.

"Say, are you dodging me?" he demanded at length. "Then why won't you come along with me to George's party?" She told him that she could not run around week nights and keep office hours. "Yes, come around, if you don't mind the ten-thirty curfew."

He came to see her, and argued until eleven. "If we were engaged would you cut out this office nonsense?" he brought out breathlessly.

"We'll never be engaged. That's over, Clarence, washed up, out." Incredible. She had refused a man who was free, white, sound, and probably capable of supporting her.

Clarence took his departure, turning accusingly at the library door. "I wish I knew what your game is. Maybe I can guess." His guess would be, of course—Mark Wilding.

As to that, she had told Jane the truth; she had little personal contact with Mark. He encouraged her work; particularly he made her feel that it was important. But in the main she saw him, as it were, in profile. Intent, gravely scanning drawings and reports. Alert, conferring with engineers and city officials. Incorruptible, on the telephone: "Am I in charge here? Then don't tell *me* what hangar doors are made of. I said sealed bids, and sealed bids is what I mean."

SHE had no designs on Mark Wilding; her feeling for him was like an adoration, new and poignant. The emergent, first-rate Dorothy whom he had evoked loved him. But until she was absolutely sure of that new self she was sure of nothing.

He called her into his private office one morning. "I don't like this." He pointed to a clipping from the Times-Record. It was about him, and she had worked especially hard over it. His lack of appreciation hurt. "The paper wanted it, suggested it," she said.

"I know. But I don't like personal blurbs. My work can talk for me. That or nothing. Besides, this thing's not accurate. 'Wilding was an honor graduate at Boston Tech—' There's no such animal. If you just graduate, that's all they ask of you there."

Suddenly she was glad. The article did not matter. All that did matter was that Mark was like that. He disliked flattery which would have made another man smirk with pleasure. He was inviolable. And he had to be inviolable, or the bottom fell out of everything for her. The rush of happiness brought tears to her lashes. She tried to hide them, but he caught her by the shoulders and made her face him.

"Don't!" he begged. "Don't feel bad about it. You did the thing well."

"I cried because I was glad."

He looked at her in wonder. "Tired?" he asked gently.

"No. Oh, no. I don't go out much evenings lately."

"Perhaps you're missing too much. That's no soap, you know. Shall you be at the country club Saturday night?" He went on to say that he planned to be there himself. Mr. Rand had sent him cards to the clubs in town. This particular Saturday he was the Rand's dinner guest. A party of older business men and their wives, mainly; one or two young people; Adele Rand . . .

"Adele Rand! But she's the girl you disliked so at Jane's party the first time I saw you! You detested her."

He laughed indulgently. "Oh, she's not so bad. Spoiled, of course, by doting parents, but—I guess I was pretty rough on all that crowd that night. I've seen Adele once or twice when I've dined with the Rands. She seemed to be a nice enough kid."

Dorothy frowned, disappointed. She preferred his intolerance to this. But she merely said: "If Adele's in your party Saturday, I presume George Ballou, her fiancé, will be, too."

"Oh, they tell me that engagement's off," carelessly. "Not that I know much about it."

Stan Beals confirmed the news a day or so later. She came home from the office to find him strumming on the piano in the drawing-room, impervious to Louise's annoyance. "Yeah," he said cheerfully, "George and Adele blew out a week ago. Where've you been?"

"When did all this happen, Stan?"

"Oh, a few days after you turned down old Clarence," airily.

That made her actually jump. "Now how on earth did that leak out? *I* never breathed a word. Clarence isn't likely to have."

"Probably your long-eared stepmother listened in on you."

After dinner that evening Clarence himself telephoned. "If you live long enough," he told her, "you're bound to go somewhere, sometime. You can't live in that office. How about going to the dinner dance at the club with me Saturday night?"

She accepted.

There were a dozen people in the Rand dinner party at a round table in the corner of the ballroom. Several of the gay younger married set. Rand himself, huge, jovial and bland. Mark, placed so that Dorothy, at her small table with Orr, could see only his back. On his right, Adele, in a Paris frock, her amber wave exquisitely set, her spirits high, was exerting that charm of hers which was like heavy perfume. Dorothy could not keep her gaze away from that far table.

AWARE that she was neglecting Clarence, she looked up guiltily to meet his scrutiny. He shook his head slowly, pityingly. "Dorothy, you haven't got a chance. If it's Wilding you're after, you're sunk. If your job is the thing, as you say, that won't last long. I wish you could see . . . The whole thing's sewed up. Three or four things can happen. Whichever one does, you're sunk. Wilding may have a chance. You haven't got a hope."

"What on earth," she asked scornfully, "are you talking about? Does what you're saying mean *anything*?"

Then he told her things. First of all, did she think city politics were lily white? That Dayville put up the jack for an airport, got the best man to be had, gave him a full go-ahead, built the thing as efficiently as was possible and so on?

"Yes, I suppose that's what I think."

In the first place, he assured her, this town was run by six men, the biggest scoundrel of the lot being Old Man Rand. This was the way they worked: They whooped up civic pride, fixed the Board and got up a bond issue for an airport. Then they coolly decided who was to get what. They brought in

[*Continued on page 121*]

WIFE loses her good disposition. Husband threatens to leave. Help wanted!
BANK PRESIDENT tortured by sleeplessness. Finds no relief on golf course. Help wanted!
RIVETER loses his nerve in high places. Fears fatal accident. Help wanted!
TRAINED NURSE falls victim to nervous headaches. Can't find a cure. Help wanted!
ACTOR forgets his lines. Nervous wreck for many weeks. Help wanted!
SECRETARY loses chance for promotion. Too tired to keep going. Help wanted!

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UNLESS you know Postum very well, you'll wonder how it can come to the rescue in so many varied cases. For all you can see in the cup is a tempting, golden-brown drink—and all you can taste is deliciousness! But ask the millions of people who drink Postum at mealtime every day. They'll tell you how this fine-flavored drink has helped them!

Many of these men and women didn't know, at one time, what it was to enjoy vigorous health. Some were troubled by sleeplessness — others by indigestion. Ragged nerves and headaches were common to some. In every case, help was wanted!

One by one, these men and women realized that the cause of their trouble was—*caffein.* One by one, they eliminated caffein beverages from their diets and made *Postum* their mealtime drink! Almost at once, these people will tell you, sleeplessness, nervousness, indigestion, and headaches gave way to radiant health! Do you wonder they still drink Postum every day?

Perhaps it never occurred to you that caffein could cause your own sleepless nights. Perhaps you never blamed caffein for your "nerves" and headaches. But make this test! Instead of caffein beverages, let Postum be your mealtime drink—for thirty days. Before that time is up, you'll find yourself sleeping like a log, and rising refreshed in the morning. You'll find yourself feeling better—looking better, too!

Postum contains no caffein—nor any other stimulant that may do you harm. It is made from whole wheat and bran, skilfully roasted and blended to bring out a flavor that is mellow and smooth—*distinctive.* You'll want to drink Postum for this flavor, alone. And when you learn the good after-effects of this drink, you'll want to make it your friend for life!

Postum costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's supply, free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Post Food Products

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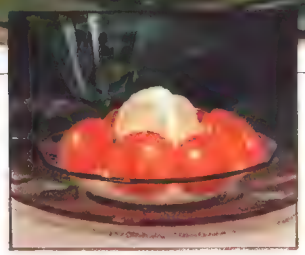

Apricot Pudding. To make, sift together ½ cup flour and 1 cup sugar; add 2 cups syrup from Del Monte Apricots, heated; ½ cup puree of Del Monte Apricots; 2 tablespoons lemon juice; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1 stiffly beaten egg; cook in double boiler until spoon makes a path. Pour in molds to harden. Garnish with Del Monte Apricots and serve with cream

You'll be interested to know how much this great Del Monte garden means to you — in better, more tempting everyday meals

Almost four thousand acres in a single fruit ranch—planted to the finest fruit trees, all in bearing!

A great fruit orchard in which any organization might take pride.

But you'd call its size only incidental—if you knew the real story behind its planting . . .

—a story that goes right back to the quality of fruit we demand for every DEL MONTE can that reaches your table.

—a story—and an ideal—particularly important to you if you still have the slightest thought that the modern canner of quality foods is content with the fruits he finds convenient to his canneries—or depends on surplus stocks not needed for the market!

As a matter of fact, DEL MONTE not only insists on *special types* of fruit, but these fruits must meet requirements far more exacting than those set for ordinary market varieties.

Fruits from a modern paradise

Canning peaches, for example, must be as nearly ideal in size, shape, color and texture as the kindest whims of Nature allow. And most important to your enjoyment—they must have *everything desirable in flavor!*

The Pacific Coast and Hawaii, where most DEL MONTE Fruits are grown, is literally a fruit-grower's paradise.

The wide variations in climate and soil, the abundant sunshine and long growing seasons found in these favored localities, offer almost any combination of growing conditions the orchardist desires.

For many years DEL MONTE has selected for its canneries the best fruit products from every section of this vast empire—bringing the pick of its many crops to your year 'round table.

Ten years ago we decided to go still farther. We not only wanted to increase our dependable sources of supply, but to experiment—to see what carefully controlled plantings, different methods of pruning, various systems of irrigating and fertilizing fruit trees, could do toward producing even *better* fruit than any we had ever had.

As a result, this great DEL MONTE orchard was planned and planted in the years 1920 to 1922. Every one of the 300,000 selected peach and apricot trees in this one orchard was produced from stocks which, experience had proved, were best for canning needs. Different varieties were planted, so that ripening might be continuous and even throughout the entire canning season. Water from the Merced River was brought right into the orchard—so that the growth and development of trees and fruit might be under our full control.

The pick of the crop for Del Monte

Today half of its fruit—the pick of the crop—comes to you under the DEL MONTE label.

Similarly, other great farms, orchards and plantations were developed by DEL MONTE.

Out in the mid-Pacific, thousands of acres of DEL MONTE Pineapples ripen on sunny Hawaiian slopes. In the middle West alone DEL MONTE operates 16,000 acres of corn and pea farms. In California's famous Delta region, DEL MONTE grows over 7,500 acres of the finest asparagus. And with this background of experience—working with its first hand knowledge of what real fruit and vegetable quality should be, DEL MONTE draws from thousands of other fine orchards and gardens.

All of this means that DEL MONTE *starts* with the finest raw materials that can be grown. It means that the entire DEL MONTE canning process can be devoted to just one end—bringing you exactly the ripeness and flavor that Nature can develop at its best.

DEL MONTE canneries are located close by fields and orchards, in every favored growing district. They are equipped with the latest and best devices for shortening canning hours and improving canned food quality. In DEL MONTE canneries, one woman worker out of each sixteen spends *all* her time in supervising and inspecting. The syrup on each DEL MONTE Fruit is chosen for the variety itself —independent of any commercial standard —the particular degree of syrup which will best supplement and bring out the fruit's own natural flavor.

And remember—the DEL MONTE label brings you this same high quality in a full assortment of fruits, vegetables, condiments and relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruits, raisins and prepared foods. Back of them all is the experience of over 70 years in the canning of fine foods. Into every one goes the same painstaking care that has made DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables so widely known—so universally preferred.

You already know DEL MONTE Quality! Why not see that you get this label, every time you buy? It's the surest, easiest guide you can find to better, more inviting meals!

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HEARTSICK TOWN

[*Continued from page 118*]

Wilding, a yes-man, a dummy, and put him "in charge." But that was just camouflage.

Dorothy's small fist came down. "Say what you like about Old Man Rand! But if you say that Mark's not straight—!"

"Hold it," quietly. "I don't. That's the joker. He's so young they thought he'd be a cinch, but he's giving them trouble. He practically killed the realty crowd's game. But that won't happen again. There'll be a show-down now. Either he'll play their game, or—Well, he probably will. They're taking him up, telling him he's a great fella. He'll probably come around. If he doesn't, they'll show him the skids, all oiled and ready. Then if he doesn't . . ." Clarence shrugged. "*Out!*"

HE SENT a sidelong glance across the room. "Wilding has one chance. Adele. She's absolutely silly about him. If he takes her, the Old Man's daughter, old Rand will be up a stump. Wilding may just be clever enough. I don't know. But whatever happens," he came back to his initial point, "*you're sunk.*"

Dorothy's face was white. Her heart felt as if an icy draught had touched it. "Now let me tell you something," she said easily. "You're wise, Clarence, too wise. But you don't know him. He saw through this town when he stepped off the train. He's watching it. And nobody like Old Man Rand is going to tell him a damned thing!"

But her heart was ice. Mark had come here friendless, sick with nostalgia. New friends, gaieties, the lure of Adele, were being used against him for his slow corruption. A dull dread stalked her as she danced, and the voluptuous beauty of Adele terrified her. Even when finally she danced with Mark she was too numbed by apprehension to experience the joy she had anticipated. He *had* to be inviolable, she told herself fiercely, above defeat! Her own happiness, the integrity of her own motives, hung on that.

Sunday afternoon she sat in her "Uncle Bob" Carter's study anxiously recounting to him her talk with Clarence. Uncle Bob nodded, understanding only too well.

"Their weapon," he told her, "is an 'investigation.' Charge him with doing just what they want to do. Put him on the stand and make him prove he isn't getting a rake-off on contracts."

"But he could prove it!" she cried. "He'd show them all up."

Carter shook his head. "He'd clear himself, yes, if he let them put him to that indignity. But public opinion would be against him."

"Uncle Bob, would you defend him editorially? Would you?"

He hesitated. "Ye-es. Once I was sure he's honest. But it wouldn't help him much. Sometime I'm going to hit the Rand Gang with a strong offensive. But this isn't the chance. I can't hit them from a weak, defensive position."

She saw his point. Revolving the problem in her mind for most of the night, she gradually raised a hopeful question. Why not attack first? Put Rand's guns out of action before they opened fire. She sat up in bed excitedly, seeing headlines in the dark.

A series of informative, front-page articles in the Times-Record. "Dayville Gives Expert a Free Hand." Volunteer a complete survey of Mark's activities. Explain that an airport was part of the National Airways, condemned by the Secretary of Commerce if it was inadequate. Tell the people of Dayville each morning of some phase of the work. Why not?

But exhaustion slowly dampened her enthusiasm. Loopholes appeared in her defenses. Doubts assailed her. Perhaps Mark was really falling in love with Adele . . .

She went to the office on Monday morning with shadows under her eyes. She was dubiously collecting facts and figures for the first of the projected articles when Adele Rand breezed in. Behind her marched a chauffeur in livery with a bundle.

The Greeks bearing gifts.

"Oh!" She saw Dorothy, saw at the same time a chance for a pretty triumph. "Here! Take this into Mark Wilding's office!" Airily she motioned the chauffeur to hand Dorothy the parcel.

On the verge of a stinging refusal, Dorothy hesitated. This was the entering wedge of bribery. She hesitated; took it. The contents glugged. She walked into Mark's private office.

"Here's a present from Adele."

He stood up to take it from her hands. His fingers almost touched it. Dorothy opened her hands and dropped it squarely on a sample block of reinforced concrete. A crash and an aroma. "Goodness! What a dreadful accident!" she cried contritely.

"Oh, *stupid!*" Adele was close behind her. "Idiot! It was pre-war. Priceless!"

"I know . . . ."

A buzz summoned her to the private office as Adele flounced out to the elevators with her lackey. Mark was standing beside his desk. His expression was grave, whether tender or merely patient, she could not tell. "Well, wine is a mocker," he said, "and strong drink is ragin'. So you wanted to save me from Delilah and the wiles of the Philistines, Dorothy!"

"Mark!" Tears sprang to her eyes. "Don't let this town beat you! Please!"

HE STARED at her. "No damned fear," he said, as if to himself. Then, definitely to her: "It can't. It won't. Not while there's a person like you in it."

"But *they*—they'll try—"

"No," he said, "they won't. Because you and I are going to make them dive for cover before they ever have a chance, and I'll tell you how. Let's just get your Uncle Bob and the editor of the Times-Record on the phone and—"

Her own plan! He had counted all along on her! "Mark!" she cried, breathless with joy. "I've *seen* Uncle Bob. He's with us. And I have the facts, already to shoot—"

For a moment he looked incredulous. Then he gave a light-hearted, exultant laugh. "Oh, Lord! You're wonderful. You're unbelievable!" In one stride he caught her in his arms, lifting her off the floor and kissed her.

"Then shoot," he said, "and let's get out of here, out in the country, alone, you and I. We've got more important things than work to do today."

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Mrs. J. Edward Thomasson
Hilton Village, Va.

Sift 2 cups flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder. Rub in 2 tablespoons shortening. Mix to light dough with ¾ cup milk. Roll ¼ inch thick. Brush with 1 tablespoon melted butter and sprinkle with mixture of 2 cups apples pared and sliced fine, ½ cup seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Roll like jelly roll. Moisten edges and pinch together. Place in greased baking dish (one slightly larger than the roll is best) and cover with mixture of ¾ cup Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Baste frequently. Serve with cream.

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A full list of the 39 winners selected by the judges—Alice Bradley, Principal Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Cooking Editor Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Director McCall's Department of Food and Household Management; and Katharine A. Fisher, Director Good Housekeeping Institute—will be sent to every woman who took part in the contest.

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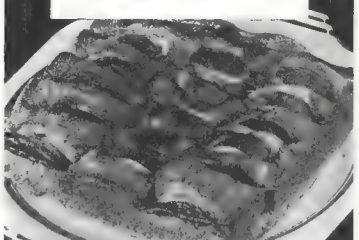
PEACH CAKE

Mrs. Sarah Chase
Jonesville, Michigan

Sift 2 cups flour with 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup sugar. Mix 1 beaten egg with 3 tablespoons melted butter (not too hot); add ½ cup Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses and ½ cup sweet milk. Gradually add molasses mixture to dry mixture, stirring gently until batter is smooth. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and scant ½ teaspoon almond extract. Spread in pan. Arrange sliced canned peaches on top, pressing slightly into dough. Sprinkle with 3 teaspoons granulated sugar mixed with ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve hot with cream or pudding sauce.



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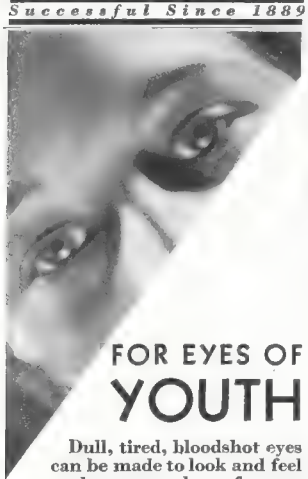

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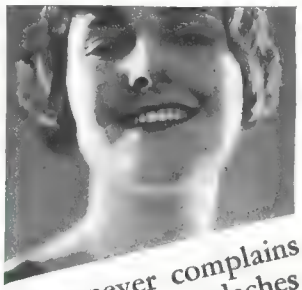

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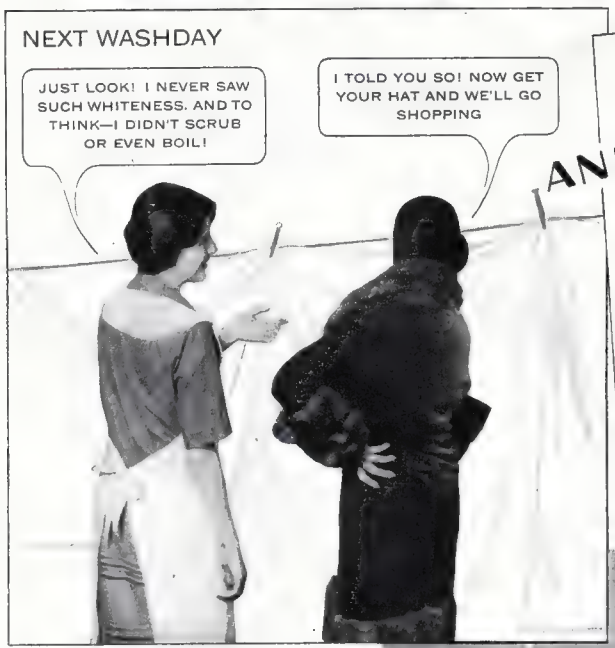
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I TOLD YOU SO! NOW GET YOUR HAT AND WE'LL GO SHOPPING

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"I like easy washdays—that's why I changed to Rinso," says Mrs. V. F. Kimbel of 200 Franck Ave., Louisville, Ky. That's the sentiment of millions of women from coast to coast.

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SOME FISH CLIMB TREES

[*Continued from page 34*]

And the common belief is that the ant world is only a blind mechanism motivated by instinct. But in some ways ants show an order and system that suggests something closely akin to human intelligence.

For instance, there are types of delicate plant lice known as aphids. These lice secrete a fluid that is as healthful and appetizing to an ant as sweet cow's milk is to you or me. Now if ants were only savage creatures blindly seeking food they would certainly kill all aphids that crossed their path and, having drunk their fill, pass on. But not so. Ants herd aphids just as men herd cows; collect them in groups on green branches where the aphids can "chew their cud," so to speak, in shady repose. When these branchy pastures become poor feeding grounds the ants transfer their charges or dairy stock to other branches with softer stems.

The animal that always walks upside down is the sloth, a small, hairy denizen of tropical America that looks like a cross between a monkey and a bear. Poor fellow, he hasn't strength enough in his legs to support his weight. So all his locomotion has to be in a hanging position, *head-down!* But since he is almost the stupidest animal the Creator ever made he doesn't seem to care.

A SLOTH'S courtship has its difficulties. For not only is he compelled to woo his lady friend upside down, but nature has made it impossible for him to move with any agility. A sloth's caress looks like the slow motion picture of a man reaching for a glass of water. While his round, dull, staring eyes gaze off into space, his three-clawed paw drifts slowly out in the direction of his love.

The trouble is that the lady in the case is just as dumb as her beau. Thought of his romantic aspirations may finally penetrate her flabby brain; but thought of food is likely to come first. Just as the affectionate paw starts toward her she concludes she'd better shift outward along the limb from which they hang. She, too, makes slow movies of her humble aspirations. A whole minute passes as she takes a single step by shifting grips, hand-over-hand.

The slow caress now reaches its goal, or at least where its goal was a little while before. In a wide sweep the hairy arm carries on through space. Its owner's eyes now lower until they rest on the empty claws. For a long while he stares, unblinking and unsurprised, despite his failure. Perhaps his opaque, slothy brain wonders what he meant to do in the first place. Then he, too, moves slowly on, hand-over-hand, toward the nearest food.

The sloth's walking upside down is by no means the only curious form of animal locomotion in nature.

The feet of tree frogs and some lizards have disk-like suckers by which they cling to a vertical wall.

The old tradition that there is a "hoop snake," a snake that would take its tail in its mouth and roll down hill, or propel itself along a road, has been pretty well exploded. There is no serpent in the world that in its habits even indicates a basis for such a story.

There is, however, a type of insect that moves after a fashion just as grotesque. This is a parasite which lives on the bodies of bats. It has no sort of legs or feet or flippers, and it can't squirm along the way a snake or worm does. Its only means of getting from one spot to another is to *roll* over and over. "Like a clown in a pantomime," one scientist describes the little fellow. "And yet its speed exceeds that of any known insect."

Snakes walk on their ribs, so to speak; but they use their scales to gain a "foot-hold" as they wriggle along. The wriggles are always in a lateral plane, and never vertical, as shown in some illustrations. How important the scales are may be judged from the fact that the average snake is helpless when placed on a flat pane of glass. An earthworm moves in quite a different way. By expanding its body it pushes its front end along. Minute hairs then anchor the front end while the back end is drawn forward for another "step."

Perhaps the most modernistic form of locomotion in the animal kingdom is that of the octopus, the nautilus and the squid. These sea creatures propel themselves by shooting water through a tube, the same principle by which a rocket may some day reach the moon. Reaction of the expelled water forces the animal's body along. Their long tentacles are used only for moving on the bottom or for climbing over obstacles.

While nature has given some creatures strange habits of locomotion, she has occasionally seemed anxious to conciliate her victims by added powers. She has given feet to the caterpillar, a sail to the argonaut, wings to some fish and a jumping tail to the lobster. To the firefly she has given a night lantern.

ONE species of tropical American beetle also has the power to light its way. It is about an inch and a half long and carries two small globes, one on each side of its throat, that can be voluntarily illuminated like the searchlights of a man-of-war.

The interesting thing is that this flash is not of just a second's duration, as in the case of the lightning bug, but actually lasts five minutes or more when the beetle is aroused. Apparently nature intended the light for night courtship. But any disturbance causes it to be switched on.

A considerable part of my time at the New York Zoölogical Park is taken up in answering strange queries that come to me from the public.

"How does an elephant sleep?" is a favorite question.

The best answer I can give is that our big African elephant Khartum, towering nearly eleven feet high and weighing in the neighborhood of four tons, sleeps mostly standing up. In the twenty years we have had him neither I nor our night watchmen have ever seen him lie down.

Many letters come to me asking about strange hybrid types of animals that may have resulted in nature from cross-breeding. In rural districts, particularly, there persists the belief that there is an animal with a head and

[*Continued on page 127*]

AMONG · THE · BETTER · THINGS · OF · LIFE

SALMON LOAF
Illustrated (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ¼ cup cold water · Yolks of two eggs · 1 teaspoonful salt · 1½ tablespoonfuls melted butter · ¾ cup milk · 2 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar · 1 can salmon, tuna or crabmeat · 1 teaspoonful mustard · Few grains cayenne.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Mix egg yolks, slightly beaten, with salt, mustard and cayenne; then add butter, milk, and vinegar. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Add soaked gelatine and salmon, separated into flakes. Turn into wet mold, chill, and remove to bed of crisp lettuce leaves.

NOTE: If you haven't a fish mold use any meat loaf mold or even a bowl.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ¼ cup cold water · ½ cup boiling water · 1 teaspoonful vanilla · ½ cup sugar · 3 eggs · Few grains of salt · 2 squares of chocolate or 6 tablespoonfuls cocoa.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg whites until stiff and add well beaten egg yolks to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

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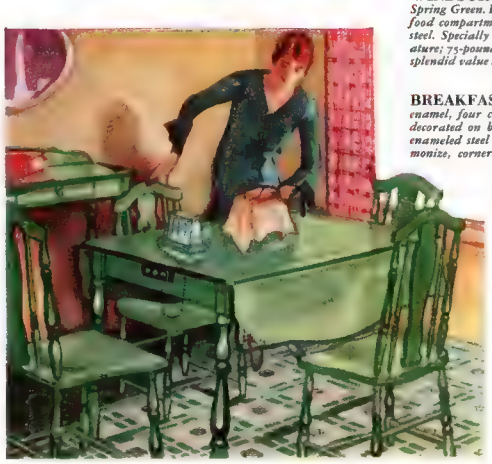

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SOME FISH CLIMB TREES

[*Continued from page 124*]

body like a cat, but the short front legs and long hind legs of a rabbit.

I do not think that such extreme cross-breeding is possible. Lions and tigers have been crossed; so have the zebra and the domestic horse. But in both cases there are closely related types. Extremes, like the combination of rodent (rabbit) and carnivore (cat) seem quite beyond the reals of possibility.

Another belief on which queries are made is that a prairie "dog," rattlesnake and prairie owl occasionally inhabit the same burrow. The truth of the matter is that these three prairie types are natural neighbors. The rattler wanders into the village of prairie dog mounds to seek young dogs for food. He then crawls into an abandoned burrow to digest his meal in peace. As for the prairie owl, it is often so hard-put to find shelter in the desert that it seizes on a deserted burrow for its nest.

"As slow as a tortoise" is quite an unfair affront to this unfortunate beast, heavily handicapped as he is. Don't forget that the tortoise is at home in the high temperatures of the tropics and deserts. When observed in the chill air of temperate zones he slows up like molasses. On a good hot day when the tortoise is at his best I have seen one make a dash for his burrow six feet away and make it before I could cover a scant fifteen yards to him.

NEARLY all sorts of reptiles and amphibians have been credited with grotesque powers and habits that certainly would mortify them if they knew what most of us think. No tadpole, for instance, ever dropped its tail, as it is popularly supposed to while slowly changing into a frog. The tail is slowly absorbed into the body while the mouth parts are changing from an aquatic to an air-breathing animal. Indeed, the tail serves as absorbed nourishment during the period when the creature cannot eat.

Even Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., who abhorred any sort of nature faking, was misled into believing there was such an animal as a stinging snake. During and after his South American journeys he wrote me several letters about such snakes that he had seen but had not had occasion to examine closely. He finally sent a specimen that had tried to sting him with a spine on the end of its tail.

"I picked it up," he wrote, "and was holding it by the neck. Just the nick of time the natives yelled at me to drop it." Just then he felt a needle-like prick.

As a matter of fact he was holding a rainbow mud snake which almost never bites, but when picked up poke their hard tail with a spiney scale at the tip, against their captor's hand or arm in an effort to wriggle loose.

There is a small limbless lizard found in our southern states that closely lives up to the belief that it is made of glass. For if it is grabbed by its tail the tail is voluntarily twisted from its body by the owner. If struck a blow with a stick the tail is likely to break into several pieces, each of which does a dizzy dance of its own as the lizard glides away. The loss is not serious as a new tail at once begins to sprout.

I often have had pointed out to me cases in which toads are alleged to live for months or even years sealed up in an air-tight cavity. I do not believe this is possible unless some crevice leads to it from the open air. Toads are known to burrow deeply into the earth during a drought in search of damp ground. They return to the surface when infiltration tells them of returning rains. At such times they exist for months in a state bordering on suspended animation.

The Texas horned "toad" that was alleged to have been liberated from a cornerstone after thirty years enforced imprisonment without food or water was not a toad at all, but a lizard. I had no means of checking up on the fact; but I do know by personal observation in my laboratory that these creatures are very delicate and unable to fast as long as other amphibians.

Without plenty of sunlight and warmth they soon die.

A surprising number of people are positive they have heard mice *sing!* Many claim they have heard singing mice in their homes, set a trap and actually caught them—and the mice sang in the trap! But it is a scientific fact that a mouse cannot sing. The explanation of the phenomenon is that some species of mice become afflicted with a curious bronchial trouble that appears to be chronic, yet not serious enough to weaken the animal. The trouble may be likened to asthma; and when the mouse wheezes and whistles, and even squeaks shrilly it may accidentally sound quite musical.

There has not been a year during the thirty-year life of the New York Zoölogical Garden that newspaper writers haven't dropped in during the autumn or at the end of the winter to glean information from our animals about the forthcoming season.

THERE seems to be a deep-seated belief that animals are long-range weather prophets; that for instance, they anticipate extreme heat or cold by varying the thickness of their fur, or show particular care in digging burrows, storage of food, lining of nests and other activities.

Year after year I have patiently watched for evidence that would indicate some creature's sensitiveness to coming change of season. Today I am convinced there is nothing to such a belief.

True, the coats of fur-bearing and hairy animals do vary in thickness from year to year; and the activities of others in gathering winter food or in preparation of their cold-weather domiciles may also vary. But both the protective coats and the defensive toil seem to be influenced far more by the season through which the animal is passing than by anything that is to come.

I have gone so far as to keep records. In one autumn I recall, there were distinct indications of unusual preparation for winter. Hoofed stock grew heavier hair, beavers stored more food branches close to their house; prairie dog mounds were higher; squirrels and chipmunks were busy all day carrying acorns. Yet the winter that followed was comparatively mild—certainly milder than average!

The explanation of this apparent paradox seemed to lie in the type of summer we had been having that year. There was no prolonged discomfort for any of our animals from heat, insect pests or poor food. When autumn arrived our hoofed animals were less nervous than usual, the beavers more enterprising and the squirrels and chipmunks so full of pep they simply had to keep busy. The latter were especially favored because the acorns were bigger and fatter than usual. So naturally all gave signs of preparing for a hard winter—which didn't come.

I have been among old woodsmen who would consider it sacrilegious to debate their faith in wild animals as weather prophets.

One widespread tradition is that if the woodchuck or groundhog sees his shadow on February 2nd he retires for another six weeks of winter, indicating a belated spring for the countryside.

The groundhog is the husky eastern relative of the prairie dog. In the fall he eats until he is bursting fat. Then he descends into his burrow, rolls up in a ball and falls into a deep sleep. If he is dug out in the winter time he may be rolled around like a ball and cannot be awakened unless warmed up.

By the same token, if a warm sun comes along in late winter he may actually rouse out and wander around a bit. The same fickle sunshine may cause a few frogs to float up from the mud and feebly croak or lure the blacksnake from its hibernating crevice. But the groundhog would not stir unless he felt it; and he certainly returns the moment the winter chill penetrates his thinning coat of fat.

DESPITE the facts in the case, every spring our groundhogs at the Park are overworked by "still" and movie photographer's who must have the animal's likeness for public consumption. I explain in advance that our groundhogs are awake all winter because they live in sheltered quarters; but it seems to make no difference. The Hero of Groundhog Day appears in the press and on the screen year after year, nevertheless. The most sought after pose is squat and erect with a wise look on his smug little face.

I could go on indefinitely with facts and fancies that make animal life so much more interesting than most people give it credit for being. And I should like to put in a word for "pets." No mechanical toy will ever bring out a child's character the way a small rabbit, cat, dog, turtle, duck, chicken or other pet will—provided, especially, that the parent take a little pains in cementing the friendship between the child and the pet.

Recently a well-known criminologist made the statement that, so far as he had been able to discover, no child that had been fond of pets had ever turned out to be a professional criminal. This may be a strong statement of the case; but certainly association with animals is good for the spiritual welfare of the child.

And then there is always a chance that a child so influenced may directly or indirectly contribute something to the beauty of life and the welfare of the race.

Remember that the goldfish is only a carp which the Chinese, by Burbankian methods, turned into a household decoration.

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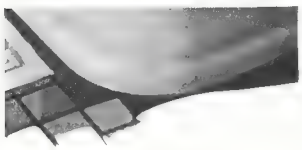

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WHO WILL INHERIT YOUR MONEY?

[*Continued from page 115*]

for their mother's years of martyrdom. Husbands not only can but will receive from one-third to one-half (depending on the state in which they live) of all that their wives possess at the time of their death. Nothing but an absolute divorce alters this decision and it is the mother's duty to decide whether the father under such conditions should inherit her hard-earned estate, or whether it should pass on to her children.

Almost all such women earners have mothers or sisters, even if they have no children, to whom they might wish their money to go. Only expert legal advice can solve each case according to its particular needs, but it *can* be solved.

MANY western states have the "community property law," in which wife and husband hold equal rights to all wealth amassed after their marriage. Contrary to the gradual curtailing of women's prerogative in disposing of their own property in the East, the West errs on the side of liberality to women. This brings about the possibilities of unfair situations for the husband—the actual wage earner in the average home. A wife may will her own "separate estate" as she wishes, and, surprising to say, may also will away just as free-handedly one-half of all community property leaving her husband at her death with only one-half of what his years of earning have produced.

In the state of Washington, a wife without children knew of this law and, being told by the doctor that her days were numbered, used her knowledge to deprive her husband of what, in all fairness, belonged to him. She had a ne'er-do-well twin brother who, in spite of his faults, was particularly dear to her. More than once he had been guilty of cheating his sister's husband, who had refrained from taking the matter to law out of consideration for his wife. At her death, one-half of the community property—that is, half of all that he had earned in the years of his marriage—was bequeathed to his worthless, dishonest brother-in-law. The trusting, thoughtful husband was left at middle age with only half of what was rightfully his. Had she made no will, since there were no children, the law would have given the entire estate to the husband, where it belonged. In the same way, the community property law gives everything to the wife when the husband dies, if there are no children and no will. But, she is legally entitled to half of it at his death, regardless of how it is bequeathed.

The Massachusetts Law grants a husband one-third of all his wife's property whether or not she leaves a will. Pennsylvania divides her property between the husband and one child. If there is more than one child, the husband gets a third and the balance is equally divided among the children. Kansas permits either husband or wife to will away one-half of the estate, but no more than one-half without the written consent of the other.

Illinois grants the surviving husband one-third and the child, or children, two-thirds, regardless of the will. If there are no children and no kindred, he receives all. Idaho comes under the community property law. There also, as in California and Washington, all community property goes to the surviving spouse, if no will has been left. But if a wife in Idaho leaves a last testament, she is permitted to bequeath away from her husband one-half of their community possessions, providing she wills it to her children; or she may will half of her share to her own parents. This seems to be a fairer ruling than in California or Washington, where she is permitted to distribute as she fancies, not only her own personal estate, but also one-half of her husband's earnings.

South Carolina, the only state in the Union where its residents cannot secure a divorce, allows a woman complete freedom of choice in regard to the final distribution of her own separate property. A husband has no legal claim. However, if she leaves no will, the court gives all to the surviving husband, if there are no children or next of kin. If there are children, and no will, the husband receives a third and the children, two-thirds. But, with no children and no will, the law allows the husband half and the balance is distributed equally among sisters, brothers, nieces and nephews—even to the half blood.

People too often shrink from making a will, thus failing to protect those they love best. Unquestionably it is the painful thought connecting death with wills which accounts for this neglect; yet the same people would buy insurance or stocks and bonds so that their dependents might be taken care of after their death. The time to think about a will is when you are in perfect health. There are countless angles to be considered and covered, on all of which a competent lawyer will advise you. A well-drawn will can be watertight.

WOMEN should learn what the law about wills is in their particular state. Confer with a lawyer; let him be your doctor and he may be able to suggest some means by which you can have your own way about your personally owned property. Whether your estate is large or small, do not fail to look into the matter of trust companies as executors and guardians. There is a growing tendency among testators to put trust companies in charge of their estates. This is a matter of personal choice, however, and one that is best decided by the person who makes the will.

The average lawyer's fee for a simple will is from five to ten dollars, and if you do not know of a trustworthy and experienced legal man, a friend can recommend one. If you are genuinely interested in your dependents spend that sum now to insure your estate going where you wish it to go.

SECRETS YOUR HOUSE DOESN'T TELL

[*Continued from page 77*]

anchor to tie to, is to be carefully left alone in framing a house. For fire safety and because of the shrinkage of timber as well as the possibility of settlement of masonry, the house must be framed away from it at least an inch. This, with the two inches needed for laths and plaster, means that an extra allowance of at least three inches must be made on the three sides of the chimney that are inside the house—six inches in all. Framing timbers should not be more than sixteen inches "on centers" and they should be "bridged" to make them rigid and strong.

When purchasing a house it is fairly easy to determine whether a chimney is properly "furred" by placing the hand on the wall. If the plaster is applied directly to the masonry it will be much colder to the touch than if it is applied to the wood furring. The sound made by light tapping on the chimney wall may also be enlightening.

In cheap construction the careless builder will sometimes leave out the building paper between the sheathing and outside finish, and between the rough and finished floors, while proper "fire stopping" of wall spaces is often entirely forgotten. And he may use 3/8-inch flooring instead of 3/4-inch flooring, and so on.

To all appearances a house may be well constructed when in reality there is a leakage of heat which is not apparent until you live in it. A careless carpenter by slip-shod cutting and fitting of lumber and other materials can leave many crevices. You can step into many an attic which has been left unfinished, and see the daylight shining through; the shell of the house is a sieve through which a great amount of heat rapidly escapes. Even with the best of construction the normal leakage of heat around windows, doors and through walls is about fifty per cent. Of course various kinds of insulation and weather stripping may be used to reduce this.

AN IMPORTANT factor in the building of a frame house is the application of building paper over the sheathing. The paper should cover all openings, cracks and crevices in the framing, be snugly fitted around door and window openings, and carried up under the cornices to the roof boarding, making the shell of the house as nearly air-tight as possible. One can often tell if this has been done *carefully* by placing one's hand over the cracks between the trim and plaster around windows and doors. If it is possible to feel a current of air, it is evident that the parts of the frame have not been closely fitted; or perhaps the caulking has been omitted around the frames.

The roof should be sheathed and papered just like the walls. If wood shingles are to be used, shingle lath should be laid on top of the paper so that there will be air space underneath the shingles to prevent rotting.

If insulation is added to the usual construction, the house will be far more comfortable. But if complete insulation seems too expensive it will pay to insulate the roof, or the ceilings of the second story, as there is more leakage of heat through the roof than the walls. Incidentally, this is easy to do at any time if the house seems difficult to heat.

Even though a house may be insulated, which is being done more and more in the better types of residences, the extra cost involved will be wasted unless the material is well applied so that leaks are really prevented. Therefore in buying, as well as in building, demand good workmanship. If the visible portions are carelessly executed, it is reasonable to conclude that similar carelessness will exist in the places where it doesn't show.

In short, be "hard-boiled" about your house before you buy it, in order that it may be "Home, Sweet Home" after you move in.

"What Enchanting New Packages"

say FOUR Lovely Users of DAGGETT and RAMSDELL

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Anita DeVries

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Leila Hyams

Faye Copeland

"I think the new Daggett and Ramsdell packages the very smartest things I've seen," says Virginia Snyder, whose beauty has been praised by many artists. "I don't know which I like better. The porcelain jars with their gleaming silvery tops and black and silver monogram done in the modern manner, or the crystal clear bottles that are as practical as they are decorative. I'm proud to have them on my dressing table."

The striking beauty of Anita DeVries commands instant admiration in smart gatherings in New York, Paris and her native England. Her husband, John DeVries, famous New York artist, is the designer of all the new D & R packages. "Certainly Daggett and Ramsdell products are worthy to be dressed in the very best containers artistry can devise," says Mrs. DeVries, "for in all these forty years no finer cosmetics have ever been made."

Leila Hyams, beautiful blonde M-G-M star, says, of the new Daggett and Ramsdell packages, "How lucky for millions of users that Daggett and Ramsdell chose to celebrate their fortieth anniversary with these enchanting new containers . . . they're perfectly stunning . . . as fine as the wonderful creams and lotions that come in them . . . and best of all their price is well within the cosmetic budget of the average girl."

These new packages are already very much at home in Mrs. Copeland's modernistic pent-house overlooking Central Park in New York. "I've always loved these products," she says, "and their 1930 dress just suits them. Particularly I adore the Debutante Kit. It contains enough of the three famous creams and Vivatone to give yourself several complete facials. Send 50 cents direct to Daggett and Ramsdell for it. It's a bargain!"

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IS YOUR LIFE LIKE MINE?

[*Continued from page 109*]

"A day or two?" I echoed, grimly. "It will take me years, if ever."

He strolled to a window where I joined him. The darkness outdoors was ghastly. The silence was profoundly of the tomb, broken only by the clatter of dishes in the kitchen sink and the low humming of his mother. She was the one normal, happy item in this phantasmagoria.

A wave of stark fright swept me closer to him.

"Be good to me here, won't you?" I suddenly sobbed. "I have given up the whole bright world for you!"

He gathered me into his arms.

A LITTLE later the uncles and aunts, cousins and second-cousins—the Great Inner Circle of my husband's family—arrived. Some I had never met before. We sat around awkwardly.

I had run the main street gauntlet. I had passed the mother-in-law test. And now the family "third-degree."

They are, with one exception—an aunt by marriage—small-towners' to the bone. They vibrated a staid respectability, self-satisfaction, and a form of stagnation of which they were ludicrously oblivious. In their conversation, they magnified minutest details into major importance.

It was the most baffling, disturbing and, in certain respects, devastating social period I had ever spent.

We were poles apart in our topics of talk. Our angling for a common theme became as guarded and tense as the moves in an international chess game. Their habitual self-restraint, on subjects bordering on the personal, gradually communicated itself to me. During the last half-hour I was as lifeless as a waxen image.

"They meant right," my husband tried to explain, in our bedroom.

"I guess they thought I was a stick."

"Oh, no! They approved of you."

This stung me. "I don't suppose it matters whether I approve of them! And, how do you know? Give me the key to their system, won't you? Are they really flesh and blood?"

"What do you mean?"

"I thought they came to see us."

"Didn't they?"

"No. They came to let us see and hear them. It wasn't a social call at all. It was a family inspection."

"Bosh!" yawned my husband. "They're not much on the gush but you would find them true blue in a pinch."

"I'd hate to risk it. They're too cagey. If you want to know the blunt truth about your relatives, we only exist so far as their lives are concerned. Their self-importance is superb. It is overwhelming."

"You're too sensitive. What did you expect?"

"Not that they would fall on our necks and weep in ecstacy at our addition to the Craleytown family circle!" I shot back. "Can you picture them lavishing affection and fussing over anyone? Did you see them running in with shining eyes, a smacking kiss and a hearty grip, pulling their chairs knee-to-knee and feverishly demanding that we spill it all and what in the living world induced us cityites to come down here and tackle hicktown?

"You know you didn't and they didn't!

TAKE that aunt by marriage who claims to have been a city woman. Did you hear her description of the Woolworth Tower? You would have thought she had built it. And how they hung on her words as the greatest living authority! And there we were, all the time! And those girl cousins of yours? Did any of them grab my arm, race me up the stairs and rave over my new gowns and how smart I look in them and wear my hair? Did they ask me for the trade-mark of my perfume and bath salts or what the best show on Broadway is, what night clubs we take in and whether we entertain a lot and if I know many men and what the latest Park Avenue news is?

"Did they? They never once talked about you or me. There we were all evening, smiling-faced dummies, outsiders, listening to a lot of family wrangle, mostly about people who are in their graves. I don't get it! If that's small town, give me the Bowery bread-line. New York is human!"

He sighed. "The small town lives in the past."

"Certainly," I said, dejectedly. "That's why it's dead in dry-rot."

"Everybody thinks alike and does alike. Conformity."

"I hate it!" I almost shrieked.

And so, in antagonism and rebellion, my small-town life began. I was in Craleytown, but not of it. I was among my husband's people, but I did not belong. My mother-in-law, with all her sweetness and willingness, was established in her ways. Only in a human sense were we companionable; and her infirmity was a tragic drawback to any real intimacy. I saw little of my husband, far less than when we led the rigid nine-to-five routine in the city and our half-Saturdays and Sundays were our own. The complicated problems of modern branch factory operation virtually absorbed his whole time and frequently took him away from home. His trips to New York were my sole breathing spells for I invariably accompanied him.

I was, from the outset, alone, waging a solitary fight against annihiliation, usually on a tear-stained pillow, desperately questing for self-forgetfulness in hard, manual labor.

My home became my safety cock, my citadel. My back yard fences and front porch were my fortifiations. Behind these I barricaded myself, burrowed, and toiled.

My hands which had never touched a garden rake or paint brush, spade or hammer, are still shapely. But, they are hard. My sinews are muscular. My body is like steel. My face is no longer soft. When I look at myself in the glass, as at an unbelievable personality, I see alterations which only a girl perceives.

"It's your character at last exposed," my husband says. "You've made yourself a healthy human being, though you have overdone it," he tells me. "You have developed into a lusty and spartan housekeeper and physical drudge. You're a slave to your house."

In the same breath he gives me credit for having created the prettiest and most inviting home in Craleytown, inside and out, and I have no retort to offer.

It took me nearly three years to re-make the house. Except the wiring, plumbing, cementing and outside painting, I, with my mother-in-law's aid at the sewing machine, did it unassisted, even the paper hanging, painting and varnishing.

I began in self-preservation, but it soon became a real and fascinating adventure. When I started, I did not know one brand of paint or water color from another, or the difference in brushes. I knew nothing of tools or how to wield them. I always thought that nails were nails and screws were screws and had the same uses until explained differently by the local merchants to whom I was driven in extremities and confessed my ignorance.

A queer old cabinet-maker, in our one furniture store where I went for screens and awnings that first spring, with a great deal of amusement over my predicament, introduced me into the mysteries of stains for woodwork and old furniture which needed retouching.

SINGULARLY enough, that visit was a turning point in my Craleytown career. I went there pessimistically, desperately. "I'll never get what I want," I said to my husband, "but I haven't time to be everlastingly running to New York or nearby cities for things."

"Try the local dealers. You'll make some amazing discoveries."

And I did—amazing in a number of ways.

In a short time I was haunting the stores and scandalizing the town. In the serenity of their deep, cool, shaded and never-crowded interiors I spent hours. Behind long counters and before rows upon rows of shelves packed with wares, I held interminable conversations with the proprietors. Since all small town stores are congregating points for idling and leisuring, very often these occasions became social as well as educational events. Long before my husband had time to revive his boyhood acquaintances, I was on neighborly terms with most of them.

Here, at last, was the human touch in a common interest!

"You're becoming quite common," my husband calmly announced one morning.

"Common?" I echoed.

He laughed. "Next to being a hard worker—and all Craleytown admits you are that also—to be called 'common' is to receive the public stamp of Craleytown's highest esteem."

"Who says I am common?" I asked subsiding.

"Every storekeeper on the main street."

I actually blushed. I felt complimented. By Craleytown! I was elated, to my own astonishment.

"It's most surprising," I confessed. "I don't have to go outside the borough limits for anything I need. The stocks aren't large, but the stores seem to carry about everything I see advertised in the leaflets I write for. I'm learning an awful lot about merchandising."

I TOLD you before that Craleytown is standardizing."

"It's humanizing, too," I admitted, with a smile.

"No," he replied. "You are."

"Well, perhaps I am," I answered.

When this conversation took place we were in the midst of inside decorating and replacing our electric light fixtures. I was in a state of torturing suspense for the spring rains were due and I had determined on throwing the whole back plot into flowers and grass—a radical departure for soil which had been a vegetable tract a full century. And the seed was not in. I was never so cramped for time.

"It's not hanging heavy on your hands in Craleytown?" jibed my husband.

"Heavy!" I ejaculated. "I won't have time to breathe for the next six months."

"Then at the rate you are going, you'll be a full-fledged small-towner," was his parting shot as he hurried out.

I squinted and pursed my lips at his back. I had begun to resent the imputation that I was not one.

For, in two of the major degrees, I was one. I was a hard worker and I was "common"!

Hard work! Craleytown, I found, was work-mad. All small towns are. The stigma of disgrace is on the loafer and the indolent. Small towns have no leisure classes, no real rich, no real poor. Industry is the sole safeguard in the human struggle and for protection in old age. The small-towner has a religious horror of the poor-house, equaled only by his terror of "Potter's Field." Debt is still dishonorable. Savings are accumulated by well-nigh niggardly economy; and, since his and her deepest passion is to own his own home, bought for cash long and patiently saved, this explains why the small-towner is said to be close-fisted and self-restrained. The background is economic and it is heroic.

The small-towner, who does not own his own home, feels and is made to feel that he has not fully achieved American manhood. All this talk about "the vanishing American home" is bunk to us.

It was my homing instinct which began to win for me a unique place in the Craleytown sun. I did not set out to make a show-place, but that is what my project developed into, in contrast with the drab or gaudy homes around me. Home, to most small-towners', is a place of shelter. What I sought was light, cheer, comfort, color, and an inviting warmth and hospitality—a place not barren of soul, as most small town houses are.

THIS was anything but conformity and the result was somewhat staggering. Somehow, and I don't know how it got around and I have never contradicted it, I gained the reputation of being a landscape artist and interior decorator.

Before I was fully aware, others were copying.

When I went to Craleytown, there wasn't an amber light in the town; there were few bridge lamps, and the colored shades were hideous and tawdry. Windows were curtained, but not draped.

Not so now. The Craleytowners' have not only copied, they have outshone me!

"More power to them!" says my husband.

I say, fervently: "Amen!"

Yet, and here's the irony; when my house was completed, when the last lingering touch was given; when I was ready to throw open the doors and hang the latchkey conspicuously in public view, I was exactly where I had started.

"I'd like to throw a party," I said to my husband.

"Who to?" he asked, bluntly.

We stared at each other fully fifteen seconds. It was a cruel quarter of a minute. [*Turn to page 136*]

The fairies had said at her birth, "You will love much—and be loved by many"

JOSEPHINE MORELAND who should have been born, by all laws of heritage, a solemn child and wizened, was born a perfect and vital thing. Hers was the world for the taking—the world of glamor, of romance, and of high adventure. And the story of her triumphs is one of the most absorbing ever written by America's master of romantic fiction. It is

The Fifth Horseman

by Robert W. Chambers

A New Novel Beginning In The April McCall's

CHICKEN SHORTCAKE · · TENDER · FLAKY · DELICIOUS · · IT'S THE CREAM OF TARTAR IN ROYAL THAT DOES IT!

Here's a different (and most delightful) way to serve shortcake —as the main dish instead of as dessert.

Bake it as usual—to a golden brown . . . with a generous spreading of butter melting softly into the creamy white interior. But put it together with a smooth cream sauce . . . rich with choice tidbits of tender chicken.

To be sure of a crust that's sweet and delicate . . . that will part at the touch of the fork—make it with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. For Cream of Tartar never fails to give an extra fineness of flavor . . . a more flaky, tender texture.

You'll find it is good economy to use Royal. Its unfailing dependability prevents all waste of good materials and valuable time. And enough Royal to make a large shortcake costs less than two cents!

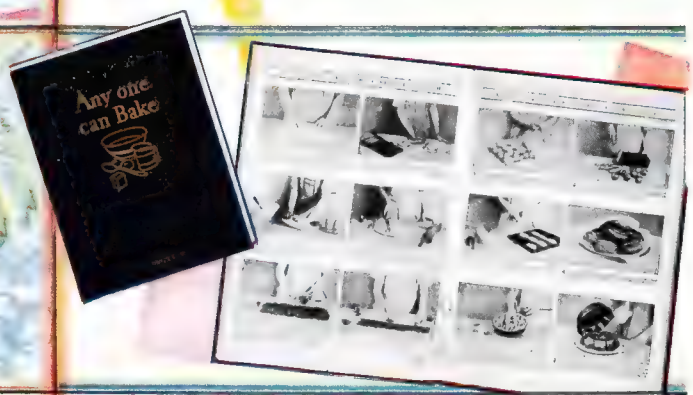
It's better for health, too. In fact, doctors and dietitians agree that Cream of Tartar is the most wholesome ingredient from which baking powder can be made.

Favor your family with a Royal Chicken Shortcake tonight. Note its feather lightness, its flaky tenderness . . . and its delicate flavor! You can certainly taste the difference when you bake with Royal. It's the Cream of Tartar that does it!

THIS $1.50 COOK BOOK FOR 25¢

It's a new kind of cook book. "Motion picture" photographs show you, step by step, the finer points of baking. This fascinating book contains 264 recipes. Also suggestions for special baking for children—menu planning—table settings and many other valuable chapters.

"Any one can Bake" sells regularly for $1.50. It will cost you only 25¢ if you buy a 12-oz. can of Royal Baking Powder. If your grocer does not have these books, buy a 12-oz. can of Royal at any store, enclose insert with coupon (below) and 25¢—we will mail the book to you.



THE CREAM OF TARTAR in Royal comes from luscious grapes grown in southern France. Remember—when you buy—Royal is the only nationally distributed Cream of Tartar baking powder. That is why Royal, for sixty years, has been recognized throughout the world as the purest, most wholesome, and most dependable baking powder.

The Royal Baking Powder Co., Dept. 42 . . . . . 100 East 42nd Street, New York City

I enclose 25¢ and insert from 12-ounce can of Royal Baking Powder. Please send copy of "Any one can Bake".

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

HANDS LIKE VELVET *in spite of March winds*

DRIVE your car—do your own housework—let the chapping March winds blow to their hearts' content, if you've learned the magic secret of Hinds Cream. It will keep your hands fine as satin, young and lovely—through any weather. This almond-scented cream not only soothes chapping—it prevents it. Keep a bottle handy in the bathroom, in the kitchen, on your dressing table, and quickly rub a little on your hands whenever you think of it, particularly after you wash them and just before you go out and always before you get into bed. You'll be surprised at the results of just a few days' use. We will send you a generous sample to try, or you'll find it at all drug counters.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HINDS FOR ACTIVE HANDS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors, Department 230, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM—the protecting cream for the skin.
(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

Address.....

This coupon not good after March, 1931
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8
(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

Copyright 1930, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

MENUS THAT SAVE MONEY

[*Continued from page 57*]

Delicious Steamed Pudding

1 egg	⅛ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar	1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon	½ cup molasses
½ cup raisins	1½ cups flour
	½ cup boiling water

Beat egg and add sugar, cinnamon, raisins and salt. Dissolve soda in molasses. Add molasses and flour to the sugar mixture. Add boiling water and beat until smooth. Pour into a greased pudding mold. Cover and steam 1 hour. Serve hot with lemon, hard or foamy sauce.

Mother's Coleslaw

1 head cabbage	2 eggs
1 cup sugar	½ cup water
1 teaspoon mustard	½ cup evaporated milk
½ teaspoon salt	1 cup vinegar
⅛ teaspoon pepper	

Cut cabbage in quarters and soak in cold water until crisp. Drain and shred fine. Mix sugar, mustard, salt and pepper together. Add eggs and mix well. Add water and evaporated milk. Add vinegar slowly and cook over a low fire, stirring constantly until thickened. Chill. Pour over the cabbage and serve.

Economy Chocolate Cake

1 tablespoon butter	1½ cups flour
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon baking powder
1 egg yolk	¼ teaspoon salt
2 squares unsweetened chocolate	1 teaspoon soda
½ cup boiling water	½ cup sour milk
1 teaspoon vanilla	

Cream butter and sugar together. Add beaten egg yolk and mix well. Cut chocolate in small pieces, add boiling water and cook slowly until smooth. Add chocolate to the first mixture. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Dissolve soda in the sour milk and add alternately with the flour to the chocolate mixture. Mix well and add vanilla. Pour into a greased square shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Cover with white icing using left-over egg white.

Yum-Yum Cake

2 cups sugar	½ teaspoon clove
2 cups water	3 cups flour
1 lb. raisins	1 teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons shortening	½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon	1 teaspoon baking powder

Put sugar, water, raisins, shortening, cinnamon and clove in a saucepan; boil 5 minutes. Set aside to cool. Mix and sift flour, soda, salt and baking powder together; add to the first mixture. Mix well. Pour into greased tube pan. Bake in slow oven (300° F.) 1½ hours.

Split Pea Soup

1 cup split green peas	1 small can tomatoes
1 quart water	1 teaspoon salt
1 onion, sliced	⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 marrow bone	

Wash and pick over peas. Soak over night. Drain. Add water, tomatoes, onion, salt, pepper and marrow bone. Cover and simmer slowly 2 hours, stirring occasionally. Add more boiling water, if necessary. Strain and serve very hot with crisp crackers.

Note: This is a thick soup.

AT THE ROOT OF A CHILD'S HABITS

[*Continued from page 74*]

feel secure on his own feet, she will take pride in his accomplishments, and will help him establish the desire to grow up. One of the first steps is to give the child certain little tasks which he is expected to perform *every* day, not just when his mother is in the mood to give them to him.

From the age of three years, a child should be expected to try to dress and undress himself. By the age of five, he should be able to accomplish it alone, except for complicated knots and buttons. He should learn to bathe himself, and be permitted to feel the joy of doing it even when he comes out of the tub not quite as clean as his mother would wish. He can learn to pick up the daily papers from the living room floor, he can put away his own toys, and, very early, he can be trained to keep his own room and closet in order. Low hooks should be placed so he can reach them to hang up his wraps and clothing.

A mother should remember always that her satisfaction must lie in the completed product, in her child's ability to live a happy and productive life. She should always stress to her child the pride and joy of being grown-up. A child should learn that the rewards of being grown-up are numerous; he should *not* be led to believe that only childhood is happy. Feelings of inadequacy and frustration are bound to result in later years if childish thoughts and habits are clung to for too long.

LETTERS AND INVITATIONS

[*Continued from page 47*]

(Always repeat date and hour in acceptance.)

The regret is written:

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown
regret that they are unable to accept
Mr. and Mrs. Green's
kind invitation
for Tuesday the first of March.

(It is not necessary to repeat hour or nature of invitation in a regret.)

An informal practice which has become so widely established that it is now accepted as correct is to write invitations of every possible sort (except to weddings and formal dinners and luncheons) on the hostess' visiting card. For example:

Tuesday March 1st, at 1 o'clock
Buffet luncheon
Mrs. Amos K. Johnson
R.s.v.p. 2 Elk Square

The hour may equally well be at any other time and in the place of "buffet luncheon" may equally well be written, "music" or "small dance" or "bridge" or "shower for Mary James."

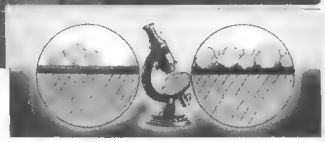
Even an invitation to a tea or reception given for a distinguished stranger can be written in this way, with the addition of "To meet Senator and Mrs. Gray" across the top, and the hour and date below.

The *correct* answer to card invitations has been, until very lately, a third person answer like that given above for formal dinners. But in the case of intimate friends, a return card is permissible with "With pleasure!" and "Tuesday at 1 o'ck." written in the upper left corner of the visiting card if the answer is an acceptance; "Sorry, can't come" and "March 1" below it written in the upper left corner of the visiting card if the reply is a regret.

Feel funny about filling in coupons?

THIS SHOULD BE AN EXCEPTION

Liquid Wax keeps dust OFF furniture and woodwork . . . As demonstration, accept FREE 25c CAN Sent to thousands of women



Microscopic view of dust on furniture. Note dry hard surface of Johnson's Wax (left) opposed to oily film which holds dust like flies on fly paper. This explains graphically what chemists found by weighing actual dust accumulation.

Fifty per cent less dust settles on waxed furniture than on surfaces finished with ordinary polish. A recent test by impartial chemists has proved it.

If you prefer to *buy* a can of Johnson's Liquid Wax to try, do so. *But we will gladly send free of charge and postpaid* a regular 25c size to relieve you of either trouble or expense in this demonstration.

Made by S. C. Johnson & Son, for forty years the interior finishing authorities, Liquid Wax is a lustrous "dry" polish—a new form of Johnson's paste wax, famous for floors. Dust doesn't stick to it, but glides off the gleaming waxed surface. After polishing, run your own clean finger over it and see that there is no oil or grease for dust particles to cling to! A week later, note the difference in dust! And notice how it protects your hands when using it.

Simply mail the coupon and receive a full-size 25c can for an immediate demonstration on your own furniture. S. C. Johnson & Son, "The Interior Finishing Authorities," Racine, Wisconsin.

In paste or liquid form.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. M 3
Racine, Wisconsin

Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Liquid Wax and illustrated booklet on the new care of floors and furniture.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Clean Rugs ★ Last Longer

NEGLECT spots on rugs or carpets—and soon they're ground in. Remove spots immediately and see how much longer your floor coverings last—always looking just like new.

It's no trouble at all to remove dirt and grease spots if you will just take a clean cloth and moisten it with Energine. A gentle rub or two and instantly the original color is restored. Energine dries instantly—leaves no odor and cannot injure finest fabric.

At all druggists

You soon become an expert in removing spots with Energine by following the simple directions on every label. Energine cleans a world of things. And a little goes a long way. Large can 35c. Give Energine a trial—and, like millions of others, you'll never be without it.

World's Largest Seller

LEAVES NO ODOR

ENERGINE

THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID

Are your WINDOW CURTAINS worthy of your home and you?

In curtain material, as in furniture, rugs, silver and other items, there is a quality mode unchanging because it is always appropriate and inherently beautiful

BEDFORD SCRIM

has that richness of appearance and graceful draping qualities so sought for, and because its quality is "yarn deep" it is permanently satisfactory, will not lose its lustre, will not become weakened by heat or sun and may be laundered dozens of times without losing its newness.

Bedford Scrim comes in a wide choice of plain colors, two-tones, stripes and novelty effects as well as White, Ecru and Peach. It is ideal for overdrapes as well as glass curtains. Deep colors and bold stripes for sun rooms, summer camps, etc.

There is a type and style of curtain and drapery for every room—send for booklet and samples of Bedford Scrim.

5 BAR SELVAGE

Bedford is sold by nearly all leading stores. Look for the five bar selvage — your protection.

FAIRCLOUGH & GOLD, INC.
284 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Wedding Invitations—Announcements
Write for Samples
100 Hand-Engraved $10.00
Imitation Styles $5.00 a 100
100 Visiting Cards $1.00
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1042 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A DAY WITH MY RADIO

By RUTH DUTILH JENKINS

THE door of the world can swing magically open at the touch of a button and the turning of a dial. With a radio, strange as it may seem, a woman actually has more opportunities for self improvement and supplementary education than her husband who is tied to a definite type of work all day.

Recently I decided to live one whole day by radio. By fitting the radio program to my work, I made a game of my household duties. While I straightened the rooms on the first floor, I worked to the accompaniment of a delightful gloom-chaser program, followed by a series of dance records. I was through with this preliminary task of what I term "clearing the deck for action" far sooner than ordinarily. Keeping up with the radio had increased my speed.

Then while I washed the dishes and made the dessert for dinner, I heard a lecture on pure foods which caused me to resolve that henceforth I would consider more carefully the refrigeration of our food. Must I confess that the next household task was thoroughly cleaning my refrigerator? Well, it was.

Being a woman and naturally interested in trying to improve my appearance, I next tuned in on a beauty talk and found many helpful hints. As I had decided to live this one day by radio, I took a few minutes before the next task and put into practice the beauty expert's suggestion for massaging the chin. This simple treatment has already done much to reduce a chin which was beginning to get more than pleasingly plump.

Household hints, cooking classes, a shopping talk, and a health talk brought my morning duties to lunch preparation. I had planned a pick-up meal, so the recipes I had heard were of no immediate benefit, but I did get some help about the most economical foods to buy at that season, and I jotted them down for future reference.

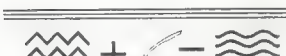
By dinner time I was astonished at the variety of contacts and the great number of important people whom I had heard without neglecting any of my household tasks.

The whole day had seemed so ideal for both amusement and help that I asked a friend who plans the daytime features for women at a big broadcasting station how it was managed. She replied, "We are scheduling our radio programs so that they will fit in with the average housewife's working schedule. We have grown very particular about the people who present the ideas to our radio audience. Only well-trained professionals, people of authority and specialists with the proper background are chosen for broadcasting. We coöperate extensively with Columbia University, the United States Department of Agriculture and with the authorities of other nationally known schools and universities."

You may quite justly complain that many programs are still too commercial, or point out their other faults. But in our desire to find *what* we want *when* we want it, we often forget that the radio is still a very new source of pleasure and like all new inventions needs a little time before it can be of the maximum help to its users.

Another planner of programs in answering my question said, "We watch carefully for all the new things that might be of help to a housewife; we even have several women who shop the stores every day for what is new."

Continuity and definite schedules and hours are a great benefit to the listener-in. More than fifty colleges and universities throughout the United States and Canada own broadcasting stations. A few give credits for courses covered by radio. Add to this a variety of courses prepared by other educational institutions, as well as the commercially backed lectures, and the list of subjects is as complete as a series of extension or home study courses. A radio education will soon prove comparable to that given by universities when the professor meets informally with his classes a few times a week.



A ring around the bathtub means HARD WATER

IF AN unsightly ring, difficult to scrub away, appears around a bathtub, the explanation is *hard water*—water laden with harsh alkalis. And such a ring means that baths are not as satisfactory as they should be, that more soap is being used than necessary, and that lathering and rinsing are difficult.

But add two or more tablespoonfuls of Melo to a bathtub full of the *hardest* water. Instantly it is made soft as dew. Suds are rich and thick and soft, rinsing quick and thorough, tender skin is saved from irritation.

Melo aids and simplifies every washing and cleaning operation. Yet its cost is very slight—sold by your grocer in convenient cans—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of Sani-Flush.*)

MEL'O
WATER SOFTENED WITH MEL'O IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER
10 CENTS

There's a New All-Wool Blanket in Your Rag-Bag!

SEND us 5 lbs. of discarded white woolens or 10 lbs. of any color woolens—old wool blankets, sweaters, dresses, golf hose, etc. We will sterilize, card, bleach, dye, spin, weave and finish the stock. It will be returned to you as a brand new beautiful blanket, 66" x 80", in anyone of six pastel shades you select—blue, rose, lavender, tan, green, peach. $4.75 covers all expense, satisfaction guaranteed.

OLD NORTH STATE MILLS
South Berwick — Dept. 23 — Maine

• ***NEW*** •
ELECTRIC VAPORIZER
For treating Bronchial Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Coughs, Colds....

Now—a specially constructed Electric Vapo-Cresolene Vaporizer, guaranteed safe, effective and durable. Filling a growing demand for this modern electrical method of vaporizing Cresolene. Order direct if not found at druggists. Price $3.50 with Cresolene.

Vapo-Cresolene

Antiseptic inhalant for 60 years. Write for Booklet No. 655
Vapo-Cresolene Co., 62 Cortlandt St., New York, N. Y.

Give it a Trial

A trial will convince you it is the best polish you ever used for silver, nickel plated bath or auto fixtures, cut glass, mirrors, windows, etc. Easy to use—paste form—no mess. Ask your dealer for *Metalglas* or send 10c to cover postage and packing trial tin.

Metalglas Mfg. Co., Box KC, Marengo, Ill.

mrs laurance armour

the bedrooms of her new chicago home are equipped with luxurious beautyrest mattresses . . . . . .

● Walls covered with the same gay chintz that makes the draperies—deep soft chairs also chintz covered, a cozy fireplace, and the most gloriously restful-looking beds to sink into!

mrs laurance armour entertains extensively and is an exceptionally gracious hostess

● Everything in Mrs. Armour's beautiful Lake Forest home speaks of gracious hospitality and a distinguished taste. Here are lovely gardens, large sunshiny rooms whose cool colorings and spacious arrangement breathe restfulness and charm—and ever more charm. ● Significant of Mrs. Armour's thoughtfulness for personal comfort throughout her household, are the "really comfortable" Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs with which the room above is equipped. ● Mrs. Armour says, "I first slept on a Beautyrest Mattress on a ranch in Arizona, and I was delighted with it. Now I have them in my own home. I understand that the Simmons Company have brought out a second mattress of a similar type for a still more reasonable price. It seems to me quite extraordinary—most progressive." The famous Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring covered to match, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. The new Deepsleep Mattress at a popular price, $19.95; Deepsleep Box Spring, $27.50; Slumber King Spring, $12.00 . . . Beds $10.00 to $60.00. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

Copyright 1930, The Simmons Company

Simmons

beds • springs • mattresses and BERKEY & GAY furniture

"BAKED BEANS, YOU'RE A FINE DISH *with* SAUCE LIKE THIS"

"Don't think it's the baking alone that makes you such a treat, good beans. Not at all. It's the sauce you're with . . . the A-1 Sauce. There's nothing that flavors beans quite so deliciously as a sprinkle of this thick, savory table sauce. It makes them much more appetizing . . . why even more digestible. Because A-1 Sauce is a perfect blend of delicate spices and seasonings . . . the flavor that makes baked beans tastier than ever before."

A-1 Sauce works wonders as a seasoning in cooking, too. Write for free recipe booklet, "Twenty-five Ways to a Man's Heart." G. F. Heublein & Brother, Desk 43, Hartford, Connecticut.

Big Profits in Candy Making!

Alice Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to *make* and *sell* her "APPROVED" Home-made Candies. Work sheet formulas, equipment boxes, adv. cards, selling plans—*everything* provided. Make money 1st week. Profits double the fee or money back. Write today for free "worksheet" on *FUDGE*.

American School of Home Economics, 876 East 58th St., Chicago

MAKE THESE GOLDEN JONQUILS

Directions and materials FREE

Now, in a single evening at home you can make a bowl of cheery golden jonquils that will seem freshly cut from the garden. For Dennison has a new plan so simple you can learn to make jonquils and daffodils, delicate sweet peas, crimson roses, flaming poppies—more than 60 varieties of flowers, all of Dennison's inexpensive crepe paper. Make them for your own home, for friends, for favors, for gifts, to sell. To prove that you can quickly learn to make perfect flowers this new way, Dennison will send free step-by-step directions, patterns and materials for making jonquils.

Send Coupon Now

Just mail the coupon now—and at the same time why not let us send you some of the other tempting booklets listed below. Dennison supplies for making flowers, decorations and favors and other craft articles can be had at department and stationery stores and many drug stores.

DENNISON'S, Dept. 3-Q
Framingham, Mass.

Please send me free instructions and sample materials for making Jonquils

Name .....

Street or R.F.D. .....

City ..... State .....

Why not let us include some of these Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose proper amount.

....*Crepe Paper Flower Making 10c*
....*Sealing Wax Craft 10c* ....*Waxed Pond Lilies (Free)*
....*Weaving Paper Rope 10c* ....*Cellophane Flowers (Free)*
....*Crepe Paper Costumes 10c* ....*Crepe Paper Curtains (Free)*
....*Party Table Decorations 10c* ....*Novelty Dolls (Free)*

Dennison-craft

IS YOUR LIFE LIKE MINE?

[*Continued from page 130*]

"The town's friendly enough. You know that."

"No one ever runs in. Not even the family, any more."

"They're all afraid they will drag mud marks into the vestibule and drop ashes on your rugs."

"Bosh! I'm not that spick-and-span."

He stopped poking fun. "The whole truth is, you have not identified yourself with any one group."

"I haven't been asked? Must I make the advances?"

"Certainly. You are not sure you want to know anyone socially. You have been so busy you haven't felt the need of friends."

"I feel that need, now," I said, candidly.

"When you are ready to take the plunge, say so, but mark your step. As you begin, so you must end. The moment you pick your crowd, you are a goner, so far as any of the other cliques are concerned. Meanwhile, we'll join a country club and I'll get you a car. I'm beginning to feel the need of a little diversion, myself."

He had spoken the truth. I had been too wholly engrossed in my physical outlet to give any serious thought to creating a social one. Besides, after that first skirmish with his relatives, I had crawled into a shell of aloofness, in self-defense. Once or twice a year, around the holidays and his mother's birthday, we spread a family dinner and went to theirs. These gatherings only confirmed my original and unhappy impression that a satisfying relationship, on either side, was impossible.

I was still a transient being, troubling their sphere with city conceptions. I altered my furs every year to meet the styles and ran on the streets bare-legged and without corset in the summer, as if I were a giddy girl in my 'teens. I had shortened my mother-in-law's dresses, made her abandon her chokers, and wear curlers at night, and she was nearing seventy! I certainly must have blasted my husband's city career. Why else should his company send him back to his beginnings? The fact that he had worked his way through adversity and over their prejudices to a college degree and a mill superintendency didn't count. I was the family nemesis. Hadn't I, ruthlessly and extravagantly, turned a valuable garden patch into a show lawn? And spoiled all the parlor furniture, cut down bed-heads and remodeled bureau-tops, rendering them valueless for the future, after I had picked up and gone?

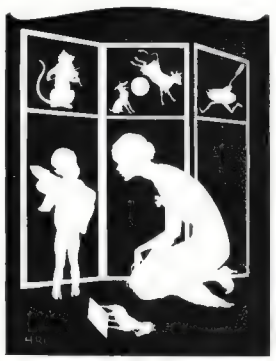
THEY gave me my distance and I reciprocated, in infinite relief, and turned to the town.

"Funny thing about a small town," mused the old cabinet-maker who was in the way of being a philosopher. "It's just like a bank. Every man, woman and child is a kinda human deposit. A bank's gotta have a clearing house, ain't it? Well, Craleytown has two. One's the churches. The other's the secret societies. They give you a moral and social rating. As you belong, so you are. Ain't that so, now?"

I thought of this analysis when my husband and I were contemplating the question of social outlets. I am not a member of any church in Craleytown, although I attend services regularly with my mother-in-law. My husband is not a lodge man. As the lodges, the churches and the extensive and complicated family clans constitute the small town social cliques, we were neither "fish, fowl nor good red herring"—we had no fixed social distinction.

We are not musical, so the musical group was not open. The zest for dancing seemed to be confined to the younger bobbed-haired, lip-sticked element to whom I am an "old married woman," though I am no more married and not as old as some of that set; and in spite of the fact that I am "city wise," I am far less sophisticated than they are.

HOW often, year in and year out, in solitude have I sat at my windows fronting the cross streets where our property stands, envying these young women, secretly longing for their comradeship. They have obliterated all my foregone conclusions concerning small-town girls. Raphael would borrow Diogenes' lantern to no purpose if he were to search the small-town streets for an old-time conception of the village Madonna. Daisy Miller, Maude Muller, Little Miss Muffet and Miss Prim and Proper are no more. Little Red Riding Hood and Poor Cinderella—who were they, anyhow? The



story books in which they rest lie buried under cobwebs in the barn lofts.

A new and bewildering female paradox parades under our eyes. Cardbitten, movie-mad, dance-crazed, fast-and-loose, she sneaks a cigarette in the dark of the curb shade trees, whoopees on the rear seat of blind-drawn automobiles and sprees half the night, every night, and often, on Saturday night, all night. Gone are all the old restrictions on her deportment in public and those hide-bound traditions of conduct which smothered her mother's elemental nature. She is free! Is she artificial? She is exactly what she looks, talks and acts. "Life in Life" is her motto. Where she is heading television must tell us and that is some years hence.

She is turning the small town topsy-turvy. Life to her is not a daily drudgery. It is movement and excitement. She runs the town. She runs the sports on the high school lot and the public tennis grounds. She runs the church with a jazzed up hand and the gray-heads in the Amen corners are louder shouters than ever. Her wits are sharp. Her body is beautiful. Her fiber is toughened. She has expanded her capacity. She is a home body, too, and a real entertainer; and she knows more about baby-hygiene and scientific child-raising than the college professor who tries to pick her to flaws.

Unquestionably, she is Craleytown's modern gesture. She is the small-town counterpart of the large city and the suburban girl. You can't distinguish one from the other, except by geography. She demands things and she gets them, from family bathtubs to radios and automobiles, detached cottages with cement pavements, to graded thoroughfares and concrete block garages, underground terra-cotta drains and sanitary alleys.

Behold her! Her exuberance, her vitality have yanked the old town out of its age-long straight-jacket. Her husband is on the hump. All the husbands are fascinated with her, including my own. Beside her, I feel flat and outworn. She makes me miserably aware of my brutally interrupted youth. She is the mocking spirit of that which I once was and never again can be!

She is infectious and, when I learned of a bridge club in process of forming, I reached a swift decision.

"Let's join," I said to my husband.

He agreed, readily, regarding me speculatively. "Is this surrender, resignation or compromise?"

"It's social hunger!" I blurted out, recklessly. "I'll try anything once. To be perfectly truthful, I am consumed with fear that they may not want me."

"Oh, they will want you, if only out of curiosity. They are human, too. They starve for something new. They tire of their own faces. You will be a social cocktail."

I squirmed at that. "I'm after a cocktail, myself."

THAT first session of the bridge club was a revelation. It was held in the home of the town banker who also was president of the school board. Notwithstanding that I had a store and street acquaintance with most of the men and some of the women, I experienced all the thrill and suspense of a first night at the theater or a President's reception. My husband was keyed, too. Of all the promptings and directions, concerning small town social form!

"Don't overdress," he cautioned, when he saw me fingering through my evening gowns. I had not worn one since we left New York. "They might think you are trying to put on city airs."

My spirits fell. I turned, reluctantly, to a simple dinner frock. "I insist on your tuxedo," I said.

He rolled his eyes. "In that bunch? Don't I know them?"

"But do you?" I was dubious. "When were you at a Craleytown party last? Not since you were a high school boy. At least wear a dark suit and polish your shoes."

"Leave your cigarette case at home," he warned.

"Shall we use the car?"

"Lord, no! Those few steps!"

I peered outdoors. "I'm wearing my satin slippers and it might rain."

"Take overshoes and I'll carry an umbrella."

I was speechless!

"Oh, well! We'll get the car," he grumbled, catching sight of my expression. "The fellows will probably guy me about it."

Did they? They didn't! At the banker's curb were their own cars, from limousines with chauffeurs to unwashed runabouts. Men and women, in smart and formal evening attire, swarmed the sidewalk, effusing gay greetings among themselves, as if they had not been running in and out of one another's houses all day long.

Our host and hostess, our own ages, with a touch of old-fashioned courtesy,

[*Continued on page 145*]

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"Those delightful kitchens of the past—" exclaims Josephine Gibson, Director, Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, "bright with sunshine—odorous with the fragrance of delicious foods in preparation! Do you remember the familiar baked bean crock which gave forth such a happy odor when the oven door was lowered? And when from your plate every bean sent up redoubled fragrance in little curling jets of steam, wasn't it enough to make any appetite frantic?

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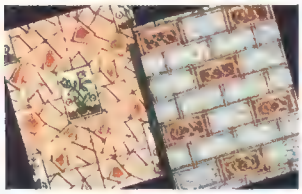

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EBONY AND AMBER

[*Continued from page 30*]

Eliza had tramped the streets for several hours, and now with but a few papers left, she decided she needed a rest. So she sat down just inside the three-step vestibule of No. 179*a*, where she happened to stop, and melted so completely into the purple shadows that she was quite invisible to the club guests who arrived at intervals. Presently she dozed off, and it was her little hand stretched out palm up, that greeted Feng Tao as he walked into the vestibule and stopped to light a cigarette.

The crimson spurt of the match brought the little hand into vivid relief, made yet more startling by the fact that the rest of Eliza's body remained in darkness.

"Gee!" he muttered, and groped in his pocket for a coin.

It was not—though we would like to report it so—that he felt sorry for the sleeping child. Nor could he read the hand's mute, pitiful appeal. It was, simply a gambler's superstition; the first piece of money, chosen at random, and given to the first beggar.

So he dropped it into Eliza's palm—*plonng!*—without disturbing her even slumber; and he cursed wickedly a moment later when he noticed that it was not a quarter, as he had thought, but a bright, shining five dollar gold piece.

Instinctively he bent to take it back. Then he reconsidered. Couldn't be done. Would mean rotten bad luck. So he cursed again, rang the bell, and a minute later was on the other side of the iron door.

Almost immediately his mind was swept clear of everything except his overwhelming craving—the game. Superstitious again, he made with right thumb and left second finger the sign of the Dragon and the Crab as a protection against evil luck, when, from the oblong room, he heard the symphony of rustling and shivering of paper money, the click of the dice, the staccato exclamations of the silken, yellow lad who presided over the roulette wheel, the sing-song voices of the Mah Jong players calling the queer, archaic score words of the mandarin game: *"Po! Fa! Tch'ung!"*

GRAY DAY

By EDWIN MORGAN

I love a black and bitter sea,
I love a lifeless sky;
Across the blowing rain
The gull's cry.

I love the sullen rocks
Where the water's loud;
Green waves that break on rocks
Dull and proud.

There is no better place to stop alone
Than by a leaden sea;
And feel across the quiet rain
Eternity.

CAME the thud and stammer of the bamboo-and-ivory tile; the taint of gold and gain and greed; and, as he entered the room, the panorama of rapacious Chinese hands, rapacious Chinese faces. Then *"Tien Fu!"* as Nag Hong Fah, the restaurant proprietor, triumphantly swept the board, the winner, and rose.

Feng Tao walked over to take his place, passing the other on the way.

"Lucky seat!" smiled Nag Hong Fah. "Perhaps you will win."

"Gotta win!" was Feng Tao's laconic reply.

There was bitter truth in his words. He had to win; or else, at least temporarily, look for honest work. For, on the day before, he had had a talk with Jake Rosenzweig, the Bowery shyster lawyer, who, with his political influence, his friends higher up, and his downright cleverness in court, had often kept Feng Tao out of jail.

"Feng," he had said, "if I were you, I'd lay low for a while—if you get me."

"I get yer all right, Mister. But how—?"

"A friend at headquarters passed me the tip."

"Straight tip?"

"Absolutely! Take a vacation!"

Leaving the lawyer's office, Feng Tao had met Bill Devoy; and there had been a triumphant, expectant gleam in the detective's brown Celtic eyes. So Feng Tao had decided to lie low for a while.

But this enforced rest came at an inopportune moment since he had less than two hundred dollars and since he was not the sort who stints himself on the material side of life.

Well—he had decided—there was always No. 179*a*. He'd clean up for once. He felt sure of it. And so he slipped into Nag Hong Fah's seat.

The other three players bowed to him respectfully. A strong man he was; a dangerous man; a killer; also, at times, useful in the mazed affairs of the Seven Azure Dragons, Chinese Benevolent-Association.

So they greeted him in Chinese, with stilted, old-world courtesy: "Ten thousand years, oh, wise and older brother!"

The "wise and older brother" thrust out his slightly prognathous jaw. "G'awn!" came his clipped, raucous, belligerent East Side jargon. "Cut out de Chinkie talk and let's play!"

So they played. *"P'ing! Tchi! Kang Shang Hwa!"*

The tiles clicked and thudded. Eager, yellow fingers curled like question marks, reached, took. Bland, expressionless faces studied combinations. Tough Mongol brains reckoned the laws of chance and average.

Click-click-click-click-clicketty-click—the chorus of the tiles—like the clicking of knitting-needles.

It was not that luck was against Feng Tao. Mah Jong is neither exactly a matter of luck, nor exactly a matter of skill. Both luck and skill enter, of course, into the playing. But chiefly—and therein it resembles poker—is it a matter of psychology, of being able to read one's opponent's mind fully as much as his hand.

These men, rich burgesses of Pell Street, lived by the chilly, algebraic cunning of their brains, pitting their wits against each other and against the Sicilians and Russian Jews amongst whom they lived. As in their business dealings, so at the Mah Jong table, they knew when to withdraw and sell out with the least possible loss and when to speculate on a rising market.

Consider, on the other hand, Feng Tao's mode of life; the down-town streets where he pursued his sinister vocation; the corner saloons with their lurking side entrances where a man might slip in and out like a rabbit through the tunnels of its warren; the sudden, mysterious alleys cutting sideways into labyrinths of buildings; the jungle of steel and brick and concrete where he roamed like a jungle animal, a beast of prey, leaping, pouncing. A jungle where instinct mattered and not deliberation, recklessness and not wise withdrawal when the odds seemed unfavorable.

And he played Mah Jong as he lived—with the logical inevitable result: he lost. He lost, steadily, game after game, until finally he rose with an oath.

"Wot's the damage?" he asked Yung Long, the wholesale grocer who was banker.

The latter figured up. "One hundred and eighty-seven dollars, oh, wise and older brother," he announced suavely.

"Awright," replied Feng Tao; "ye bums have cleaned me out." He took his money from his pocket and counted it. "More'n cleaned me out!" he continued. "Here!"—tossing the money on the table—"I'm five bucks shy . . ."

"There is no hurry about paying the trifling debt," Yung Long assured him; "no hurry at all."

And with another player taking Feng Tao's place, they settled back to their philosophic mandarin game: *"Ping! Cha Fu! Ho P'ai!"*

Feng Tao left the oblong room and went into the lobby.

Cleaned out, he thought. Flat bust. Lost every cent to those buzzards. Ordinarily he would not have minded. But now, with Jake Rosenzweig passing him the tip to lay low, it would be weeks before he could get back to work—for he was pleased to call his method of earning a living by this honorable appellation.

He was not worried about his actual living expenses: his room rent was not due for another month, and he could chalk up food and cigarettes at Nag Hong Fah's Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace.

BUT there was that five dollars which he was shy.

Should he borrow it? His shrewd instinct warned him not to. These people did not know what Jake Rosenzweig had told him. Usually, when he needed money, he took it, by bullying or by force. If, instead, he borrowed, Pell Street would speculate and wonder; leaky tongues would gossip. It would lessen the fear with which he was regarded, and he knew that once this fear was gone, his occupation was gone as well. For he relied on the others' dread as much as on his own brutish strength.

Of course, he could owe the money. Only five dollars—a mere nothing.

[*Continued on page 142*]

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FOR GUM-GRIPPED TEETH

MEASURED HEAT MEANS HAPPINESS

[*Continued from page 106*]

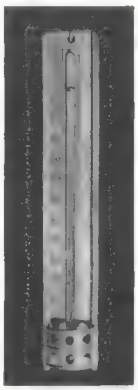
meat, chicken, ox-tongue and fish cooked in this way keep their shape and flavor well.

Jellies—Use the candy thermometer for jelly-making.

Begin at 218° F. to test for jelly, lifting a little of it in the wooden spoon, letting it cool, then drop off. When the "three-drop test" is reached—that is, when three drops run together into a sheet, and flake from the spoon—it is done. You will find the *exact* jellying point is within one degree on the thermometer. The spoon test must be used *in addition* to the temperature test, but the thermometer saves making several unnecessary tests before the right temperature is reached—especially in making the second batch of jelly.

Following are the approximate temperatures at which various fruits begin to turn to jelly: Currant 218° to 220° F.; Crabapple 222° to 224° F.; Grape 220° to 222° F.; Quince and apple 219° to 221° F.

Deep Fat Frying—The time-honored method of testing the temperature of hot fat with cubes of bread is not satisfactory unless a woman has had long cooking experience. A thermometer not only tests the fat before the food is put into the kettle, but makes sure that the fat is kept at the right temperature during frying. It thus saves time.



For deep frying and candy-making

Cold, wet foods require hotter fat, since they cool it quickly. Only enough food to cover the bottom of the frying basket should be fried at one time. Large pieces of food may have a hot temperature at first, but it must be reduced to allow thorough cooking of the large pieces. Cooked foods require less time for frying, and hotter fat; this is because they need to be nicely browned on the outside, but only heated on the inside.

The old way was to heat fat until it smoked; the new way is to use a fat with a high smoking temperature, and fry far below smoking temperature, using a thermometer. The following time table is helpful when frying:

Croquettes of cooked food—390° F.—1 minute.

Croquettes of uncooked mixtures—385° F.—1 to 4 minutes.

Doughnuts, crullers, fritters (raw mixtures)—370° to 375° F.—1 to 5 minutes.

French fried potatoes—395° F.—5 to 10 minutes.

Oysters—390° F.—5 minutes.

Smelts and other small fish—375° to 383° F.—5 minutes.

Veal cutlets, breaded chops, etc.—395° F.—5 to 8 minutes.

Perfectly fried food is well browned on the outside, tender and well cooked inside—never grease soaked.

Oven Cooking—The temperature of an oven always depends upon the size and shape of the food to be baked. Small potatoes, cup cakes, layer cakes and rolls require a hotter oven for a shorter period of time, than large potatoes, loaf cakes and loaves of bread. Cake in a tube pan can stand a higher temperature than loaf cake.

More fuel is required to maintain a given temperature if the oven is full, than if a single dish is being baked by itself.

Oven temperature depends also upon the composition of the food to be baked. If it contains many eggs, as angel cake, custard, timbales and soufflés, a slow oven is the rule. If baking powder is the leavening the oven must be hotter, while a still hotter oven is needed for popovers and pastries where only air and steam leaven the mixture.

Molasses, oatmeal and chocolate burn easily, hence they, also, require a slow oven.

With your own stove and pans, you can find the exact time and temperature that give the best results for your favorite recipes. Often you will find that a variation of 5 or 10 degrees from that given in the chart is desirable.

Meats—The oven is ideal for meat cookery. A hot oven at first sears the outside, forming a brown crust, which keeps the sweet tasty juices inside. Then a lower temperature cooks the inside of the meat, making it tender.

The usual method is to pre-heat the oven until the searing temperature of 550° F. is reached; the meat is then put in. Allow 15 to 25 minutes at this high temperature, or until the meat is well browned. Then reduce to 450° F. allowing 10 to 12 minutes per pound for rare beef, 15 minutes for medium beef, or 20 minutes per pound for well-done beef, if it is a tender cut. If it is a tough cut, it will require 20 to 25 minutes per pound after searing.

A tender cut will please most people if it is served medium rare. For lamb, allow 15 minutes per pound, but for mutton 20 to 25 minutes per pound. A tender piece of pork, like the loin or a fresh ham is allowed 25 to 30 minutes per pound after searing, for it must be well done. If left uncovered the fat will brown. Add a very little water to your roast if the fat threatens to burn in the bottom of the pan.

Veal will be juicy and tender if it is seared, then cooked 25 to 30 minutes per pound at 350° to 400° F. laying strips of bacon across the top, basting frequently with any tasty fat, or even using the larding needle to supply fat and keep it from being dry. Beef tenderloin is very lean and needs added fat.

Oven-cooked Meals—For a meal which you wish to have ready at the end of three hours, first sear the meat, put in the other dishes, and set the regulator at 275°. For a four or five hour meal set the regulator at 250° F. Boiled potatoes become soggy with this slow cooking, but other vegetables are excellent when ½ cup water is put in the bottom of the dish and they are tightly covered. A whole meal can be cooked during the morning baking of cakes and pastries. Cereals, fruits and vegetables are very good thus prepared, and can stand a variety of temperatures; the point is not to let them dry out.

A very hot oven is 450° to 500°, hot oven is 400° to 450°, moderate oven 350° to 400°, slow oven is 250° to 350° F. If your recipe book gives these

[*Continued on page 146*]

Mothers Keep FIT!

WHEN household cares keep you indoors remember that cod-liver oil is a substitute for sunshine. Doctors recommend it as a wonderful winter food-tonic. Take it the pleasant, easy way—Scott's Emulsion. Pure Norwegian cod-liver oil whipped into a cream. Pleasantly flavored. Easy to swallow. Easy to digest. Start today—every day counts in fighting down winter ailments.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
A FOOD AND TONIC TOO

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 29-S

DANDRUFF
A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

BIRD LOVERS Free
50-Page Bird Book in Colors
"Canaries for Pleasure and Profit"
Gives expert professional advice on breeding, rearing, training, feeding and care of canaries. Keep your birds in song. Sent free together with liberal samples of West's Quality Bird Foods on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover mailing cost.
West's Bird Foods are sold at all good stores
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PAUL JONES
FREE STYLE BOOK
Smocks, Hoovers, Aprons, Uniforms, Prince of Wales Coat Aprons—designed by Ferdinand, styled by Hallman
MORRIS & COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. M M, Paul Jones Bldg. Baltimore, Md.

Baby chafed . . ?

Be Careful, Mother

. . harsh toilet tissue may cause serious infection

CHILD SPECIALISTS warn you that harsh, glazed or chemically impure toilet tissues irritate the soreness of the chafed regions . . . and so start the way for serious infection.

Be absolutely safe! Use nothing but soft Scott Tissues on baby's tender skin.

These three "thirsty fibre" tissues—ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf—are specially processed to satisfy all the requirements that doctors say toilet tissue must have to be safe—*softness, absorbency* and *chemical purity*.

"Scott Tissues are like fine old linen," is the way more than one mother has described their unusual softness.

They are twice as absorbent as ordinary toilet tissue. And absorbency is absolutely necessary for thorough cleansing.

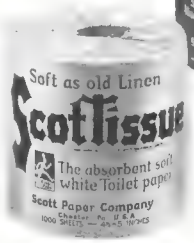
Only the finest, fresh materials go into Scott Tissues. They are chemically pure—neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

The sheets tear easily and squarely at the perforations. The rolls are closely wrapped to fit the standard built-in fixtures.

Not only your children, but the grown people in your family need protection from the more serious maladies that come from inferior toilet tissue.

Don't take chances. Always ask for ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. They cost no more than ordinary tissues. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

3 for 25¢



2 for 25¢

3 for 20¢

Scott Tissues

Prices for U. S. only

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NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities

TREAT that

corn

kindly

Let Blue-jay end its pangs instantly, gently . . . and protect the sore spot from pressure while it works its clean magic. Don't allow any corn to keep you house-bound when spring sunshine fills the air.

Mild, yet positive. Blue-jay is certain death to corns. Made in a factory famous for its sterile surgical dressings, each Blue-jay Plaster is a *safe*, dependable 3-day *treatment* for banishing corns. Simple, complete, it quiets their torment, shields them, softens and destroys their structure. Clean, pleasant, bath-proof.

Why nurse a corn when you can buy Blue-jay at any druggist's? Nationally known and approved for 30 years. 25 cents. (In Canada 35 cents.)

Blue-jay
CORN PLASTER

BAUER & BLACK
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago · · *New York* · · *Toronto*

EBONY AND AMBER

[*Continued from page 139*]

But then, though born in the gutters of New York, a child of its pulsing, teaming streets, he was a pure-bred Chinese; and while his brown derby, his raucous slang, his pretentious necktie, all representative of his acquired characteristics, told him to forget it, the inherited qualities of race told him that money lost in a game was a debt of honor; that not to pay meant a loss of face. He walked over to the window, raised the curtain that darkened it, and looked out, trying to collect his thoughts.

THE snow had ceased coming down, and the river wind was extending a tattered cloud curtain across the purple vaulting of the night. Here and there it was cleft with moonbeams—glittering, trembling fragments of light which somehow seemed to concentrate on a shiny drop of gold directly below him, on the other side of the window.

The drop of gold gleamed up like a cresset of orange flame. He looked close. Then he remembered. It was the five-dollar gold-piece which, fifteen minutes earlier he had dropped into the outstretched palm of the little ragged girl.

She was still fast asleep.

Click-clickety-click came the chorus of the Mah Jong tiles from the oblong room. Then the voice of Yung Long quoting purring Cantonese proverbs:

"It has also been remarked by a wise mandarin that the fool in a hurry drinks his tea with his chop-sticks. It takes brain and not brute strength, to play this game."

"How much did he lose?"

"A hundred and eighty-seven dollars. All he had in his pocket—and five dollars which he still owes."

"Talking about him," Feng Tao said to himself. His loss. His five dollars. Well—there it was, below the window—his five dollars. He had not meant to give it to the girl. Bad luck in taking it back? Why, he was cleaned out, flat bust. Couldn't have had any worse luck!

He was away from the lobby, out into the vestibule; bent quickly over the sleeping child; and then, just as he was about to touch the money, Eliza awakened. She, too, had been born and bred in New York's stony jungle. She, too, was keen in perceiving, as keen in acting.

At the same fraction of a second she saw the yellow gold-piece, the yellow face, the yellow hand, startlingly outlined in a moonbeam that cut through the dim, sullen night. Her eyes telegraphed to her brain, her brain to her muscles, and with the rapidity of a juggler the fingers of her right hand dropped the money into a mysterious and unfathomable hiding-place of her clothes, while the fingers of her left hand clutched, scratched, drew blood; while, still at the same fraction of a second, her lips bubbled unladylike words:

"Looka here, ye darned crook, wotya mean by . . . ?"

"Gimme dat money before I brain ye!"

"It's my money, ye dirty Chink!"

"No! Mine, ye dirty nigger!"

SO they cursed each other; using not the soft syllables of the South reminiscent of cotton fields and magnolia blossoms, nor the gliding singsong reminiscent of plum trees and painted Cantonese houseboats; but both using the clipped, raucous jargon of New York:

"Ouch!" as again her finger nails drew blood. "Darn yer black hide!"

"Get a move on, Chink, or I'll hoit ye good!"

"Here! Cut dat out!"

"Say!" Eliza's ludicrous threat, her small, plum-colored fists going like flails: "It's yerself for the undertaker if ever I swing on ye!"

"Hm!" Feng Tao's contemptuous grunt.

His hands were about to finish this business with a brutish wrench and twist. Then, all at once, hardly realizing himself what he was doing, his

hands dropped to both sides. And he laughed.

"Hai! Hai! Hai!"—rumbling, enormous Asiatic laughter bloated his throat; rose free and loud and unrestained up through the night, up through the purple tracery of chimney-stack and torn, flayed waste of bricks, up through the interlacing silhouette of the Elevated.

"Hai! Hai! Hayah! Hai!"—a laugh of amusement and mockery at the ridiculous situation: this little brat threatening him—*him*, the roughneck, the stick-up gent, the strong-arm guy—with physical violence. But a laugh, too, of respect. Why, he thought, this kid had spirit, spunk! Y'bet! And a flash zigzagged through clogged cells in his brain that, perhaps for the first time in his lawless career, here was one ready to fight him back, to give him blow for blow and curse for curse. For the first time! And she nothing but a little kid . . . Gee!

"Hai!Hai! Hai!" came his gurgling laughter; and, the next second, Eliza's lips changed their grim determination to a curl of surprise, the surprise rounded to a curve of merriment. For she was African, blessed with her race's gorgeous sense of humor. So she, too, laughed.

Both laughed. Together. Rumbling, enormous Chinese laughter. High pitched, exaggerated African laughter. A crazy, grotesque symphony. Flinging its reckless gayety against the brooding pessimism of the streets; smearing a dab of light across the ragged black chunks of the night.

Finally exhaustion came. The laughter weakened, thinned, vanished altogether. They looked at each other, foolishly, conscious of that slight reaction of disappointment which follows too great, body-shaking mirth.

"Well . . . ?" he said sheepishly, drying his eyes.

"Well . . . ?" she echoed. Then she sat down; and, quite suddenly, her second African quality came up—her race's inability to bear a grudge.

"Mister," she asked haltingly, "do ye . . . do you need them five berries as badly as all that? Because if you do—" her hand invaded the hiding-place, came out with the gold-piece—"ye can have it!"

And then Feng Tao blushed; felt that he blushed; hated himself for blushing; relieved his feelings with a string of oaths, winding up with:

"G'wan! I was only foolin', kid!"—and he hoped, deep in his scarred, scabbed soul, that she might believe him; and if at this moment his best friend had told him that he was ashamed of himself, he would have cursed him for a liar.

He was silent. He lit a cigarette and sat down by her side.

"Move over a bit!" he commanded gruffly. "Don't hog all the room! Ain't ye got no manners? Say—who brung ye up anyway?"

"Nobody, I guess, Mister!"

THEY sat side by side. For many minutes in the vestibule of No. 179*a*, was a purring whispering, confidential duet of voices.

And—the end of the story?

The end is not yet.

Just the other day, the reporter of this tale overheard a conversation between Bill Devoy, detective of Second Branch, and Brian Neill in the back parlor of the latter's Bowery saloon. Devoy, taking an illegal nip of Irish whiskey, was commenting upon life in general and the Mongols in particular.

Ye can never git below their yellow hides," he said. "Remember Feng Tao?"

"The stick-up artist?"

"The same."

"Gone and catched him at last, Bill?"

"No. He's workin' now."

"Sure. I know. Workin' with a blackjack."

"Wrong. Workin' for Yung Long, the grocer."

"Reformed?"

"Sorta."

"Well—if Feng Tao's reformed there's hope for the Divil himself! Wot's the matter, Bill? Goin' to settle down, is he, and marry and raise a family?"

"Marry? No. Raise a family? Well—yes!" Devoy grinned.

"Wotya givin' me?"

"He's asked Miss Rutter, the social settlement worker, just how to go about it—all accordin' to the law and proper and shipshape—so's to adopt a little girl."

"Some Chink orphan?"

"Wrong agin!" replied Devoy. "A little nigger girl."

"Jumpin' Moses!" exclaimed the saloonkeeper. "That must have been powerful whisky I've been givin' ye!"

"Willin' to wager?"

"Sure, Bill. Lay you odds, too. Five to one. In dollars."

"All right, Neill. Ye've gone and made a bet."

AND half a year later, Bill Devoy collected from Brian Neill when, with pompous, legal documents duly signed before a slightly astonished judge and, later in the evening, Pell Street celebrating the event with firecrackers and strident, discordant Chinese music, Eliza declared proudly that hereafter she wished to be addressed as "Miss Eliza Feng Tao."

Of course, she explained, her dad was a "Chink"—and she was a "nigger." But, "y'bet, mister, they was both Americans—so there!"

"For quick mixing—The Wesson Oil Polar Cub"... a practical appliance for the modern kitchen, a home size electric power beater made and guaranteed by the manufacturers of the Polar Cub Electric Products. Simple to handle and to operate. Easy to keep clean. Saves time and energy. Assures perfect results quickly. For beating, whipping, mixing—eggs, cream, batter. For use wherever an even rotary motion is required. Ideal for making mayonnaise. Makes mashed potatoes fluffy. Price in the U. S. A. $11.95 delivered. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

VELVET WAFFLES

½ cup Wesson Oil • 2 cups flour • 4 teaspoons baking powder
3 eggs • 1¾ cups milk • 1 teaspoon salt

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder. Separate the eggs, beat the yolks until light, stir the milk into them and pour in the Wesson Oil. Stir this mixture gradually into the dry ingredients, beat well, then fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff and dry. Bake on hot waffle iron until medium brown in color.

CHOCOLATE WAFFLES

½ cup Wesson Oil • 2 eggs • 2 cups flour
1½ cups milk • 4 teaspoons baking powder • ½ teaspoon salt
2 sq. melted chocolate • 1 teaspoon vanilla • ¼ cup sugar

Sift flour, sugar, salt and baking powder together. Beat egg yolks and add to milk. Combine mixtures, add Wesson Oil and melted chocolate. Fold in beaten egg whites last. Serve plain or with ice cream.

With **WESSON OIL** you can actually make creamy waffle batter **in five minutes!**

Wesson Oil — a light, clear, absolutely pure salad oil — will make your waffles rich, tender, and wholesome. And making them the Wesson Oil way will save you time and work.

Eat a waffle made with Wesson Oil and you will say, "Delicious!" Make a waffle the Wesson Oil way and you'll find it so convenient and quick to *pour* to measure and *stir* to mix that you'll never make waffles any other way.

Just sift your flour, salt and baking powder—takes one minute; beat egg yolks until light, stir milk into them, pour in Wesson Oil — takes you two minutes; add to dry ingredients, beat and fold in beaten egg whites—takes two minutes. A total of five minutes—rarely more. (It used to take that long to get out the can, pry the lid off, spoon out the shortening, and *melt* it in the frying pan!)

Make waffles the Wesson Oil way, of course — but try Wesson Oil too for other shortening purposes and for all your frying needs as well as for delicious salad dressings. Our little booklet "Everyday Recipes" tells you how. Sent free upon request—address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

Even the healthiest mouth can't afford a cheap dentifrice

IT is a high tribute to Forhan's that people whose teeth are beyond the help of ordinary toothpastes employ this finer dentifrice.

For, as millions know, it gives a double protection. At the same time it cleans the teeth, it helps to give the gums the care they need.

Why, then, should the healthy mouth, the gleaming mouth of youth have less than Forhan's protection? Isn't it far better to avoid trouble by the help of Forhan's, than to use this dentifrice only after trouble has come? Why wait till conditions prompt your dentist to recommend its use?

Forhan's was originated by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. Years of experience in the treatment of pyorrhea had shown Dr. Forhan the importance of preventing this disease of the gums wherever possible.

So he developed a preparation which dentists used in their practice. Then, as a further aid to dentists and to help patients supplement professional care at home, he combined tested and scientific ingredients in the excellent dentifrice which bears his name.

When you brush your teeth, simple precaution urges that you brush them with Forhan's. It may cost a few cents more per tube, but there is no safer, finer dentifrice made. Used with massage at the time of brushing, it helps to restore the glow of health to tender gums—and, what is more important, it aids gums which are firm and sound to keep their health throughout the years.

Forhan's comes in two sizes—35c and 60c—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it.

Forhan Company
New York

Any mouth may have Pyorrhea and at forty the odds are:

4 out of 5

Forhan's

. . . your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

IS YOUR LIFE LIKE MINE?

[*Continued from page 136*]

smiles and handshakes which lacked none of the welcome I had craved from my husband's people, met us in the vestibule. She kissed me. "So you have finally emerged from your cocoon!" she said. "It is high time! There are so few of us here and I have always wanted to know you. I am sure we have a lot in common!"

The genuine ring in her deep-throated voice brought a lump into my throat. She swept me off my feet. I was, momentarily, as tongue-tied as the country mouse I was positive I resembled. In the comparison she appeared positively fashionable and *grande dame*. I was awed! Beside the cutawayed, high-collared banker, my husband looked like his own chief clerk on duty.

I was saved introductions. Meeting me as one of them, within a few minutes every woman had made it a point to chatter something nice and the men to prod me with little homely jokes about my adventures around the stores. The only constraint was on my part. This I soon overcame.

They talked a while in panegyrics about my house.

"We needed someone like you to swoop in and shake us out of our general shabbiness," my hostess gushed.

It was a sincere compliment in which all the others joined.

"I see nothing shabby here," I responded, appreciatively. Nor did I. The drawing-room, where we played, was somber, but it was elegant without that small-town pretention which I abhor; and all the other rooms were in keeping.

Here, for the first time, I glimpsed under Craleytown's surfaces. It was not the sort of bridge party to which I was bred. There was a degree of small talk, clothes, babies, new recipes, the tastes of the husbands in desserts, church, trading in the old automobile, and about the latest type of radio. Everybody, it seemed, took a trip somewhere each summer. Road-maps and railroad time-tables were discussed and resort hotels—invariably the most exclusive and expensive.

The conversation turned to books, the newest biographies, travel narratives and the more serious fiction. Had I read this or that article in such and such a magazine? Not a few had seen the best of the current Broadway runs and the talkies.

SCANDAL alone escaped. To everything a sober twist was applied, including the playing. This party was real! It was more than a social gathering for the purpose of passing an otherwise empty evening. It was a bringing together of the substantial forces of the community. Town factors. Fixed identities. Citizens. Vitamins in the human architecture and corpuscles in the life-stream.

I felt exhilerated and uplifted. To my complete abasement, I had discovered that more than half of the women and a large sprinkling of the men not only were graduates of various colleges, but also hailed from other sections of the country, San Francisco, Chicago and New York! Every section of the United States was represented.

Small town?

America! The new melting-pot!

All this time I had stupidly regarded my husband as the only business man in Craleytown brought in from the "outside."

Here, at this bridge party, I counted six local representatives of large basic industries with branch mills, stores and stations, including a druggist, a grocer, an installment house manager and, in addition, a highway engineer and a public utilities supervisor.

Business. Big Business, which one thoughtlessly associates with large, metropolitan areas. Small Town!

America's changing life? Yes; it is changing. The small town is caught in the cogs of nation-wide standardization, economic and social. The Past is there, but so is the Present. The New and the Old!

Yet its soul is unscarred. Its foundation-stones are too deeply rooted in the womb of the nation to be other than enduring. It is still the great American taskmaster and disciplinarian,

the civic embodiment of the Little Red School House of hill, dale and prairie.

Its structure is healthier for this new social infusion which my first bridge party symbolized. But, not all newcomers remain long. Few, indeed, survive the inexorable processes of its steam-roller which stamps out the girl which was, and molds a new individuality.

I know this. There is no finer or higher development of American womanhood than the big-city girl who also has mastered and made herself wholeheartedly part and parcel of the small town. That girl fulfills! She is ennobled and enriched. She lives!

The small town has no room for the pretender.

Short of a tornado, which is an act of God, nothing shakes it. It worships nothing except itself and the Lord. It fawns not. Neither does it exalt. Its judgment is mass judgment, slow in forming, dismayingly accurate.

Have I gained nothing from Craleytown? Yes; a certain disillusionment. Externals no longer motivate my opinions. My impressions are more sober and lasting. My convictions are tempered. My views and outlooks are more broad and flexible.

And, unlike the city girl for whom everything is created, I am self-dependent.

MY CITY friends stand aghast and hopeless over me. They deplore my expenditure of energy and time, in household routine. Waste, they say, sheer waste! Too much mental and physical effort to what end?

"Of course, I tire, but I have never once been as dog-tired and aimless as on many occasions I was in New York simply from running down-town to the dime store and window-shop."

"But," with an intent stare and a puzzled frown, "this awful isolation!"

"From what?"

"Why—everything!"

"We have or can have everything."

"Oh, I know!" Vaguely. "Abundant and such good food, your car, and an awful lot of scenery. But! Nothing to see. Nowhere to go. The day and night silences! You think of burglars and all your sins. Such poor street lighting! Last night I stepped in a mud puddle and twisted my toe on your culvert. The wide open spaces make you feel so small and lost. I ruined a five dollar pair of French hose on your rambler thorns. What do you do on blowy winter days? Aren't your bed-sheets wringing damp? And nobody coming to call and you calling on nobody. How you have managed to keep your looks and why you carry such an expensive wardrobe is a mystery to me. What use have you for clothes with nobody to see them on you?"

"Well, we golf and dance and tea, you know, at the country club and I have joined a college and a woman's club at the county seat. We play bridge a great deal. We drive. Once, on a freakish impulse, after a bridge game, the whole bunch piled into their cars and drove a hundred miles to get a good ice cream soda. Sometimes we drive that distance to hear a good lecture or a road show or symphony orchestra on tour."

"But the people! What do they talk about?"

"People talk about the same things the world over."

"But is it worth it?"

"Worth what?"

"The inconveniences, the acrifices." And there you are!

Would I return to that which I was? Could I?

A year or so ago my husband received a hurried summons to the home office. I went along. We remained ten months. I tried to relive our former life. So did he. Something fundamental was lacking. Futility entered into all of our social activities which stimulated only in an artificial and superficial sense. They seemed to stand for nothing except sheer pleasure and to kill time, in contrast with our eager and intense pursuit of human fellowship and a common sympathy for a mutual benefit in Craleytown.

AMONG our city friends we talked incessantly and to their secret disgust about our small town life. In my leisure I caught my mind drifting back, back, back to my neighbors . . . the calls I made on lonely evenings to shut-in people . . . the details . . . the routine . . . my flower-beds and about spring planting . . . bulbs in the cellar . . . next season's canning and preserving . . . And were my cats penned out this cold weather? Had the ash pile accumulated and were the servants looking after the coal and my husband's mother—poor, old, sweet dear—was she lonely without me? Were the neighbors bringing in good things hot from their kitchen stoves, as before?

Christmas approached. I visioned the knoll in the woods back of the town where the shapely young pines grew and the dank hollows where the laurel and holly were abundant under the driven snow. Wasn't it time to write home about the mince meat and turkey, the fruit cake, plum pudding, cookies and fondant?

One evening my husband came to me in a daze. "I have something important to tell you. The company has been good enough to place my name on the board."

"Must we remain in New York?"

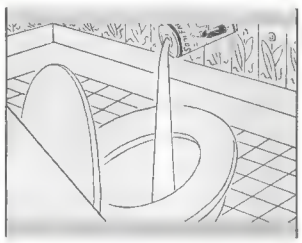
"Not necessarily. It is up to us—to you."

What was I to do? What would you have done in my place? I ask you.

"We're going back to Craleytown," I said, without a falter.

"Of course," he assented, evenly.

Perfect sanitation without effort



AN UNCLEAN toilet bowl is dangerous! But spotless cleanliness is the simplest thing in the world to obtain—without unpleasant scrubbing.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and the job is done. The bowl will become snow-white before your eyes. All incrustations will be swept away. All germs will be killed; all odors will vanish. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, will be purified and cleansed.

Try a can of Sani-Flush tomorrow. Sold by grocery, drug and hardware stores everywhere in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELO—*a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS WITH-OUT SCOURING

No more Crooked Heels that mar looks and grace

The heels of your shoes always wear down on one side because you walk with the weight of your body off balance. It mars your appearance and shape of your shoes, and thickens the ankles by constant strain on the ligaments.

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads overcome this fault. They equalize the body's weight, take off strain on the ankles, keep your shoes smart and trim. Easily attached inside any shoe. Sizes for men and women. At Shoe, Dept. and Drug stores —35¢ pair.

Dr Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write today for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Ltd.
700 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

The Story of a Girl...

Snubbed at School, She discovers the Secret of New Charm and Happiness

MANY a girl would give up in despair when she found herself snubbed in school and unpopular in college, but not so Mrs. Norma Kussel Jones of 1567 Cramer Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"There is no heartache worse than being snubbed in school," says Mrs. Jones. "When I was seventeen I went away to college. Freda, my room-mate, was a very popular girl. I think she meant to be friendly. But soon she asked to have her room changed. It seems I kept her awake at night, I slept so restlessly—and—I snored!

"No one knows the misery I suffered. Freda and her friends made life miserable for me. I soon lost weight and appetite.

"One day Miss Dickinson, the physical education teacher, found me sobbing in the locker room; I told her my story. 'Why,' she said, 'sometimes sluggish circulation causes snoring and restless sleep. Why don't you try Nujol?' She said she used it herself.

"In two weeks Nujol had begun clearing out the poisons in my body (Miss Dickinson said we all have them), my skin had a clear healthy appearance, and everything looked brighter. 'What have you been doing to yourself?' asked my room-mate. 'You are a different girl. Everybody notices it!'

"The days and years that followed were filled with every activity. I was editor-in-chief of the college annual, coxswain of the winning crew—and not long ago Freda was maid of honor at my wedding. That's what Nujol did for me!"

Such a simple way to health and happiness! Your doctor will tell you that Nujol contains no medicines or drugs—it is simply bodily lubrication—harmless, normal, and it works easily so you will be regular as clock work. You can get a bottle in a sealed package at any drug store for what you would pay for two or three ice cream sodas.

Nujol was perfected by Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York City. Get a bottle today and try it. If you are like most other people Nujol will make you brighter, happier, more able to succeed. Don't put off good health! Start being well this easy way, this very day.

FEET ACHE, HURT?

Pain vanishes in 10 minutes or costs nothing

Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Pains stop in 10 minutes when these amazing bands, Jung Arch Braces, are worn. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slip on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently advised for severe cases.

1 Trouble starts with overstrained, weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

Pain stops like magic. Soon bands may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge them widely.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL

Wear a pair ten days; if not delighted, your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you, use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free booklet.

Money back if it fails.

Jung Arch Brace Co., 273 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
Send one pair of braces marked below:
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR *SEVERE* CASES —with cushion lift	FOR *MILD* CASES —without cushion lift
☐ BANNER (*medium*) $2	☐ WONDER (*medium*) $1
☐ VICTOR (*long*) $2.50	☐ MIRACLE (*long*) $1.50

☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.
Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....
Send Free Booklet
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices.

LITTLE MOUSE AND THE OLD DUKE

[Continued from page 104]

The Duke was so sad he played a melancholy tune

One morning when the servant passed through the room with the big brass ewer of hot water for his master's bath, he saw the pair watching at the knot hole. "There must be a mouse there," he said aloud. After he had taken the can of water into the bedroom he came back and stopped up the hole. "No mouse can get in now," he remarked and he patted the cat for being such a good watcher.

The cat and the Spaniel rejoiced that the mouse was gone, but the old Duke was sad.

The next afternoon, to their great surprise they heard the gay little dancing tune again. They sat up sharply. They could scarcely believe their ears. They tumbled off the bed and slyly hurried to the half-opened door and peered out into the music room. The Duke was more than just tapping with his foot now. He was frisking and dancing around to his own music. His silken cap had fallen off; his gray curls were floating, and his cheeks were pink, and up over his head on top of the stove-pipe where the elbow took a turn into the chimney was the little mouse, spinning about! The little mouse stopped just a moment to look down at the cat and the Spaniel. "I'm small but I'm cunning," he said and went on with his dancing.

The cat saw that not with his most powerful jump could he ever leap to the top of the pipe and catch the mouse. "I think he has come in from behind the wall tapestry," he whispered to the Spaniel. "We'll watch tonight."

When the Duke was tired of dancing and playing he left the room, taking the cat and dog with him, and shutting the door tight on the little mouse. This he did every day. So those two never found out how the mouse came in or where he hid. He came every afternoon and the old Duke and the little mouse danced to the tune of the flute. When it was cold weather and the fire in the great tiled stove was lighted, it was too hot for the little mouse to dance on the top of the pipe, and he went away. But on the last afternoon before the little mouse left he danced on the floor beside the Duke's chair. Suddenly he stopped and smoothing his long whiskers looked hard at the Duke. Taking hold of his longest whisker he broke it off and danced over to where the old Duke sat. He ran up the leg of the small table near the Duke's chair and carefully put the long whisker on the table top and jumped down. The old Duke took it and understood that the little mouse was saying goodbye and trying to tell him that when the days grew warm again he would come back to the castle and they would dance together to the tunes the old Duke played on his flute of inlaid gold.

MEASURED HEAT MEANS HAPPINESS

[Continued from page 140]

terms you can translate them into exact temperatures. An oven can be cooled down, without letting the door stand open, by putting into it a pan of cold water.

All stove manufacturers now supply their customers with tested temperature charts, as do also the makers of thermometers. But even with a good chart for a guide a homemaker needs to do a little experimenting for herself in order to determine the *best* time and temperature for potatoes, roasts, cakes, and other foods which are sometimes one size and sometimes another. You will know that potatoes or meat are done, when they feel tender as you thrust a fork into them. When bread is done, it shrinks from the pan, is brown on top and "sings" as you hold it to your ear. When cake is done, it springs back when touched gently with the finger, and a toothpick comes out clean when pushed into the center. (A metal cake tester is longer and saves the cake from being moved.)

For perfect results, try not to bake cup cakes and loaf cake at the same time, or rolls and loaves of bread all at once.

Recently at a meeting of home economics experts some one asked: "Are cooking temperatures really as important as we make out?" You should have heard the outcry. Everyone agreed that the measuring of heat was about the greatest improvement yet made in modern cookery methods.

A new Simmons Inner Coil Mattress

Priced so everybody in the United States can have one at

$19.95

Hundreds are flocking to see this marvelous new mattress

IT was a big revolutionary idea—the first mattress built with a heart of tiny resilient coils that could never pack down like hair or cotton.

Always buoyant and springy!

The first Simmons Inner Coil Mattress instantly became famous—the Beautyrest. Wealthy women, the first to possess them, gladly came forward and publicly gave their praise of them.

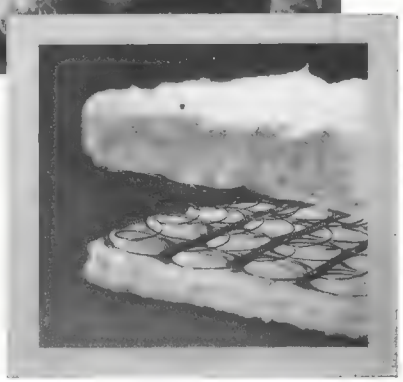
But there were millions for whom this extraordinary comfort was unattainable.

Now the Simmons Company have succeeded in producing another inner coil mattress, second only to the Beautyrest, and a far advance in comfort over cotton, felt or hair mattresses—but at a price that everyone can pay!

Here it is! Priced at only $19.95, springy, buoyant coils and all! Soft upholstery, lovely coverings, the new colorings, smart tailored edges! It is called the new Simmons "Deepsleep" Mattress.

Try it on the Simmons Deepsleep Box Spring or the Slumber King Spring. The same store will show you all three. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

BEAUTYREST MATTRESS $39.50 · ACE BOX SPRING $42.50 · ACE OPEN COIL SPRING $19.75 · DEEPSLEEP MATTRESS $19.95 · DEEPSLEEP BOX SPRING $27.50 SLUMBER KING SPRING $12.00 · BEDS $10.00 to $60.00



Springy, buoyant coils buried in soft upholstery—this new Simmons "Deepsleep" Mattress can never pack down like hair or cotton! The moment you see it and touch it you will understand why nobody wants to buy the old-style mattresses.

The New SIMMONS *"DEEPSLEEP"* MATTRESS

. . . made by the makers of the famous Beautyrest Mattress

Copyright 1930, The Simmons Company

THAT ALABASTER LOOK

[*Continued from page 38*]

are slightly astringent in action. Some of the cleansing liquids have a fairly strong astringent quality and are recommended particularly for women with oily skins.

There are many types of toilet soaps and creams that cleanse and undoubtedly there is a type of cleansing liquid that particularly suits your skin. If you are puzzled as to just which of these cleansing liquids you need, perhaps I can help you. When you write on this question, tell me, of course, all you can about your skin and don't forget to tell me how you habitually cleanse it. Another cleansing method is one that may seem quite revolutionary to many. This is a cream that washes off with water alone.

A cleansing régime that is easy for most women to follow would include a thorough cleansing night and morning. During the day the face should be cleansed, by soap and water or by cream, or with the convenient liquid cleanser. If your skin has a tendency to seem drawn or flaky after cleansing, apply a little cream or soothing lotion to the clean skin. If the skin seems irritated or itches, it's probably not normal and the mechanism of the skin is not functioning properly.

A man who has studied feminine beauty once asked me why so many women's skins did not look clean. The answer is not a simple one, but I am wondering if part of the story is not based on the fact that we have perhaps forgotten what a clean healthy skin should look like. Our cities and towns are dust-filled and sometimes the chances seem slim for keeping that lovely, faintly flushed, opaque quality of the skin. The finest authorities on beauty care urge us to use make-up merely to enhance the texture of a normal skin and not to cover it up.

Women who have experimented with heavy make-ups of an exotic type, may very well lose the capacity for appreciating an alabaster look. Study your own skin in a good mirror, perhaps even in a mirror that magnifies, and see if you are losing your keen appreciation of skin beauty. To me this look of alabaster-come-to-life, which careful cleansing does so much to maintain, is the most precious physical attribute a woman can have.

Next month we are discussing home treatments and their relation to skin beauty. If you are bewildered at the array of preparations you may choose from, we'll be glad to help you select those that will be best adapted to your needs. When you write, please enclose a stamped envelope and be as specific as you can in describing your particular skin difficulties. Of course, we'll be glad to answer questions about other aspects of beauty care, too—hair, figures, hands and the rest.

WORDS AND MUSIC

[*Continued from page 8*]

all, a classic instrument, plectrum; although the Aguilars produce some beautiful muted effects by plucking and sweeping the strings with the bare fingers. The player sits with his right foot on a small footstool, resting the instrument on his raised right knee.

In tone it is a curious combination of several instruments. The deeper notes are much like those of a guitar, the highest are like those of a mandolin, while the middle register much resembles a harpsichord. The lute is sweeter and softer than any of these instruments, however. Throughout its compass its voice speaks with a kind of caressing huskiness that is quite its own; and that makes it easy to understand why lute music has always been associated with moonlit nights and opened casements.

For this instrument the Aguilars have assembled a repertory of surprising variety and genuine musical interest. Their third Town Hall recital, for instance, offered thirteen numbers, every one of which was well worth hearing. Many of them were works by Spanish composers some written for the quartette, others arranged for it. The best of these were a charming and exotic *Danse Arabique* by Mondino; Maria Rodrigo's *Copla Intrusa,* a haunting and atmospheric genre piece by de Falla; *Recitado del Pescador* (The Fisherman's Tale); and Albeniz's *Granada.* The middle section of the program, devoted to the classics, included two- and three-part inventions by Bach; an *Andante* by Haydn; and a Mozart rondo.

All of these the Aguilars played with dazzling technical *bravura,* lovely and variegated tone color, and such completeness of mutual understanding and depth of musical perception as stamped them as an instrumental ensemble of the very first rank.

If there was a perceptible flaw in the concert, it was only that even the Town Hall's comparatively small auditorium seemed large for the subtle dynamics and pastel coloring of their music. Here is chamber music in the original and best sense of the word. My idea of a perfect evening would be: A large drawing-room; an audience of about one hundred persons; Andres Segovia and his guitar; and the Aguilar Quartette and their lutes.

YOUR LIVING ROOM

[*Continued from page 84*]

excellent decorative possibilities and a medium-sized room needs four or five table lamps if every corner of the room is to be adequately lighted. Open armchairs may supplement the suite.

In the illustration at the bottom of page 84 a delightful modern diagonal paper is used with an unusual hunting print for draperies. It is an ingenious combination and is well suited to the home which is decorated with a Colonial feeling. The colors in the wall paper and draperies suggest a color scheme of green, plum, tan and terra cotta. These colors should be picked up in the upholstery, pillows, rugs, etc. No better plan has been devised for making a room harmonious than to choose the draperies or rug or perhaps your most beautiful picture as the color-key, and then repeat its tones in your other furnishings.

Accessories are enormously important in rooms of this type. Even miscellaneous assortments of furniture can be given a period air through a careful choice of small units. Gradually electric candle sconces can be substituted for the present lighting fixtures, a drum table can be placed beside a fireside wing-chair, a small Duncan Phyfe table can be bought for the end of the sofa, and reproductions of old lamps and pictures can be collected.

Perhaps

Your Child needs

Milk of Magnesia

A growing child's system is always less tolerant of an acid condition than is that of an adult.

In spite of all your care, a child's system will now and then become too acid. Rest and diet will correct it. But this takes time. The *instant* way is with an alkaline provided by Nature for the purpose. Milk of Magnesia! Make no mistake about the best form of magnesia. For fifty years physicians have prescribed Phillips Milk of Magnesia to correct the disorders caused by excess acid. In adults: sour stomach, nausea, heartburn, indigestion, gas. In children: bad breath, sour belching, frequent vomiting, colic, feverishness, and diarrhea.

A little Phillips Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water, and all those symptoms of over-acidity are soon gone. A mother's duty is so much easier when she uses it. Children accept it so readily. Nothing better to keep the bowels open in constipation, colds, and children's diseases. It has important uses at any age.

I am a

NONE SUCH Cooky

"My home's the family cooky jar —as the children have discovered! I'm only a little fellow, but everybody says I'm delicious and crammed full of nourishment — with the None Such Mince Meat you've known these many years!"

HAVE *you* tried these tempting cookies? There's a firm and crunchy goodness to them that will make them a steady favorite in your home — a wholesome treat for *all* the family. They're ideal, too, for bridge, and for the bite between meals.

Today's the day for a surprise! Order a tin or package from your grocer. Stir up a batch of None Such cookies and revive *your* cooky-jar. Here's your recipe—and we're holding a book of 49 other None Such treats for you. Send for it.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Inc.
350 Madison Avenue, New York

None Such Cookies

1 cup butter or other shortening; 1 1-2 cups sugar; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon soda; 1 1-2 tablespoons hot water; 2 1-4 cups flour; 1-2 teaspoon salt; 1 package None Such Mince Meat which has been broken up into very small pieces. 1 cup chopped walnut meats may be added if desired.

Method—Cream butter; add sugar gradually, add eggs well beaten. Add soda dissolved in hot water, and 1-2 of flour, mixed and sifted with salt. Then add nut meats and None Such and the remainder of flour. Drop by spoonfuls an inch or two apart on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven 3000 until golden brown. Remove from oven when still soft and cover before entirely cool.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

wholesome
and
guaranteed
absolutely
pure
GULDEN'S
Mustard
ESTABLISHED 1864

Be a Nurse

Make $30-$35 a Week

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 29 years. One graduate has charge of a ten bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Open to all over 18 and under 55 years. Money back agreement.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 93 421 S. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

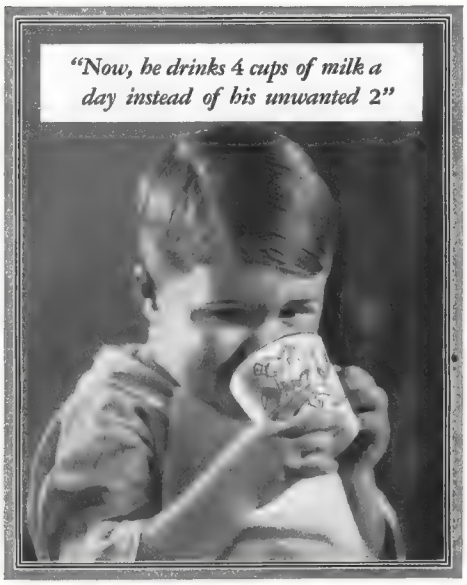
Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name _____

City _____ State _____

How To Make a Child Drink 50% More Milk

And Make the Milk Itself Doubly Nourishing



A Discovery From Switzerland That Not Only Enables Mothers to *Increase* a Child's Milk Ration From 50 to 100 Per Cent But *Adds* a Complete Food in Itself, Including the Sunshine Vitamin D, to the Milk.

Accept 3-Day Supply

Watch Weight Increase, Nervousness Decrease

IT is not a flavoring for milk. But a complete food in itself that supplements over 18 vital food principles—including the Sunshine Vitamin D—to every glass of milk your child drinks! And makes that milk far easier and quicker to digest.

Its flavor is so different from any food-drink known to American children that it comes as a great and gay adventure . . . a *new* enticement to the childish appetite.

More milk is thus taken. More important food elements thus added to the diet. And both, *without the child's realizing it or resisting it.*

Let us send you a 3-day supply. What happens may surprise you. New to America, over 20,000 doctors are advising this new creation from Switzerland. Its use has spread over some 54 different nations.

What It Is

It is a food-drink called Ovaltine—utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. Enticing beyond words to the childish palate, Ovaltine is a scientific food-concentrate; not remotely to be confused with powdered chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, including, of course, the Sunshine *Vitamin D.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases, nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight, in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store, or send coupon for 3-day test.

***(Note)** Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

"Now He Drinks 4 Glasses of Milk a Day Instead of His Unwanted 2"

I sent for Ovaltine to see if I could get my three-year-old boy to drink one quart of milk instead of his unwanted two glasses per day. Result, he does drink four full glasses and I am delighted.
Mrs. Anna Sandlofer, 1702 Clay Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"She Gained 3½ Pounds in 3 Weeks"

My 4¼-year-old daughter was alarmingly underweight for her age following an attack of mumps.
I naturally tried to give her milk to build her up but she refused to take it because she seemed to dislike the taste so much. I was looking around for some way to solve this very difficult problem when I read about Ovaltine and sent for a sample.
I have now been giving my little girl Ovaltine at every meal for 3 weeks. Now she's gained 3½ pounds in 3 weeks.
That means that she takes a full quart of milk every day and likes to take it. In fact she asks at every meal for her mug of Ovaltine.
Mrs. Harold Pitts, 1006 G. Ave. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY
180 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Ill. Dept. L-19

Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

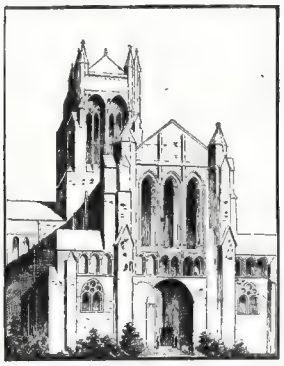
SPECIAL OFFER C

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package, 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)

*Name*_____
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address _____

*City*_____ *State* _____
(One package to a person) 685



$100 or more for your Church

HOW would you like to secure a gift of $100 or more for your church? Or for the work of the Ladies Aid or the Bible Class or some organization affiliated with the church?

By the McCall Plan over five hundred thousand dollars has already been distributed to churches by McCall's Magazine. Throughout the United States and Canada as well, over ten thousand churches have used the McCall Plan and found it the best way to raise money. Large or small, in big city or country village, no matter what the denomination, this plan is open to you.

Wouldn't you personally or a committee of your society in the church be glad to learn of this new plan which is dignified, pleasant and effective, entirely eliminating the distasteful soliciting for contributions? Get the information at least. No investment of any sort is required and you may ask for facts without incurring any obligation whatsoever.

SEND THIS COUPON

Dept. 3-A, McCALL'S MAGAZINE,
McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio

Please tell me without obligation about the McCall $100 Plan for Churches.

Name .....

Local Address .....

City & State .....

Name of Church .....

The New De Luxe

Health-o-Meter

—the Ultimate in a Bathroom Scale

$14.85

Special Offer to the Overweight or Underweight

In order to introduce the De Luxe Health-O-Meter we have retained the services of Mr. F. H. Luce, of the Weight Control Institute, to personally serve those who purchase this model during February or March.

Mr. Luce will study each case individually, prescribe the special menus and exercises needed to put on or take off weight, and give the benefit of his advice and counsel.

This personal service (regular fee, 30 days—$10.00) will be given free to every purchaser of a Health-O-Meter during February or March.

Ask your dealer for particulars.

The beauty of your bathroom will be graciously enhanced by a De Luxe Health-O-Meter. Its gentle elliptical curves and modernistic design will harmonize with the motif of your bathroom, and with the color scheme, too—Health-O-Meters are available in blue, green, orchid, ivory, white, or any color desired.

The outward appearance of the new Health-O-Meter is matched by its inner excellence. Exclusive mechanical features, the evolution of ten years' experience in scale making, insure its accuracy against jars, jolts, humidity, or sudden strains. Its one-piece shell, free from cracks, is easily cleaned. Impossible to tip; built close to the floor; gives a gratifying sense of security when weighing. It is built to give a lifetime of service.

The De Luxe Health-O-Meter combines artistry, unvarying accuracy, abuse-proof durability, compactness, ease of cleaning—together with a bonded guarantee.

Health-O-Meters can be secured from any department, hardware, physicians' supply, or drug store. De Luxe models, $14.85; Standard, $10.95; Rotodial, $8.95.

Health-O-Meter Corporation, Chicago

AT THE HEARTHSIDE OF AMERICA

[*Continued from page 23*]

he was born so many years after the other four, has brought her in touch with a new generation. That generation's bad name, she avowed, is absolutely undeserved. Her words voiced the opinion of all six women.

It is typical of Mrs. Wilbur that she has judged her fifth child by different standards than she judged her other children, because of his different environment. She sent the others to school when they were eight years old, two years later than is usual, and they finished university before they were twenty, in each case. The youngest was sent to school before he was five, because he needed the companionship of other children.

Mrs. Wilbur's philosophy includes friendship between parents and children as a reliable link between generations. Yet the system has it dangers, as Mrs. Mitchell, who has not been afraid to face them, pointed out.

"If you are companions with your children," Mrs. Mitchell, whose two sons, William Dewitt, Jr., and Bancroft, are both Princeton graduates, "you learn to know them; and, in this close relationship, they learn to know you, too."

She smiled, showing that radiance which surrounds women who have felt the sting of wind on their faces and the rush of blood through their veins as part of their everyday routine.

"You see, you can't fool children," she continued. "They soon know what kind of people their parents are. If we want to be examples to them we must really be what we want them to think we are. There can be no pretense. And when you are the mother of boys, you must do boys' things."

Mrs. Mitchell has gone off on camping trips and ridden with her sons even when it was inconvenient for her to do so. She does not believe in refusing children anything. The wise mother will substitute instead of refusing, she explained. What a pity she feels for the much-managed child who is reported to have said to her mother during a maternal tirade: "Oh, what can I do? There's nothing to do but *don't!*"

"One great disaster of childhood," said Mrs. Mitchell earnestly, "is the common mistake that parents make in not considering the nerves of their children. Little children are actively nervous. Half the so-called bad tempers of boys and girls are cases of nerves. The more a child is excited, the quieter his parent should be. If a parent is nervous and the child is, too, it's a thoroughly bad situation."

One way to avoid a bad situation, indicated Mrs. Hyde, the next wife to tell of her experiences as a parent, is to distinguish between offenses worthy of punishment and those demanding quick forgiveness. Mrs. Hyde's only child, Carolyn, now seventeen, brought home to this pleasant, brown-eyed woman the necessity for logic in dealing with children.

"When Carolyn was three," said Mrs. Hyde, "I corrected her several times at the table. She put down her spoon quite disarmingly and said: 'Mother, your attitude toward me is altogether wrong.' What does one do with such a logical child, but be logical?"

Mrs. Hyde is enthusiastic about outdoor life for children. She sent Carolyn to camp when the girl was eleven. The regular routine was beneficial for the child's physical well-being, Mrs. Hyde thought, and she was enchanted with getting up early in the morning to go out on top of a hill to "think about things." Who knows what childish problems were solved to Carolyn's satisfaction atop some windblown hill at sunrise?

Mrs. Davis' brood certainly has plenty of opportunity to thrash out in its five fertile brains any problem which air and sun and activity might introduce. The back lawn of the Davis home is equipped with all sorts of things for the physical development of the children. On sunny days even the going-on-four-year old can be seen swinging from the trapeze. There are five pairs of roller skates and five bicycles in the Davis household. Each child, when he is able, is told to "go to it" on wheels. So far there have been lots of bumps and scratches, but no real accidents.

The J. J. J. J. Davises—for each child has a J. of his own: Jim, Jr.; Jane; Jean; Joan and Jewel are the youngest of the Cabinet children. Their mother is in her early thirties, and the children range from twelve to three and a half. The youngest child now goes to school, for Mrs. Davis thinks three and a half is the age at which a child should learn to fend for himself. They are enormously active, wide-awake and alert, the things their parents most want them to be. When they reach the hoary age of six the Davis children eat supper at the table with their parents, providing no special guests have been invited.

All the Cabinet children have been brought up to be as independent of their parents as possible; but the parents, enmeshed as they are in their duties of political and social Washington, stand ready to help out when needed. Every child, when young, had his own private allowance, was taught to dress himself at an early age, was surrounded with many volumes of good books and allowed to choose his own from them.

Thus the Cabinet children have attained independence of their mothers and fathers, an independence fostered and nursed and smiled upon all along by mothers and fathers themselves.

Fun On St. Patrick's Day!

DON'T let this gay party day pass without some kind of celebration! Whether you decide to entertain your club with an afternoon party, or whether it is to be an evening party of jolly games and stunts, this leaflet will tell you how to plan it. Send ten cents in stamps for *Fun on St. Patrick's Day* to: The Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Quicker and Easier!

Old methods have changed...here are magic new recipes for busy modern women

Oh, lady, lady... don't do that!

Nobody should spend a whole afternoon beating oil into mayonnaise drop by drop. Try this recipe. *Throw* it together—you just can't *make* it fail!

MAGIC MAYONNAISE (*It never fails*)
Beat 1 egg yolk thoroughly, and add in following order ⅔ cup Eagle Brand, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup pure cider vinegar and ¼ cup salad oil. Stir with fork or beat with Dover egg beater. If oil is disliked, melted butter may be substituted.

Why cook *a pie filling?*

Here's a perfectly gorgeous Lemon Cream Filling—rich, smooth, delicious—that can be whisked together in a bowl in a jiffy without going near the stove.

LEMON CREAM PIE FILLING
Place in a bowl 1⅓ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Add to this ½ cup lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon, and 2 egg yolks. Blend well together. Pour into baked pie crust, cover with meringue made by beating 2 egg whites stiffly with 2 tablespoons sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until brown. Chill before serving.

Be sensible about it...!

Have you been putting in a half hour or so on the making of a chocolate frosting? Tut, tut! Try this 5 minute magic recipe and hear your family rejoice. It's the smoothest, creamiest, chocolate frosting you could ever imagine. It goes on the cake beautifully, with long, luscious, swirling strokes, and it stays put—perfectly.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING—Place 3 squares of unsweetened chocolate in top of double boiler. When chocolate is melted, add 1 ½ cups Eagle Brand and cook 5 minutes over boiling water, stirring frequently. Add 1 tablespoon of water, beat until smooth. Cool before spreading on cake.

Cocoa-makers, rejoice!

Still making cocoa by the old blend-and-boil method? Reform! Here's how to make the world's smoothest, creamiest cocoa—*right in the cup!* It takes less than two minutes—it saves using a saucepan—and it cuts the cost of your cup of cocoa almost in half! Once you've tried it, you'll never use another method.

HOT COCOA (*Made in the cup*)
Place in a cup 2½ tablespoons Eagle Brand. Add to milk 1½ level teaspoons cocoa and a few grains of salt. Add ⅔ cup boiling water and blend well before serving.

• • •

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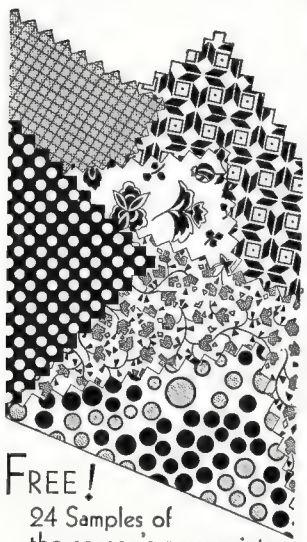

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CROSS MY PALM

[*Continued from page 31*]

of means. She figured out her numbers and, slightly discouraged, said, "I don't see anything ahead of you but money, money!" To which the lady replied, "Well, what more *is* there?"

Numerology, a word coined in the last century, meaning divination by numbers, was developed by the Pythagoreans in the sixth and fifth centuries B. C. into a metaphysical system. Considering that Pythagoras is credited not only with the discovery of the basic principles of geometry, but also the harmonic intervals underlying the effect of musical sounds, it is easy to understand how numbers came to represent the "reality of everything." And perhaps it explains why, if one is interested in matrimony and knows the name and date of the person involved, the numerologist will tell one whether the vibrations are sympathetic.

FOR my final fling into the occult world, I saved astrology. Fortunately, for those who are interested in it, there are a number of noted promulgators.

Astrological history can actually be traced back to about 3000 B. C. and it is presumed that it began even earlier, in the nomadic stage of man. At that time it was an undisputed fact that man's life depended largely upon celestial phenomena—rain, wind, etc. It is a short step from sun and moon worship to a theory of perfect accord between occurrences on earth and phenomena seen in the heavens. The intelligentsia of that day, realizing the necessity of a divine example of orderliness, as a basis for law among men, argued that if the sun and moon represented regularity and were therefore divine powers, why should not the planets, though harder to observe, come in for their share of superhuman importance? Consequently, a cult was evolved which was developed and enlarged by succeeding civilizations. Greece, Egypt, India, China, Rome, Arabia, and Europe respected their astrologists. From astrology comes the belief in heaven-appointed rulers. Napoleon, Wallenstein, and the Kaiser believed in their stars.

The fallacy, from the layman's point of view, seems to be that the planets, which existed before the development of the human mind, have been named for mythological gods whose characteristics have, in turn, been attributed to the planets. The children of Mars are fiery, violent, and efficient. When Venus is in the ascendant, the prevalent traits are gentleness and amiability. Neptune was discovered in 1845 by Adams of Cambridge and in 1846 by Leverrier of Paris and its influence is mystic and incalculable.

Astrology is not accepted by conscientious scientists, though its historical influence has been enormous, and up to the sixteenth century there was a harmonious relationship between it and astronomy. Then, with the popularization of scientific approach to natural and metaphysical problems, it was relegated to the background where it has remained except when an occasional ardent believer brings it back to public notice.

The three women I consulted are representatives of the 25 per cent of occult interpreters who give you your money's worth. They make a living but they do not stint in concentration or patience, and their hours are longer than those of a business man.

The remaining 75 per cent are the charletans and the racketeers. They abound in popular seashore resorts. The paraphernalia necessary is a ton of cheap incense, several yards of shoddy red or black velvet drapery, a few small ivory Buddha's or elephants, and a costume. And if it is a gentleman who has the divine power, he invariably wears a turban. His clothes are more or less optional though generally brightly colored. If a lady runs the booth, she is dressed either as a gypsy or an Egyptian. For a nominal sum of five dollars, you are conducted into a room which is dense with incense smoke. The fortune teller scans you quickly with a pair of palpably burning eyes and then, according to his or her vocation reads your palm, dreams over a crystal or consults an astrological chart. There seems to be a similarity of language in the prophecies and a limit to the activities. The men and women who will come into your life are either blond or dark. The possibilities of travel are confined to a water journey or a strange bed and rich relatives are always on the point of demise.

The law is vastly skeptical. The states prosecute fortune tellers with varying degrees of severity. In Illinois there is a fine of $500.00 for anyone who gets pay for purporting to exercise occult powers (card reading, palmistry, clairvoyance, astrology, seership or any crafty science) with an additional fine of $200.00 for the advertising of said power. Florida has a unique system by which certain occupations are taxed by a yearly income tax. Among these are the following: Dynamite dealers $10.00; chewing gum stands $5.00; gypsies, fortune tellers,

horse traders and embalmers $100.00; hypnotists, clairvoyants and spirit mediums $500.00. In Massachusetts, fortune telling is punished as larceny. In the Texas penal code, they are classified as "vagrants." England regards them as "rogues and vagabonds"; and in Ontario, all fortune telling is still punished by the old English Witchcraft Act put in effect in 1735.

THE famous case of Professor Sears is a good example of the methods of charlatanry. This gentleman who went under the assumed name of Sears had a regular office in the heart of one of the country's largest cities. He advertised in the daily paper that for the sum of $2.00 he could help people in trouble. He was clever enough to avoid the police until a certain lady from the suburbs came to see him. She had run a successful delicatessen business for several years, and had finally sold it for $1500.00. She was doubtful what to do with this money, so, having read about the professor, she went to consult him.

He put her through his regular schedule which was first to write her name and address. Then he told her to put three wishes down on paper; and in order not to disturb her he left the room, taking her name and address with him. She scribbled the following questions: Shall I invest in a chicken farm; shall I sell my house; shall I be successful? Professor Sears came back, looked at her questions and advised her strongly against buying the farm. He said all the indications were unfavorable for any such venture, but that he knew just how she could get the best return for her money. A friend of his had some excellent stock which had doubled its value in the past months but that he, Professor Sears, knowing this man and being so very interested in her case, could manage to procure the stock for her at its original value. To be perfectly sure, however, it would be better for her to come back the following week, and would she leave $33.00 with him to defray expenses? She said she would have to ask her husband, whereupon Professor Sears studied her palm and assured her that her husband was the worst possible influence for her. So she paid the $33.00 and came back the next week. He gave her a glowing description of the rise in his stock.

SUCH was his influence on her that he induced her to mortgage her house for $6000.00 and raise the extra money to make a total amount of $10,000.00. When she had collected this she took it in check form to the Professor. He explained that it was impossible to get hold of them at such a bargain unless the cash was delivered first. He then asked if she would go with him to the bank so that he would have no difficulty cashing such a considerable sum. The president of the bank, having known the woman for a number of years, begged her not to give him the money, but she retorted she was old enough to manage her own affairs and had the check cashed on the condition that Professor Sears have the stocks in his office the next morning.

After that the old story began. She went back the next day and his secretary said he was at home and sick. That bluff was pulled three more times and finally, when she tried to get in on the fourth day, the place was deserted. She scuttled to the police, but never regained a penny.

Obviously the lady in question was not a business woman, but there are plenty of these around who act as bait. The most successful racketeers in this profession work in pairs. One gives the readings and the other follows the clients to their homes and investigates their financial status.

The only people who have buffaloed the law completely are the mediums. In September, 1929, the Spiritualistic Church obtained a charter from the state of New York which allows any medium who has been ordained by the church to give seances and predict the future, provided they do not use the money they earn for personal expenditures. This infuriates the police force, who know only too well how hard it is to check up where money goes. They have regular weekly meetings and in some cases are called "Reverend." There is also the Society of Psychical Research which appeared first in England in 1882. It moved later to Boston where it has its headquarters. All the curious cases of poltergeists (any unaccountable movement of objects such as breaking of crockery, moving of furniture without application of visible, physical force) are brought to this hospitable institution. Mediums are given every advantage and publicity, provided they are honest—within the realms of stiff scrutiny. This society publishes a monthly magazine where experiments are recorded.

In spite of reason, science and knowledge of mechanical trickery, there remains an Alice in Wonderland charm in having one's fortune told. There are times when being the captain of one's soul becomes a dreary job, and alleviation, taken with a grain of skeptical salt, is very pleasant.

The jury that sits round your table – what is its daily verdict?

GUILTY?—guilty of giving them the same food too often? Guilty of making all your meals look alike—taste alike? Let's hope not.

Still you must be always on guard. The family jury is sitting in judgment. But they'll never give an unfavorable verdict as long as you make each menu distinctive.

It's easy enough. A little variety, a new flavor, a touch of delicacy—that's the secret. And that's exactly the combination that California Canned Asparagus offers you, for any meal or occasion.

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Sometimes when we speak of "success in baking" we mean merely avoiding failures. That's an important matter, certainly. It's so important that Pillsbury spends thousands of dollars testing Pillsbury's Best Flour—testing it by daily baking, by every scientific method known, to make sure that every sack is just like every other sack—that it will work perfectly for any baking purpose, bread, biscuits or pastry.

But there's another kind of baking success which is more than a matter of dodging failures. It is an achievement — *perfect flavor*, that small but all-important improvement in taste which is the mark of real success in baking. Women whose foods have this delicately richer flavor have learned to follow one important rule. They select ingredients with greatest care (flavorings, shortening, etc.) — and they use a flour that is *rich* as well as dependable — Pillsbury's Best. Pillsbury baking chemists have discovered one secret of finer flavor. They have found that there are certain blends of wheat which make a richer flour — and that foods baked with this richer flour have a better flavor. Pillsbury's Best Flour is milled only from this carefully selected, plump, full-flavored wheat. It gives you double value — dependability, *plus better flavor.*

Isn't it worthwhile to have this double quality? To know that your flour will never cause a baking failure — and more than that, to know that all your foods will have that delicately richer flavor that is the mark of finest baking? Simply be sure to get Pillsbury's Best Flour — all good grocers have it. Ask for it by name — for better flavor and more certain success in all your baking!

ORANGE SHORTCAKE

2½ cups Pillsbury's Best Flour	½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder	1 tablespoon sugar
	¼ cup shortening
	1 cup milk

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Work in the shortening with the tips of the fingers. When flaky add the milk gradually, mixing with a knife until a soft dough is formed. Turn out and transfer dough to two oiled square layer cake pans and pat down even. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) for twenty-five minutes. Put together with sugared orange sections. Cover with sweetened whipped cream and garnish with orange sections.

Recipe furnished by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home-Makers' Club. Hear Mrs. Allen every Wednesday morning over the Columbia chain; 10:00 a. m. Eastern Standard time.

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Is Aluminum Poisonous?

Scientists have discovered the answer to this question by the same method astronomers use in analyzing the stars

By E. V. McCOLLUM, Ph.D., Sc.D.
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

NOT long ago I chanced to be in a Western city whose homemakers had been greatly alarmed by a certain piece of information. They had been told that persons who ate foods cooked in aluminum vessels would develop cancer. Literature explaining the hazards of cooking in aluminum had been widely distributed, and the names of a number of prominent scientists had been dragged into the campaign as authority for the statements. It was quite natural that anyone unfamiliar with chemistry or with the methods of quackery should have been impressed with this propaganda.

Such an experience brought home to me anew the need of the non-scientific reader for reliable information about his health as it is affected by the food he eats from day to day.

Now it so happens that three years ago one of my associates, Dr. O. S. Rask, and myself carried on a series of experiments to determine the presence or absence of aluminum in many foods. Our interest in making these studies grew out of a desire to find out whether aluminum was a necessary element in the diet.

As everyone now knows, a number of mineral elements, in minute amounts, are present in the body; to discover whether they are "accidental" or necessary constituents is one of the bio-chemist's jobs. The last two years, for instance, have seen the positive demonstration that we need a little copper in our food. Is zinc, also, one of the necessary constituents? The blood always contains a small amount of it. But no one can say at present that health cannot be maintained without it, because no one has ever been able to prepare an experimental diet which was complete in every respect, except that it lacked zinc.

If such a diet *were* available and could be fed to laboratory animals, and if they throve on it, we should know that zinc is not important. But if they should fail in health, and recover only when a small amount of zinc was added to their diet, we would know that zinc is an indispensable element. It was this type of study which Dr. Rask and I carried out to settle the question of aluminum.

The literature of chemistry records that many analyses of foods have been made for the purpose of discovering their aluminum content. The older analyses seemed to prove that a good deal of aluminum was present; but in recent years improved methods have shown that only a very little of it is to be found in any of the foods which man obtains from the animal and plant kingdoms.

How aluminum usually finds its way into foods has a homely explanation. All dirt contains this metal; and it is practically impossible to keep dirt out of foods handled in the ordinary way. There is dust in the air of every laboratory; and even the glassware used by chemists for their experiments contains traces of aluminum. So it is not surprising that scientists have always found some aluminum in everything they have analyzed.

When Dr. Rask and I started out on our voyage of discovery we abandoned the ordinary chemical methods, using instead the system followed by astronomers in finding out what the stars are made of. We burned certain foods to an ash, then heated the ash very hot in an electric arc and photographed the light it gave off, the light having first been passed through a prism. The prism, of course, separated the light into a wide rainbow of thousands of different colors. Knowing which of these colors belong to the different elements, we were able to detect the presence of an element even when it hid itself away as a two-millionth part of the ash.

Using this method, which is the best available, we could not find any aluminum whatever in any uncontaminated food derived from animals or plants. We tested cereal grains, root vegetables, fruits, and meats. In addition we investigated all the different organs of animals. Only in their lungs, where some dust accumulates, and on their skin, which could not be made absolutely clean of dirt, could aluminum be discovered.

Even when we fed rats for long periods on foods to which we added relatively large amounts of salts containing aluminum we could not detect the metal in the blood, muscles, brain or other organs. The explanation is that *the intestine does not absorb aluminum;* hence aluminum cannot be carried to other parts of the body by the blood stream. It simply remains in the intestines until eliminated.

Many persons eat aluminum when they use baking powders of a certain type. A controversy has long raged as to whether such powders are detrimental to health. The answer is perfectly clear and is understood by all well-informed scientific persons. Baking powders of this type contain, in addition to the aluminum salt, both soda and calcium phosphate. While the "raising" action is happening in the dough, the aluminum all goes into combination with the phosphate and forms an insoluble substance. This combined aluminum phosphate does no harm; it does not dissolve in the digestive juices and is never absorbed into the blood.

From time to time experiments in feeding animals on rations containing soluble aluminum compounds have been reported to have had injurious effects. One such series of papers has recently appeared in European journals. An examination of the details of the experiments shows, however, that extremely large amounts of the aluminum salts were fed, and that the experiments were not planned or executed so as to give an accurate picture of what happens when baking powder of the type we are discussing is used in the amounts employed in ordinary baking.

In our experiments Dr. Rask and I fed little rats a diet which contained *twice* as much of the aluminum type of baking powder as they would have eaten if fed exclusively on biscuits baked by ordinary recipes. The animals ate these rations throughout the period of their growth and for months after, yet they showed no ill effects. They had offspring which were perfectly healthy. The new-born young were tested by the method I described, and not a trace of aluminum could be found in their bodies.

Now let us return to the point from which we started —aluminum cooking utensils. Aluminum metal dissolves fairly easily in certain strong acids. Accordingly, the idea has gained belief that acid foods should not be cooked in aluminum vessels. Actually the amount of acidity found in foods, even in the acid fruits, has so little effect on aluminum that there is not the slightest danger from this source. The reason for this is interesting. Aluminum tarnishes quickly after it has been polished to a shining brightness. This coating of tarnish is known as oxide, and is an extremely insoluble substance which only a few chemicals of vigorous action will break down. So soon does it form after polishing, that it is impossible to use an aluminum pot or pan which is *not* oxidized. Like a coat of paint, oxide protects the underlying metal and prolongs its life: without it, aluminum vessels would last so short a time that they would be thoroughly impractical for kitchen use.

Some years ago systematic tests were made in the laboratory of the "Lancet," the oldest medical journal in England, to determine how much metal dissolved from aluminum vessels during cooking. The amount dissolved by any of the bland foods was found to be negligible. Even the acid fruits dissolved only traces. Frying, stewing, boiling, roasting—the results were the same.

The two conditions under which the most metal dissolved were (1) in cooking highly salted foods; and (2) in cooking foods made alkaline with soda. But even in these cases, the amount of aluminum which was present in the cooked food was so small as to be without any influence whatever on health.

All these results give us a clear answer to our question. No aluminum is found in the blood, muscles, or organs even when it is fed liberally. From time immemorial, mankind has been eating small amounts of aluminum compounds, principally in dust-exposed foods; but since they were not absorbed into the blood stream, no harm was done.

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WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 29*]

"Are you including me?" Christopher asked her.

She reached out her hand to him, "Why not? You are one of us."

He kissed the hand. "You are being very good to me."

Joel had the other hand, and now bent over her. "Better, sweetheart?"

"I'm not sure." She seemed to sink deeper among her pillows. "They said it was all right for you to come today. And that's a step forward. Yesterday, they wouldn't. But they gave me your flowers and showed me my presents . . ."

Yolanda had made her mother a handkerchief, helped by Hannah, who had washed and ironed it. It lay beside Mary on the bed and she spoke of it. "Wasn't it wonderful of her . . . such a little thing . . . my little . . . little girl . . ." she broke suddenly into wild weeping. "Oh, I want to go home. Joel, to see my children . . . Ask them to let me go . . . home . . ."

Joel could not soothe her, nor Jacqueline. The nurse came in: "I think you'd better leave her."

"Let Joel stay—" Mary begged.

Jacqueline and her lover waited outside. "Oh, Kit, she's worse."

"What makes you say that?"

"There's a look about her . . . different . . ."

Joel joining them, presently, confirmed Jacqueline's fears. "I'm going straight to the surgeon. The nurse says he left word I was to see him at his house. And I want the two of you with me."

THE surgeon's house was on Beacon Hill. The butler who opened the door showed them into the great drawing-room. Kit and Jacqueline were left to wait there while Joel went into the surgeon's sanctum.

Jacqueline, sitting with Christopher on one of the brocaded sofas, was aware of children in the hall. They were going up and down the stairs, the little girls like puff balls in their white dresses, the little boys in snowy blouses and velvet shorts. They were playing a game which involved much running about and much laughter, and now and then a youngster would rush in and hide behind the curtains of the drawing-room, yet so absorbed were they in the adventure, that they had only a cursory glance for the two grown-ups on the sofa. Jacqueline thought of Yolanda. How she would love such a party. They hadn't had a party since Patsy left them. The last had been the one when they had sung "London Bridge," and Mary had been so unhappy. What ages had elapsed since then!

Joel was gone a long time, and when he came out the surgeon was with him. The look on Joel's face made Jacqueline's heart stop beating. She stood up as if to receive a judge's sentence. And Christopher stood up with her.

It was the surgeon who spoke. "I've been telling Mr. Hutchins," he said, "and he has asked me to tell you, some rather distressing news. We find that Mrs. Hutchins' trouble is likely to be chronic."

Light flamed up in Jacqueline's eyes. "Then she isn't going to—die?"

"No. But there's little hope that she will ever be well. The trouble is with her spine. She will have to stay in bed. It is hard to say how long. Perhaps —always . . . ."

Mary in bed . . . . *always!*

Jacqueline began to tremble. Oh, she couldn't stand a thing like that. She couldn't . . . . !

Kit had her hand in his, but suddenly she dragged it away from him. There was poor Joel . . . . Joel who had dropped into a chair and was sobbing, his head bent upon his hands! She went to him and put an arm about his shoulders. "Joel," she said, "Joel . . . . I'll stay with you and take care of Mary. I've got to take care of—Mary."

Christopher stood alone in the middle of the room. His world crashed about him. She had gone straight to Joel! Her love for Mary transcended everything. It transcended her love for him who loved her so dearly, so desperately, as he now saw her slipping away from him.

Yet when she lifted her head, and he saw her groping in the blindness of her tears, he went to her and held her to his breast. "Hush," he said, "my dearest. Things will work out . . . . They must."

India? The rich garment in which life was to wrap herself and her lover? The honeymoon on the high seas? The old house in Salem, and the angel-guarded cradle?

Dreams all of them! Never to be fulfilled! For Mary was going to be ill—forever! Never well! Years and years to pass away without ever a touch of her foot to the floor, or to stand tall and straight in her golden beauty.

Mary with pillows back of her! Mary with nurses always about her! Mary . . . !

Jacqueline stopped there . . . . perhaps there wouldn't be nurses. Perhaps Joel couldn't afford it. Perhaps there would be only herself and old Hannah. Perhaps Hannah would grow too old, and there would be just herself!

And Yolanda? Yolanda growing up! Yolanda taking her place by her mother's bed? Yolanda the head of the house . . . . Yolanda!

For the first time a glimmer of hope . . . . Yolanda!

How many years before Yolanda could take her place? The child was ten. Eight years more—nine? And then Jacqueline and Kit could have their happiness. She would be twenty-six, Kit in his late thirties. But why should that matter? Many men and women didn't marry earlier than that? And Kit loved her. He would wait till the end of the world. He had said it, but there hadn't been much hope in it. "I'll go out alone, Jack, if you think best . . . . and I'll wait—forever . . . ."

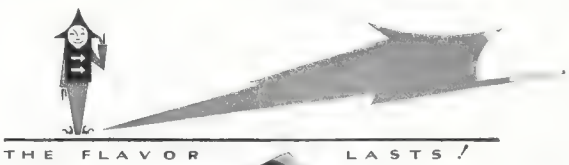
THAT had been the afternoon when they came back from the hospital. They had had to leave Joel at *his* hospital, but they had promised to go up the next day and talk things over. There would be so much to talk over. "Great guns," Joel had exclaimed, "I've got to get well. I've got to get into business. There'll be no living on this infernal pension and making Mary comfortable."

He had had only one idea—that Mary must be comfortable. It had brought him up out of his depression, steadied him, swung him away from the things the war had done to him. "And you needn't think I am going

[*Continued on page 158*]

An Old Beauty Secret

THE enchanting women of ancient Aztec civilization probably had the most exquisite teeth and youthful loveliness of mouth of all the women who ever lived. This statement, based on the records of historians and coupled with the historic fact that the Aztecs were a gum-chewing people, discloses one of the most simple and inexpensive Beauty Secrets. The gum that the Aztecs chewed was obtained from the Sapota tree, the very tree which furnishes the principal ingredient in Wrigley's Chewing Gum for this modern age. Only in this 20th century, the scientific improvements of Wrigley laboratories produce a new perfection in "chewing resistance" and a new deliciousness in flavor. Chewing Wrigley's for beautiful lips is but making use of an old Beauty Secret.



Read the Secret here—

TO ENJOY the full benefit of this simple old Aztec Beauty Secret, chew Wrigley's with a certain degree of regularity each day. Wrigley's has the modern scientifically correct "chewing resistance" to educate the muscles around the mouth and keep away saggy lines which make a person look old and unattractive. Try Wrigley's Double Mint (it's peppermint).

K-4

AFTER EVERY MEAL *for* LIFE.....AIDS DIGESTION

"I prefer new wonderful Mello-glo Face Powder because it stays on longer and prevents large pores", says Dorothy Flood, beautiful Ziegfeld star, 10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Mello-glo Face Powder bestows a natural bloom and spreads more smoothly", says attractive Gertrude Dahl, 353W. 57th St., N.Y.C., featured in popular "Whoopee".

"No more shiny nose with new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder", says the lovely actress, Lola de Lille, 333 E. 43rd St., N. Y. City. "It keeps ugly shine away".

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to let this spoil your life for you, Jack. If you'll just help out until I get started. She can do that, can't she, Kit—help until I get started?"

"She can do," said Kit, "anything she wishes."

It was then that, for the first time, Jacqueline noticed the change in him. Something gone of the flashing laughter in his eyes, something gone of that care-free cock of his head. Nothing gone of his tenderness, but something out of his voice . . . . She couldn't quite define it. It was as if a bird in a cage still sang, but had lost some thrilling note.

They had talked about it on the train. "If the business hadn't smashed up, I'd put them all in my house in Salem, hire nurses for Mary, and carry you off to India."

"Joel wouldn't let you do it, and anyhow nurses couldn't take care of the children."

Kit had flamed, "They're not your children."

"They'll need me, Kit."

"I need you . . . ."

Her hand had crept into his, "I know . . . ."

They had been silent after that, and it was not until they reached home and dined, and were again in front of the living-room fire that they thrashed the thing out to the end.

"I shall never ask you," Christopher said, "to go against your will. Perhaps I could make you do it. I think I could. I could so press upon you my need of you that you'd be sorry to see me—suffer . . . ."

He was leaning forward, staring into the fire, his face stern. "For I shall suffer—have no doubt of that. And I shall suffer not only because you would not go, but because your first thought today was not of me, but of Joel and Mary. If you call that selfish, then let it stand that way. But if you think it best to stay, you must stay. I'll go out alone, Jack . . . . and I'll wait forever."

SHE had been sitting on the other side of the fire, but now she came over and knelt beside him. "Kit, look at me."

He did not look at her, but his arm went round her. "Kit, are you blaming me? Don't you know that I, too, suffer?"

"God knows I do. That's why I hate it. Do you think all my pity is for myself? It's because I know you're made of the stuff of saints and martyrs. It's because I know you love every little helpless thing, it's because I know your tenderness."

He held her to him, "It's because I know you'll lose youth and joy in an unequal battle . . . ."

She tried to explain, "It's something in me, Kit, that won't let me go, and leave them. And if I went, I shouldn't be happy."

His arm relaxed, "Not with me?"

"Kit—try to understand," her face was white and troubled.

She was still kneeling beside him, and now he put his hands on her shoulders and looked down at her. As long as she lived, she was never to forget that look. "You are what you are," he said. "I am not sure I would have you—different. You are what God made you, dear one."

The next afternoon they went up to see Joel. Kit was still staying with the Gilmans. "They asked me about Mary, and I told them. They sent much sympathy."

"Did you tell them that I wouldn't go out with you?"

"Yes. Sue was waiting up last night when I got there. We sat by the fire and talked, and I said we would have to put things off."

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 156*]

"What did she think of that?"

"Oh, that we were dead wrong. She made me feel that a man wasn't red-blooded who wouldn't pack a woman in his old kit bag and run away with her."

"Oh, Kit, if we only could—run away."

They were having lunch together in Boston. Not this time at the big hotel, but at Christopher's pet club in Park Street, where you had lobsters fresh from the sea, and a huge and superlative kind of macaroon with a special

and superlative ice cream, and where the windows at the back looked out on an old cemetery and the graves of the distinguished dead.

"I'll run away now," Kit said; "come on."

SHE shook her head and probed further, "What did Sue say about me?"

He hesitated.

"Tell me, Kit."

"She said that if she were in love with a man and he wanted her to go, she would think the world well lost. That a woman's life was her own to live and that no one had a right to stand in the way of it."

"What did you say to that?"

"I told her she didn't know what she was talking about. That she had never had any more sense of responsibility than a cat with a family of grown-up kittens. And she flung back at me that I loved my own life."

"What did she mean?"

"Oh, it's an old story . . . . When my father was alive. I loved him, Jack . . . . but he dominated me. He dominated my mother . . . . that's the reason I won't impose my will on you. You shall do freely the things you want to do. We men are arbitrary creatures. We want to feel that we are right and to have our women-folk feel it. Yet even as a boy I knew it was often my mother and not my father who was right; and she knew it, but she acquiesced that she might preserve the serenity of the household. For he loved her, and he was never harsh, only masterful. Too masterful by far. And one day I decided to go to Boston, and get a place in my uncle's warehouse. I told my mother I was going, and my reasons, and she agreed that I was right. There was no actual break with my father, but from that time on I was my own man. When he died, I went back and lived in Salem with my mother, but I still had my offices in Boston."

"I know now what Sue meant. She said you didn't care for the old house, and that if you said you did, you were sentimentalizing."

He laughed.

"The Gilmans didn't know why I left, and I think they always blamed me. Sue especially resented it. We had been such pals, and she missed her playmate."

Jacqueline broke off a bit of macaroon, crumbled it on her plate, and asked a question, "Kit, why isn't Sue married?"

"Give her time, my dear."

"No . . . . I don't mean that . . . . I mean, she's so attractive, and yet there doesn't seem to be anybody."

"In love with her? Oh, well, she'll come to it like the rest of you." He dropped then the subject of Sue to talk of the old house in Salem. "I have cared more for it since I have thought of you in it, Jack."

She told him of the friendly spirits, but she did not tell him all her dreams. Time enough for that when they were married.

Joel, when they saw him later, was still spurred by a determination to go to work. "My old firm has offered me a berth. Of course I'm a bit hampered by nerves and all that, but I'll snap out of it."

There was, too, it seemed some money in bonds, kept untouched through all the stringent days for the sake of Mary and the children—"If anything happened." But now Joel would use it to bring Mary home. "She can't stay in the hospital away from us all, and besides, it eats up our income. We'll take on old Hannah for full time, and that will leave Jack free to look after Mary."

Free to look after Mary! And when she was looking after Mary, who would look after little Joel? And Yolanda? A black wave of fear threatened to engulf Jacqueline, but she breasted it and smiled, "We'll manage somehow, Joel."

"I always said you were a good sport, old girl."

But being called a "good sport" is poor consolation, when in the darkness of the night one lies awake and faces the future, and sees no glimmering beyond the growing up of a little girl, with eight years between. Could she keep on being a good sport until Yolanda could take her place? Jacqueline, on that night after seeing Joel, asked herself the question and dared not answer it. In search of sleep she turned on her restless pillow. At last she got up and looked out of the window. Heavy clouds shut out the moon and the stars. A heavy night, and one that promised storm. Well, life was like that; and when the storms came, would they beat her down?

KIT had raged when they had left Joel. "Do you think I'm going to stand for it?"

"Mary has done so much for me, dearest."

"You've paid your debt."

Tears were near the surface. "I can't argue," she said; "I only know."

Kit had brought her to North Station and put her on the train. He was to go to New York that night, and come back for the week end. Three days in between! "I don't know how I shall live without you," he had said, ardently, her hand tight in his in the taxi. "But I'll call you up every day."

Yet when he was in India, he couldn't call her up . . . !

The next morning, she told old Hannah all about it. Yolanda was at school, the baby asleep after his bath. Hannah was cleaning the silver which was set out on the kitchen table. Mary had little silver worthy of notice, except a fat teaset which had poured tea in an English drawing-room six generations back.

"I think I am honest," Hannah had said, as Jacqueline came into the kitchen, "but if I ever steal anything it will be that teaset. It's what I call a

[*Continued on page 161*]

"my customers all come back for more" *writes M. M. Somers— a restaurant proprietor*

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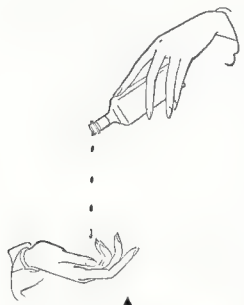
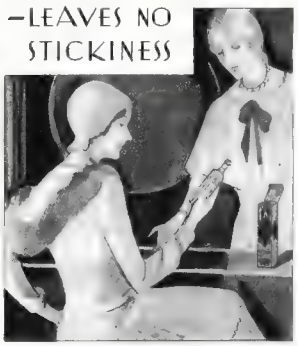


A NEW FAVORITE BECAUSE IT PENETRATES —LEAVES NO STICKINESS



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WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 158*]

comfortable teaset. I'll bet in the old days they served hearty things with it —muffins and cheese cakes and plum tarts . . . . I had an English grandmother, and she used to tell . . . ."

But for once Jacqueline was not interested in teasets. "Hannah," she said, "We saw Mary's doctor yesterday. He says she isn't going to get well."

Hannah dropped her hands heavily on the table. "Don't tell me that."

"I don't mean that she's going to—die . . ." Jacqueline elucidated; "only she'll always be ill—in bed—it's her spine. It will change all of our plans, of course."

Something in her voice made the old woman ask, "You don't mean that you'll put off your wedding?"

"Yes, I can't leave Mary . . . "

Hannah picked up her cloth and began rubbing the teapot. Out of a short silence she said, "Will they bring Mrs. Hutchins home?"

"Yes, and Joel wants to know if you can give us full time, Hannah. Come here to the house and stay. We can give you a good room, and with you to do the work, I can look after the children and my sister."

Hannah stopped rubbing. "You can do nothing of the kind."

"Why not?"

"You'll just kill yourself, Miss Jack."

"We can't afford nurses, Hannah."

Again silence, and then Hannah said, "I'll come. But you'd better go on and get married. You have a right to your own life."

"Everybody tells me that." Jacqueline sat up, a vivid and demanding figure; "but how can I; how can I?"

Old Hannah sat with the teapot suspended. "You can't, dear lamb. Some women could. But not you."

"I want to go with Kit," Jacqueline said, wildly; "I want to go . . . I don't want to stay here. Oh, why is God so cruel, Hannah, to let such things happen? The war? And little Patsy? And Joel's leg? And now, Mary! It is like something way back in the Bible—Job or Jeremiah . . ."

IT WOULD have been funny if it hadn't been so tragic. Here was a slip of a child challenging the high gods! But old Hannah saw nothing funny in it. "God isn't cruel," she said. "It is men who are cruel. And Death isn't the worst. And we can't change things no matter how we cry out. And we can't whine. Miss Jack, if you've made up your mind to do it, don't go on being sorry for yourself."

"I know . . . I'm not sorry for myself. But Kit . . . oh, Hannah—"

Old Hannah laid down the teapot and her cleaning cloth, went over to the sink and washed her hands, then came back and gathered into her arms the child who was weeping so wildly. "Honey lamb, honey lamb," she said; and after that they rocked and rocked with only the sound of Jacqueline's sobs in the silence.

"Prayer," said old Hannah at last, and apparently with irrelevance, "is something in the heart, and not always on your knees. Remember that, Miss Jack. You are doing what you set out to do for those you love. God knows that and will bring happiness to you in His own good time. And if it isn't the happiness you ask for now, it will be happiness just the same."

"I know . . . ."

But Jacqueline did not know. It was not until years had passed that she was to understand what old Hannah meant. "And the great thing, after all, isn't happiness. It's to do good and be good. That's old-fashioned enough, Miss Jack, but you'll find that it works out."

There was a Spartan quality in the things the old woman said, that acted like a tonic. "Dear Hannah" said Jacqueline, clinging. "Dear Hannah."

Long distance talks from New York with Christopher. Special delivery letters. Telegrams. Boxes of candy. Boxes of flowers. Books.

Yolanda was thrilled and excited. "Is that what they do when they love you?" she demanded, when, in the midst of getting her ready for a children's party, there arrived a marvelous basket of sweets for her aunt.

Jacqueline, reading the card, said, "Yes."

"What makes them?"

"They want you to be happy."

"Are you happy, Aunt Jack?"

"Not as happy as I would be if Uncle Kit wasn't going away."

"I thought you were going with him, Aunt Jack."

"Not until mother is—better."

SHE went on brushing Yolanda's hair. The child had been told that her mother was coming home and would have to stay in bed, but she had been given no hint of the dreadful future. She accepted her mother's invalidism and the fact of Aunt Jack's not going to India philosophically. "Oh, well, when mother is better, Uncle Kit can come back, and you'll live happy ever after."

Well, life wasn't like that. Nobody was really happy! Always she had looked at the world through rose-colored glasses. Making the best of things! And there was no best. Kit was going away, going away, going away—no golden bells rang now in her heart . . . . only alarm bells, tolling!

"You're pulling my hair," Yolanda protested. "I wish mother would let me have it cut. May I have four pieces of candy to take to my friends?"

"More than four if you wish."

"No, I want one for my best friend, and one for the next, and one for the next," Yolanda's voice trailed off into silence, as she bent over the basket.

Having made her selection, she straightened up. "I think Uncle Kit is perfectly adorable. When I grow up I am going to marry a man just like him."

Jacqueline kissed her. "There aren't any men just like him, darling."

"Well, I'm going to pray every night that God will send me one."

A little later, Jacqueline watching Yolanda from the window reflected that in these days her own prayers had been somewhat neglected. That is, formal prayers. But in her heart she had prayed that strength might come.

And now, suddenly, seeing the child go happily along the snowy street, there stirred in Jacqueline a sense of

[*Continued on page 162*]

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WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 161*]

the meaning of it all. Here was Yolanda growing up, needing a mother. A need greater than Kit's or her own. This was the answer for which she had prayed. The reason for self-sacrifice. And not only the reason, but justification. And with this reason and justification came a sureness of purpose. The thing must be done; and if it must be done; why not do it gloriously? There should be no more tears for Kit, for herself.

SO, TRUE to that sanguine self, which wrung courage from defeat, she wrote that night to her lover: "Oh, Kit, let's be happy in the little time we have left. You said when you first heard the news about Mary that things would work out. Let us believe that they will. Let's believe that Mary will get better, or that Joel will get rich, or that your ship will come sailing in with a cargo of diamonds. Let's believe *anything* but that we must live apart. Sometimes I think that wishing brings things to pass. Let's bring them, dearest."

Kit, at his Boston club, called up Jacqueline; "I'm coming down to answer your letter. We'll see the old year out together."

"The Gilmans want us over for midnight supper. They are having a lot of people in."

"Must we go, dear?"

"I'm afraid so. They are really having it for you. It's going to be rather a grand party, Kit, and I've nothing in the world to wear—well, there's my old blue taffeta . . ."

"You look like an angel in it . . ."

So she wore the blue taffeta; and Kit brought her a knot of pink roses tied with silver ribbon, and as she came into the great drawing-room at the Gilmans' and he saw her moving about among the other women, he thought how delicate she seemed and fine among all the glittering ladies.

For Sue was in white, silver-spangled, and Paula was in green with the family emeralds set in a pendant which hung from a long gold chain, and studded the golden band about her hair, and a lot of the other women had diamonds all over them, but Jacqueline's only jewels were the ring her lover had given her, and the bracelet he had brought from overseas.

He wanted her to meet everybody. These were all his old friends, and some day she would take her place among them. But she had insisted that the engagement should not be announced. "People talk such a lot. And it's nobody's business but ours, darling."

"I know. But I want to shout it to the world."

The midnight supper was a wonderful affair. Everyone sat down at the long table which was set with all the tinkling, twinkling glass and silver which had graced the boards of bygone Gilmans. There were red roses in the tall epergnes, and red candles in the tall holders. The food was delectable.

When the bells rang the New Year in, a song was sung, a toast was drunk, and Kit was called upon to say something to his friends.

He rose, and stood for a moment smiling at them as they applauded. Then he raised his head and spoke, and Jacqueline, listening, was amazingly aware that here was a Kit she had not known—a Kit at his ease in this brilliant assemblage, a man of the world, a wit. She had thought of him simply as her Kit, brave, strong, splendid. And in the war as a man among men. She had not thought of him with this social background, with people like these for his friends. None of them could point to a more distinguished ancestry than her own; but where her forebears had known plain living and high thinking, in the families of those about this table had been money for generations, ease of pocketbook, social intercourse of a kind which demands large means and the freedom of action which comes with affluence.

And when she was his wife, these would be her friends, and she must take her place among them. She must shine as Kit shone. She must wear glittering gowns like Paula, and Kit would have the family jewels set for her. She began to feel frightened. Would she measure up? Could she?

Then, suddenly, there swept over her the memory of Kit's financial limitations. He would be poor for a long time. And she was glad of it. She would grow with Kit's fortunes, and perhaps by the time he had what he wanted in worldly goods, she would learn to be all he needed in a wife.

When Kit sat down, Paula, who sat near Jacqueline, leaned across the man next to her and said, "Aren't you proud of him?"

Jacqueline's breath was quick. "He's wonderful—"

Paula nodded and settled back in her seat. She talked to the man beside her, but her mind was not on him. It was on Sue who sat on the other side of the table. Sue, who in her white and silver, had listened, still as a statue, while Kit spoke, her heart in her eyes. "Oh, she's mad to show it that way," Paula raged, inwardly. "She ought to have more pride."

When they rose from the table, Paula said to Jacqueline, "Is Kit staying over tomorrow?"

"No, he goes back to Boston, then on again to New York."

"Then why not ride with me in the afternoon? I'll drive over and get you. Sue is going up to town, and I'll give you a breath of fresh air if you'll let me be her substitute."

"I'd love it."

THE fun, after supper, grew fast and furious. Women wearing paper caps and men blowing horns danced in the wide hall where the rugs had been taken up. Paula, with a crowd about her was serving punch. Sue, also the center of a crowd, had avid eyes for Kit. She saw him join Jacqueline, but she did not hear what he said.

"Let's get out of this, Jack. I've had enough."

"Kit, you're wonderful."

He looked down at her. "I'm not fond of the limelight," he said, abruptly. "We'll say goodbye to everybody and get away."

They went down the walk, but instead of helping her into the car which had brought them over, he turned toward his own old house, and opened the gate. "Let's run in here, Jack, for a moment. I have the key."

Then, as the big door swung back, he leaned down and lifted Jacqueline

[*Continued on page 165*]

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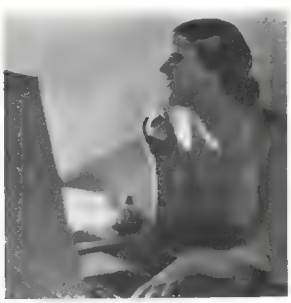

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EIGHT MONTHS of GARDEN BLOOM

By MRS. FRANCIS KING

Cheiranthus Allioni is a deep orange wallflower

FOR those who plan new gardens or who may be rearranging old ones, we offer a few suggestions as to flower planting and color arrangement. In the space of this short article we cannot hope to cover the various climates to be found in this huge country of ours, so let us take the latitudes between Boston and Philadelphia, where it is possible to have *some* flowers blooming in a garden from March to November.

In such a garden the earliest possible flowering shrub would be the Japanese witch-hazel, which flowers in February. Next would bloom tulip Kaufmanniana, the water-lily tulip, a lovely native from Asia. From then on there is always a flower until the Black Hellebore, (helleborus niger) closes the season. This Christmas rose opens about the middle of November and keeps its flowers under the snow. Although it is not common to America it is very hardy and comes in whites, pinks, and purples as well as prettily spotted. As the plants of this flower are poisonous, children should not be allowed to handle them.

For May try as a change from the usual pink-lavender tulip combination, the violet, bronze and yellow Valentin, Turenne, and Prince of Orange tulips; mingle them with that beautiful deep orange perennial wallflower, cheiranthus allioni. If the wallflower, which is of a peculiar tone of orange, should prove to be a color enemy of other flowers coming into bloom after the tulips, cut it down.

For late May and early June, get two or three plants of rosa rugosa, that creamy white or red wild-looking, single rose, and below these set a group of bulbs of the charming camassia leichtlini; then you will have something which will so please your gardener's eye for color combination that it will call you many times a day to look at it. Tulip Rosabella is beautiful if planted below the lilac known as syringa pubescens. Underneath a double flowering pink plum—and I always get this on its own roots, never a grafted bush—place little colonies of purple grape hyacinth, muscari Heavenly Blue. For June, St. Bruno's lily (the lovely anthericum liliastrum, like a tiny Madonna lily but with grass-like leaves) might raise its little flowers above the new dianthus Sweet Wivelsfield, which is a cross between a Sweet William and a carnation. This would give a fresh interest to any border. Try the new dwarf baby rambler, Gloria Nundi, with a little spreading carpet of lobelia Cambridge Blue below it; or the same lobelia below the red-purple of verbena venosa, that little grown but lovely annual. This is, of course, distinctly a June effect.

In July and August there should be, if things have been well planned in early spring, a glorious outburst of color. The hardy phloxes with their great range of hues make any border brilliant; the hardy salvia azurea will give blue to the garden; and the superb colors of many gladioli are a gorgeous addition to any garden. The primulinus Salmon Beauty with a good purple petunia (partly staked and partly allowed to go free) beside the gladioli is a color combination sure to please. Petunias, I am glad to say, are once again popular.

If planted in early Spring the ornamental spinach, atriplex hortensis rubra, will bloom in August. When this is grown beside the hardy amaryllis, lycoris squamigera, the bloom of these lily-like flowers of iridescent pink-blue-lavender, and the copper tints of the spinach foliage, will give a sensation of beauty which is very subtle and long to be remembered.

For September the long list of hardy asters comes to mind. Tall and dwarf, from Mauve Cushion, only a few inches high, to aster tataricus, the giant of them all, there is every shade of rose, purple, lavender and white to choose from. Mignon dahlias are beautiful with these —even the little scarlet ones below the blue-lavender daisy-like aster flowers. Most of these hardy asters bloom in late August but later varieties may be found.

In October few flowers do better in a sheltered spot than the oxeye or Shasta daisy, tall and dwarf varieties, with the little sanvitalia procumbens spreading below the daisies its tiny orange flowers. Or sweet alyssum's foam of white makes a lovely border, not only resisting frost admirably but sowing itself for another year.

Lack of space for a garden need not daunt you; some of the loveliest of all gardens are the smallest. I know of a little place in New England where two tiny borders fifteen feet long by two wide from house to street are so treated that they give pleasure to all who pass by. A flagged walk of three feet wide is flanked by two bands of constantly blooming plants. First, tulips and daffodils appear in May, then wide cushions of ageratum bloom and pale pink stocks cover the ground with cool pinks and violet blues. From June to October these bands of color make a charming entrance to a small house.

Be discontented with your garden —discontented but never discouraged. Look at your garden with a critical though affectionate eye. Improve it every year. And really think about it. Do not copy your neighbor's garden effects unless you mean to use these as stepping stones to higher things of your own invention. Do not be depressed even if you have not much space. Look at the hundreds of tiny yet beautiful backyard gardens in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and others of our large cities. If you really want a garden, no difficulties of any kind can prevent you from having it.

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WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 162*]

in his arms, "I'll carry you over the threshold, darling," he whispered. "We're under our own rooftree, dearest; and it's New Year's morning."

"It isn't my own roof yet, Kit."

"But it will be some day, no doubt of that, my dearest." He still had her in his arms. "Jack, don't think I've lost my mind to bring you here in this mad fashion. But when you sat at the table it was to you I spoke—so quiet and lovely in your blue. But I didn't want your quietness and loveliness there, in all that glare. I didn't want to welcome the New Year in with that howling crowd. I wanted you here—here! I wanted to welcome the New Year with you, in our own house, Jack—on our knees!"

Oh, friendly spirits draw near to them! Youth and ecstasy! But more than that, ecstasy mingled with exaltation! Youth consecrated to an ideal! All about them were beating golden wings! Never again, perhaps, would they know such a moment. But it was enough that they had known it!

ALL the next morning, Jacqueline went about the house, singing. Kit had gone to New York again, and it would be a week before she would see him. But she did not need to see him. They were together in spirit. They would always be together. The exaltation of the night before had not left her.

Paula, arriving in the afternoon in her little car, said, "Sue went in to Boston on the train with Kit. The rest of us stayed in bed until noon."

"I slept four hours."

"You ought to be napping this minute instead of riding with me. But then you don't need a beauty sleep," Paula smiled as she flung out the bit of flattery. She was weighing the happiness in the sapphire eyes, the radiance which seemed to wrap the child in a shining mantle. It seemed a pity to spoil it, but then there had been Sue the night before, stripping off her white and silver gown, and coming into Paula's room as the dawn broke, clad in a flaming robe that matched her hair, so that as she sat on Paula's bed, with her knees drawn up under her chin, she was like a figure carved in copper.

"Aunt Paula, what spoiled your romance?"

"Pride."

"Do you mind telling me about it?"

"I have never told anyone."

"I know, but we Gilmans are unlucky in love. There must be a reason."

Paula, propped up on her pillows, looking her age and more than her age, with her head tied up in a green silk handkerchief and an embroidered Japanese coat about her shoulders, said, "We try to dominate—and strong men—want to rule."

"Oh, but that's archaic."

"No. Men and women haven't changed much since the world began." Paula chose another cigarette from a silver case set with jade. "You know, of course, that I went to visit Billy Walton's people and came back with the engagement broken. Well, I wanted to be queen on my throne and Billy wanted to be king. And one day when I was there he asked me while we were all at a table to wear a certain dress to a dance that night. There was no reason why I shouldn't wear it, but I didn't. I came down in something else. Everybody knew he had asked me, and he was hurt. It was a silly thing to quarrel about, but we quarreled. I wanted to show my power; and I

[*Continued on page 166*]

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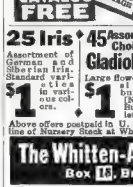

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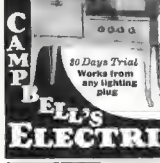

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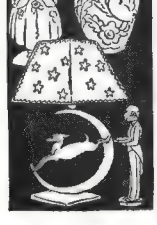

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WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 165*]

wouldn't say I was sorry. Then suddenly, in the very midst of our argument, I was aware I had gone too far. I was frightened, but I wouldn't back down. I broke the engagement before he could do it." She blew smoke rings into the air. "Pride, you see, Sue, and I've suffered for it."

"But I've never been proud with—Kit—" Sue stopped there, and gave Paula a startled glance.

"Oh, don't mind me," Paula said; "I've known how you felt for a long time."

"Kit knew it—years ago—but I couldn't hold him—"

There was a moment's silence, out of which Paula remarked, "Things work out. Life may bring you more than you are looking for, Sue."

"How can it, without making Jacqueline unhappy?"

"She might as well be unhappy as you."

"But I wouldn't steal her happiness. I'm too sporting for that, Paula, even if I could do it."

After Sue left her, Paula lay thinking about it. Sue would never take what she might have. Someone else would have to turn the trick for her.

AND now riding beside Jacqueline in her little car, Paula said again to herself that it seemed a pity. Why couldn't everybody be happy? Kit wasn't the only man in the world.

The snow of the night before had piled up in drifts, and made the going a bit difficult; but the sky was clear and the air like wine. Paula drove Jacqueline to a little tea-room on the North Shore which was open in winter.

"You won't have things like this in India," Paula said with an effect of carelessness. She had ordered their tea, and was seated opposite Jacqueline at a little table by the window, which looked out on a snowy street beyond which was a view of the sea, ultramarine under the afternoon sky.

"But I'm not going to India," Jacqueline said. "Didn't Sue tell you?"

"Yes. She thought you were very foolish. But I'm not sure. It might be a great adventure, and it might not."

"Going with Kit would be."

"Perhaps. One never can tell. And anyhow, since you're not going now, you'll both of you have time to know your own minds."

Jacqueline laughed, "I think we know."

"Not as you will when you are separated. Long distance makes things seem different. As I understand it there's to be no engagement."

"Not an announced one."

Paula hesitated, then said, frankly, "My dear, I think you're making a great mistake to tie yourself up. It isn't fair—to Kit."

Dead silence. Then Jacqueline demanded: "What do you mean?"

"Oh, a man is different from a woman. He can't live on letters and dreams. Kit will want a home, a wife. Yet if you have his promise, how can he break it? He will feel bound—in honor."

"Kit won't want to break it."

Paula shrugged her shoulders. "You know him best, of course. And I'm sorry I said so much. It really isn't my affair, is it? But I like you both..." Tea had been brought, and she began to pour.

Jacqueline ate little. A shadow had fallen across her radiance. Paula saw it, but steeled her heart. The child might as well face it now. Men wanted reality, not illusion. And Kit Howland was no different from the rest of them.

[*Continued in* APRIL McCALL'S]

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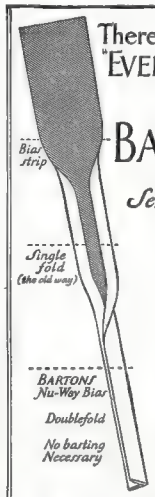

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FROM TIME TO TIME

[Continued from page 7]

This Peter Standish of the Eighteenth Century has already lived his life and left the record of it behind him. The hero of the play has read the facts in modern London and is familiar with them. To his sorrow he knows that Peter Standish never did marry Helen. It was her sister, the elder Miss Pettigrew, who became his bride and bore him three children. That which has happened cannot be changed. This is the pitiful plight of Peter. He cannot wed the girl he loves because—dash it all—he didn't.

Upon mature reflection, it seemed to me that John Balderson was just a shade false to his original premise. If Time, as viewed from an airplane, is all of a piece, then it is no more fair to say that the past is fixed and inexorable than to assert that over the future the individual has no control. "Real Time is nothing but an idea in the mind of God!" Very well; then Peter Standish should not have permitted recorded history to thwart his heart's desire.

Better by far it would have been for him to have sailed in and reconstructed the past. Indeed the most exciting moment of the play is built around precisely such a mood. For just the nearest fraction of a scene Peter and Kate dare to contemplate the thought of flying against the thing which has happened. The rebellion is brief. Peter returns to his own century and Helen remains in hers.

"You've your life to live out in the future, Peter," she tells him. "Don't be too sad there about a girl who's been dead so long. As I grow old, your youth will seem to me eternal youth, for you will come, won't you, young as I see you now, to my grave in St. Mark's churchyard? To you, that will be tomorrow. And yet, 'twill be generations after I am dead. I'll ask for a stone with the letters cut deep, so they won't wear away, before you come to me."

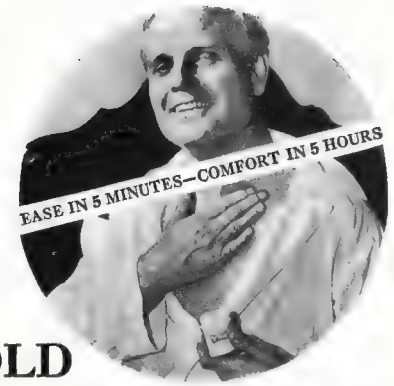
AND at this point in the play I always begin to weep and blur my vision for the rest. To many *Berkeley Square* is chiefly interesting as a light and gay comedy. The fact that Peter Standish commutes from his own century into the past allows the author some excellent frivolous opportunities which he does not neglect.

For instance, this man who goes back beyond the tomb of his ancestors creates for himself a pretty reputation as a wit by the simple expedient of getting off many of the best epigrams of Oscar Wilde.

No one can challenge their originality for Wilde is not yet born. And there is humor, too, in the romantic concept which Peter Standish has formed around the past and the reality which shocks him when he meets it face to face.

Yet while all this is amusing and novel in treatment and in situation I choose to believe that *Berkeley Square* was written chiefly for the story of the two lovers who pined for each other and tried to reach across the century which lay between them. These particular scenes are played with great fervor and beauty by Leslie Howard and Margalo Gilmore. Mr. Howard, in particular, gives what I think is the most moving performance to be seen in New York this season.

Of course, if you like musical comedy better than more serious sort of entertainment, there is no denying that Jack Donahue is highly amusing in *Sons O' Guns* and that this attempt to make a song and dance out of the great war succeeds admirably. But that is because Donahue does the dancing.



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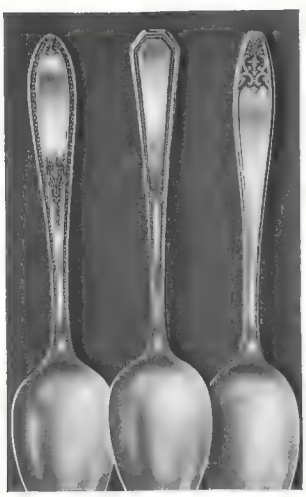
6 dinner knives
6 dinner forks
6 teaspoons
6 tablespoons
1 butter knife
1 sugar shell

This tray becomes a mirror . . . smart . . . modern. 9½ x 14½ inches of gleaming plate glass, framed in burnished silver! Upon your wall . . . Can't you picture it already . . . just where it belongs?

If you've dreamed...yearned...fairly *ached* to set a lovely table..*READ!*

HERE'S TODAY'S OUTSTANDING VALUE IN SILVERPLATE



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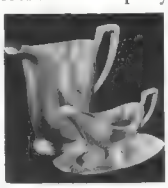
This wonderful offer gives you a choice of three distinctive patterns. Picture each, upon your finest napery, catching the mellow light of your "party" candles. Which...to perfectly express you?

It's NOT just the number of pieces . . . though, Heaven knows, you would never have *dreamed* of getting so much silver for such a price!

It's not the tray . . . which turns out, when the little plush pad is removed, to be a mirror, and the pride of your heart!

No, it's the *kind* of silver!

It's the kind of silver that makes you know how foolish it is to put your good money into *cheap* silver—silver you can never be proud of—when this costs so little more! This silver is *good* silver—so evidently!



In the Princess design (illustrated) and in the Triumph pattern, comes beautiful matching hollow-ware.

Pictures can't show it. Words can't tell you! But take yourself, this minute, right on down to your silver dealer's. Ask . . . He'll put before you a surprise that will fairly sweep you off your feet!

For he'll put before you . . . silver far lovelier than you had ever hoped, in your fondest hopes, that such a price would buy!

Just where the wear comes, there's where this plate is reinforced.

Hold a piece in your hand. Study the pattern closely. Let your eyes dwell on every graceful curve of the handle, on down to the tip! Only fine silver is so perfectly proportioned.

Feel the weight of it! Learn how each fork and spoon is reinforced, just where the wear comes. Learn that this silver is plated with pure silver—heavily plated . . . It's the famous Wm. Rogers & Son silverplate. At $16.50—26 pieces—enough to serve 6 persons! And it's guaranteed for 35 years of wear!

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Handwork in Favor with Modern Women

By Elisabeth May Blondel

No. 1763. The vogue for embroidered pictures is at its finest in this beautiful old Colonial Doorway. Its charm is found in the remarkably worked out, minute details —the paneled door, flagstone walk, leaded window panes, the artful placing of the blue window stitches—the whole realistic effect gained by the right stitch here, and correct color there. Pattern includes stamped canvas, wools for working (20 colors) and directions and color chart. Size, 10 x 13 inches. Price, $2.25.

1769. This stunning painted wall hanging finds its rightful place over sideboard, couch, or console table.

Subtly shaded tones of blue, green and brown wool blend beautifully in this made-by-hand bag.

1767

No. 1767. Blue, greens and browns, blended harmoniously by an expert colorist, for this wool bag, supply the perfect finish for costumes in any of these shades. It can be an envelope purse (5½ x 10 inches) or a bag (7½ x 10 inches). Pattern includes canvas, wools (10 colors), and "step-by-step" directions. Price, $2.75.

No. 1769. Wall hangings are tremendously the vogue, and rightfully so when such lovely designs as this gorgeously plumaged bird, are available for them. Over a console table, behind a couch, or in a hall, it supplies a rich accent of color. The design (45 inches high) is painted on pongee with fabric paint. Complete directions. Transfer, 60 cents. Yellow.

No. 1766. "Homeward Bound," a quaint marine scene, is the perfect thing for an overmantel decoration. Probably made years ago by a British sailor for a wife or sweetheart, the scene is quaintly realistic. We have reproduced it in cottons of unusual softness and pliability, exactly matching the original colors. Stamped canvas, cottons for working (6 colors) and directions. Price, $1.75.

(Below)—1766

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices quoted above.

Nine Lovely Things for That Most Important Room

No. 1765. A Spanish senorita in rich silk, or a gay summer girl in flowered organdie—whichever you want for your boudoir! Pattern for costume and underwear with directions. Suitable for a 30-inch long doll. Price, 30 cents.

No. 1764. For a boudoir in Colonial style, your doll can wear a Colonial costume with dainty rosebuds, frilly lace, and an old-fashioned bonnet. For 30-inch long doll. Pattern for costume and underwear with directions. Price, 30 cents.

No. 1738. Dolls dressed as beautifully as this one, could gracefully ornament a chair or cushion in the hall. Suitable for 30-inch long dolls. Pattern for 3 costumes, underwear and directions. Price, 35 cents.

No. 1744-1745. These pillows with 5-inch ruffles, are indeed smart. Each design comes stamped on white organdie with tinted face and costume ready to be embroidered and with material for backs. Price, 50 cents each. Ruffles (3 yards long) require ½ yard of 44-inch material and 3 yards of binding for each.

No. 1768. You don't have to be an expert in handwork to make this lovely Colonial quilt. It is especially designed so that it can be quickly and easily done by machine—even the quilting. Includes appliqué pattern, and quilting transfers for blocks and border. Price, 75 cents. Blue.

No. 1751. The Rose Arbor picture can only be compared to a rare piece of old tapestry, and is loveliest when boxed with gathered ribbon on a dull green taffeta pillow. Picture comes stamped on canvas (5 x 7 inches) with lustrous cottons (20 colors) for working. Price, $1.00.

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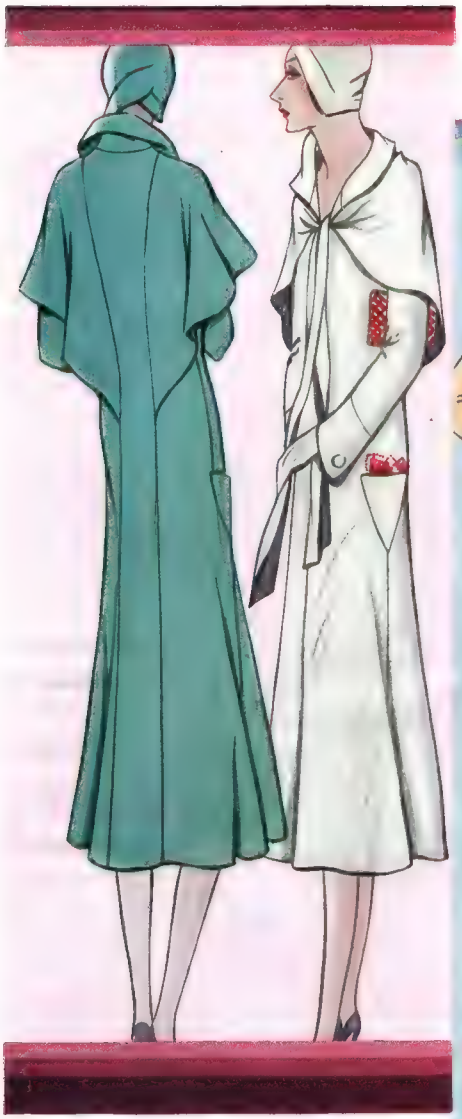
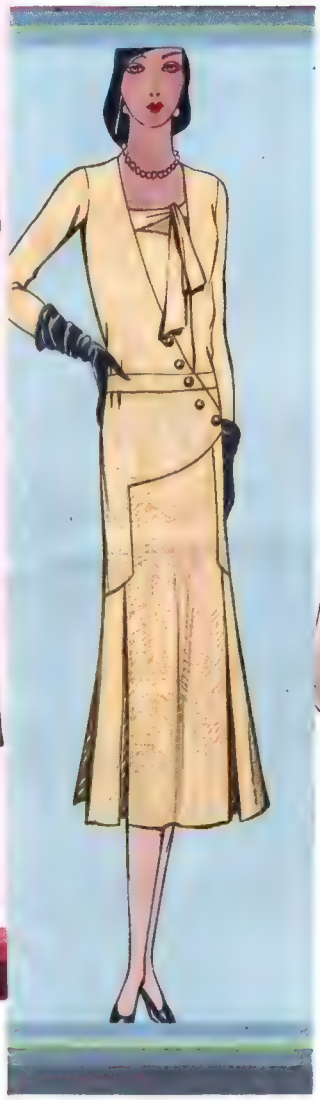
Paris is Interested in Sleeves or Lack of Them

SLEEVES grow more and more varied. Some of them are trimmed with bands and bows and shirrings to match a dress trimming, some flare to match a skirt flare, some are short puff sleeves, others elbow length, still others long enough to fall over the hand. And the sleeves of the simplest frocks acquire style interest by being present or absent, the sleeveless frock being a strong favorite for both sports and dinner dresses, while long tight sleeves appear most frequently in daytime frocks. In coats, flaring shoulder capes are a popular means of calling attention to sleeves, especially as, when coats flare slightly at the hemline, the width of a shoulder cape gives a very attractive balance to the silhouette.



6045



6026

6039 6042

B. Rothschild

No. 6045. The cape of a princess coat is attached under a panel in the back and ties in front. Triangular pockets accent shaped seamings at the sides. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 54-inch material; lining, 2¾ yards 39-inch.

No. 6026. A novel tie that finishes the square neckline, and decorative seamings in jacket effect are features of a smartly tailored frock. Four pleats widen the hemline. Size 36, 4⅞ yards 39-inch or 3¼ yards 54-inch.

No. 6039. The slightly circular skirt of a sleeveless frock is seamed at the front, back and the sides, and joined to the top in a modernistic line. Size 36, 4 yards 27-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 39-inch.

No. 6042. Shaped sections inserted in the front of the skirt give a becoming silhouette to a simple frock. The back is bloused above a shallow skirt yoke. Size 36, 3 yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 35-inch.

No. 6028. A becoming short bolero is suggested by a wide band on the bodice. The long circular skirt has a fitted yoke and a scalloped hemline. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards of 39-inch material or 3½ yards of 72-inch net.

Will Present Fashions Last?

by Therese Clemenceau

A FRENCH journalist wrote a few days ago, an article on current fashions and the new feminine silhouette is not to her taste it seems.

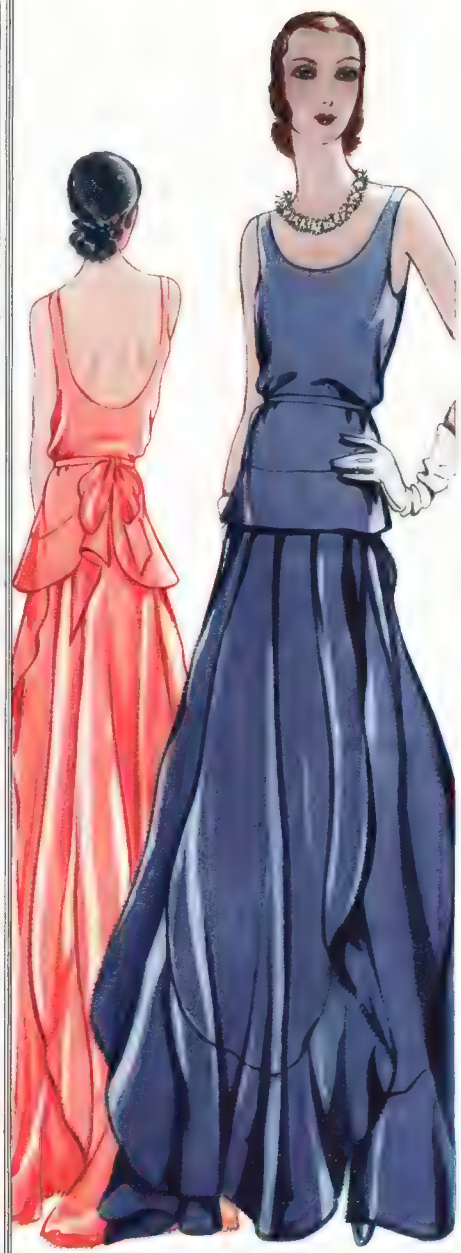
As a matter of fact, regardless of criticism, there is in the realm of the Haute Couture a considerable animation, a constant coming and going and a few minutes spent in a comfortable armchair, listening to the buzz of conversation, would convince any writer that the clients are charmed and the creators delighted.

This same journalist continuing her campaign is asking that a reprieve be granted to the dying fashion! She is thus displaying a rather faulty psychology both as a woman and . . . what is worse . . . as a professional style expert.

The President of la Grande Couture, conscious of his duty, has justly and highly protested against the spirit of the article in question, and thanks to his intervention order has been restored. The lady who started the controversy must now be repenting bitterly but it will be some time before she is granted complete forgiveness.

Having advised you of this wordy duel which has afforded us quite a thrill, I will now put the matter before you. Will present day fashion last or not? There can be no doubt that it is very much alive and going strong. Will it keep up its present pace? I hope and believe so. In any case we are being offered a curious and logical fashion for which I have found no analogy in the History of Fashion. In fact, for morning, street and sports wear, short dresses are still the thing, although they are not so extreme. For the afternoon women half conceal their legs and the other half disappears entirely as soon as the lights are turned on. This tripartite combination can but charm women by its diversity, and knowing women as I do, I forecast a normal life to the present fashion trends.

Narrow busts, sunken



Claire Soeurs

No. 6043. Typical of the new season's "picture" frocks is an evening gown with a petal skirt, and a short peplum joined on at the normal waistline. Size 36 requires 9 yards of 35-inch material or 8⅛ yards of 39-inch.

Lucile Paray

No. 6034. Contrasting fabric forms the tops of the sleeves and the shaped yoke of a French afternoon frock. A narrow sash ties in a bow in the back. Size 36, 4¼ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 35- or 39-inch.

shoulders, slender waists are not common property, and although we shall shortly witness an alteration of this outline it does not imply that all the present tendencies will disappear. The looser bodices shall be maintained by still narrower belts. The waist shall remain high but without strict rules, so that the dressmaker shall alter its position according to the model, and especially, the wearer. It must be admitted, since there is always ground for criticism, that present day fashion is difficult to carry off well. The models who are always faultlessly built, are nearly always successful, but you will notice that I have said "nearly." The designers have sensed this, which means that their efforts will tend towards a more perfect silhouette. As to the long skirts, they have won the fight and they are here to stay. Women consider the long and supple line much more becoming and easier to wear than the straight short skirt which they found to have many drawbacks.

The present tendencies for each time of the day will become more marked. For instance, the necks of blouses are becoming quite high, while for afternoon frocks they creep lower and show a touch of lingerie or ecru lace and evening allows the most daring décolletés both front and back. Straight sleeves are enlivened by elbow trimmings, arm bands, frillings, insertions.

I firmly believe in the victory of fabrics from which excessive fancy has been banished. We are headed for beauty, reserve, a stately distinction of manners which will be noticeable both in fashion and general demeanor. Since it is claimed that dress is an expression of personality, it is but logical to assume that short dresses and short hair have led women to a freedom of speech and manners sometimes overdone and that inversely with a return of feminine fashions we shall again become . . . charming ladies.

This rapid survey which has enabled me to lift, for a brief moment, the veil concealing the future, shows that in all directions Fashion is stressing our femininity. Give free play to your reason, your sense of logic and your womanly tastes and since it is within your reach to become more adorable still, can I doubt for a moment that the newborn Fashion will win your approval.

Miler Soeurs

No. 6037. A circular flounce is joined on in a modernistic line. Slashes at the side, decorated with bows and pipings, reveal a contrasting inset. Size 36, 3¾ yards 39-inch; inset and binding require ½ yard 39-inch.

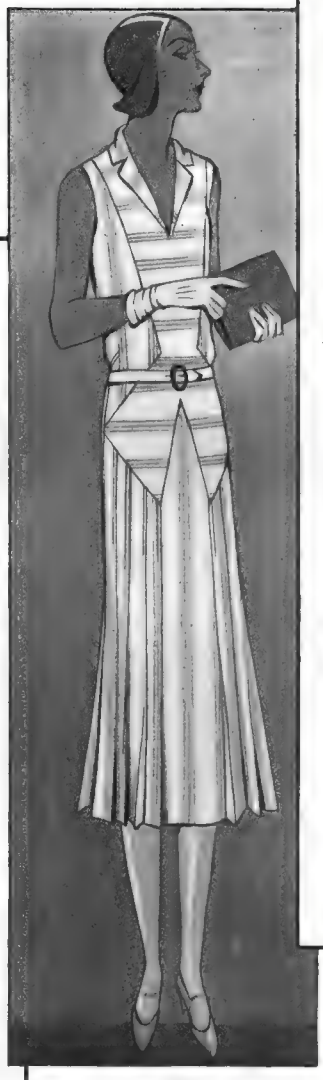
Sports Ensembles of Two or Three Pieces

THE ensemble intended strictly for sports use is usually represented in the Paris collections as a one-piece frock suitable for tennis, accompanied by a short jacket cut on simple cardigan lines, generally of different color and fabric. For all day wear, the sports ensemble consists of a suit carried out in sports materials. There are usually three pieces, a short jacket, a skirt to match and a contrasting blouse that may be made with or without sleeves, depending on individual taste. The detail of closing the jacket with ends that tie in bows is a new note.

6036

6036

No. 6036. The skirt of a three-piece ensemble is cut slightly circular and pleated in the front. The sleeveless bodice is loosely belted. Size 36, 4¾ yards 32-inch, 4⅜ yards 35-inch or 4 yards 39-inch.



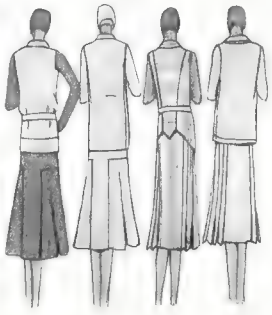
6038

No. 6038. The sleeveless frock of a sports ensemble has a pleated skirt, and shaped panels at the front and the back of the bodice. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 32-inch material or 4½ yards 35-inch.

6038

No. 6038. The frock of this ensemble is accompanied by a short jacket cut on the popular cardigan lines, with two patch pockets. Size 36, sleeveless dress, 4½ yards 35-inch; jacket, 2⅛ yards 39-inch.

No. 6036. The short jacket of the ensemble fastens by means of sash ends attached at each side of the front and tying in bows. Size 36, sleeveless blouse, 2 yards 39-inch; jacket, skirt, 2⅞ yards 54-inch.



French Ensembles Present New Silhouettes

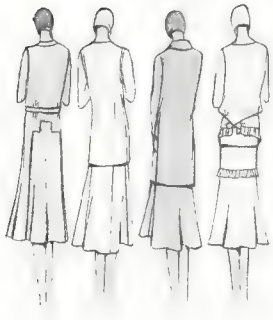
TWO silhouettes typical of the coming season are illustrated in these two French ensembles. In one, princess lines are accented, the frock achieving princess lines by shaped sections in the skirt, the jacket echoing the same lines by being slightly fitted. In the other ensemble, the style interest is centered at the hipline. In the two-piece frock, the blouse is lengthened to the hipline and finished with a frill, and a frill trims the skirt yoke in peplum effect. The coat is cut loose, and long enough to allow widening the silhouette to just below the hipline.

6040

6040

6035

6035



No. 6040. Princess lines are suggested in the frock of an ensemble by means of shaped panels inserted in the skirt. A belt marks the waist. Size 36, dress, 3¾ yards 39-inch; vest, ⅞ yard of 39-inch.

No. 6040. The jacket of the ensemble is sleeveless and slightly fitted. Decorative patch pockets repeat the shape of the skirt panels. Size 36, dress with jacket, 5½ yards 35-inch; vest, ⅞ yard of 39-inch.

No. 6035. A loose three-quarter length jacket with a notched collar and shaped patch pockets gives a becoming silhouette to an ensemble. Size 36, blouse, 2¾ yards 39-inch; coat, skirt, 3 yard 54-inch.

No. 6035. The skirt of the ensemble has a deep yoke trimmed with a frill in peplum effect. The blouse is lengthened and edged with a frill. Size 36, dress, 4½ yards 35-inch or 4¼ yards 39-inch.

6030

Short Jackets Grow Shorter

THE little jackets that Paris uses to transform a frock into an ensemble are following the trend of the waistline upwards and becoming shorter. In afternoon ensembles, the jackets are often really short, like boleros. In sports ensembles, the jackets are likely to be designed on cardigan lines, and a few inches longer. And in ensembles for various uses, both lengths are combined in jackets that are bolero length in front and cardigan length in the back.

6030

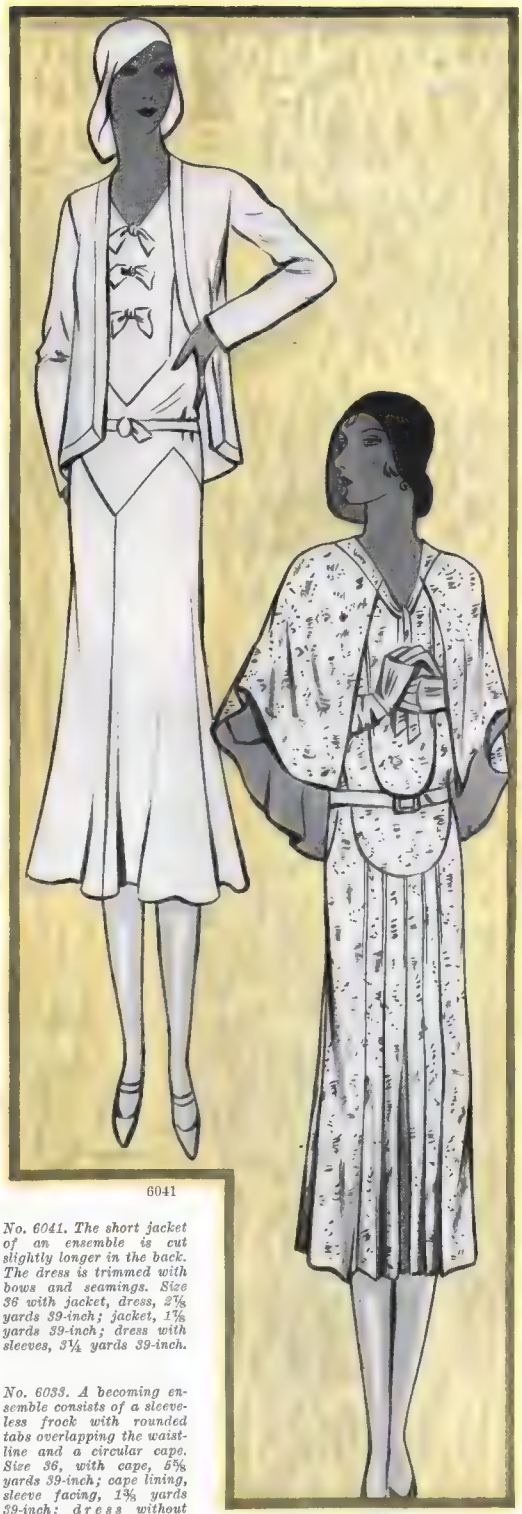
6032

6032

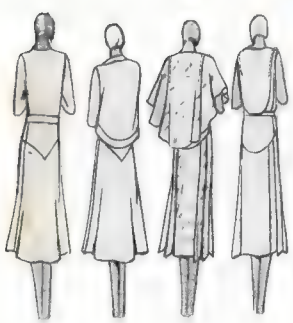
No. 6030. A tuck-in blouse, a pleated skirt, and a jacket cut slightly longer in the back form a new French ensemble. Size 36, blouse, 2⅛ yards 39-inch; jacket and skirt, 4¼ yards 39-inch; skirt requires 2⅝ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 6032. An inverted pleat in the back gives added fulness to the circular cape worn with a pleated one-piece frock. Size 36, with cape, 3⅞ yards 54-inch material; dress requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch; contrasting, ¼ yard of 35- or 39-inch.

6041



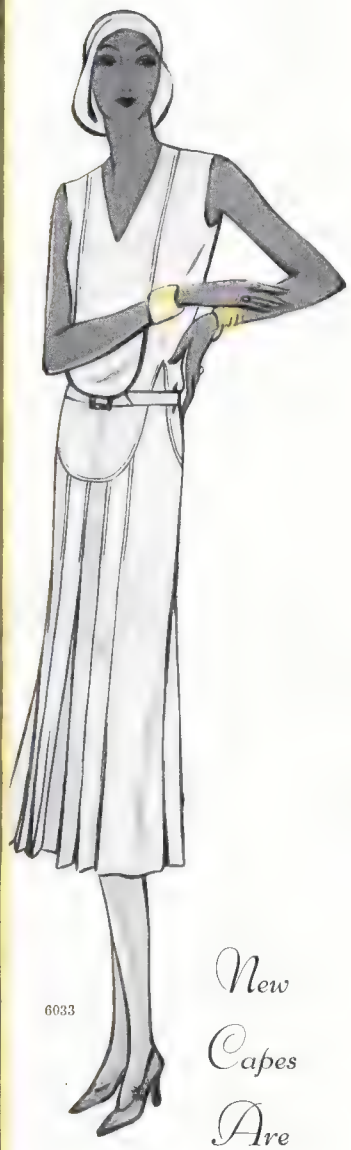
6041



No. 6041. The short jacket of an ensemble is cut slightly longer in the back. The dress is trimmed with bows and seamings. Size 36 with jacket, dress, 2⅞ yards 39-inch; jacket, 1⅞ yards 39-inch; dress with sleeves, 3¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 6033. A becoming ensemble consists of a sleeveless frock with rounded tabs overlapping the waistline and a circular cape. Size 36, with cape, 5⅝ yards 39-inch; cape lining, sleeve facing, 1⅜ yards 39-inch; dress without sleeves, 5⅛ yards 32-inch.

6033



6033

New Capes Are Flattering

MANY of us who thought we could not wear capes listened with misgivings when there was so much talk about cape ensembles as soon as the models for the coming season were shown in Paris. But the arrival of the models proves that they are capes anyone can wear. They are not like the old capes, dignified and difficult to adjust, but they are like the youthful flattering bertha collar made larger and separate from the frock.

The Fitted Hipline is Important

THE fact that waistlines are defined by a slight curve in many of the new formal frocks does not mean that hiplines are becoming less slender. In most frocks, the hipline is still fitted, but the fitted line is carried much higher, almost to the natural waistline. One frock on this page fits the hips by means of a shaped yoke, another has a girdle tying in a bow in front. The third frock has a very wide slashed girdle tying in two knots; the fourth has a skirt designed to fit the hipline, and a jacket lends a high waistline suggestion to the bodice.

No. 6031. An afternoon gown has a slightly bloused bodice, and a skirt with two flaring sections dipping in points at the hem. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 35 inch or 4¼ yards of 39-inch.

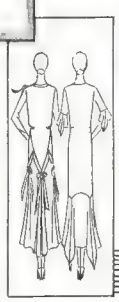
No. 6024. The newest peplum silhouette appears in a frock with a peplum flaring below the hipline, and a flaring flounce at the hem. Size 36, 3¾ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 39-inch.

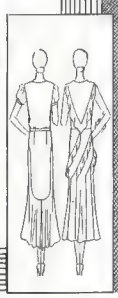
No. 6022. A wide girdle slashed and knotted at the side forms a striking hipline treatment. A one-sided drapery trims the bodice. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 35-inch material or 4⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 6027. The new short Eton jacket is emphasized by means of contrasting materials. The skirt is cut to flare front and back. Size 36, 2¾ yards 54-inch; contrasting, 1 yard of 39-inch.

Youth and Femininity in Sleeves

NOTHING could be younger in effect than the short puff sleeves that Paris adds to afternoon or evening frocks, but every type of sleeve has its own way of expressing the new youthfulness and femininity of fashions. Some sleeves are seamed at the cuff in pointed effect to match the pointed seaming of the frocks. Others are cut off just above the elbow and finished with a feminine frill that matches a flounce at the hemline. Another type of sleeve that is very popular has two frills at the elbow, to accent the frills that trim the collar and the hipline.





No. 6023. The circular skirt of an afternoon frock is joined to the top in a pointed line, accented by trimming bands and bows. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 35-inch material or 4¾ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 6008. A slender frock is fitted at the waistline with tucks. A flounce dips in points at the hemline and a flounce trims the sleeves. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 35-inch or 3⅝ yards 39-inch.

No. 6029. Puff sleeves are a quaint feature of a frock for afternoon or informal evening. Circular sections widen the skirt hem. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 32- or 35-inch material; vest, ¼ yard 32-inch material.

No. 6025. A spiral suggestion is lent by slanting seamings at the hipline accented by circular frills. Frills also trim the sleeves. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 35-inch material or 4¼ yards of 39-inch material.

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Tailored Frocks Are Slightly Fitted to the Figure

6018

6016

6017

6015

No. 6018. The bodice of a tailored frock closes in a surplice line. A skirt yoke cut in points in front lends a slightly fitted hipline. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 39-inch.

No. 6016. A one-sided suggestion is effected by a group of pleats at one side, and a one-sided neckline. A narrow belt marks the waist. Size 36, 3¼ yards 35-inch material or 3⅛ yards 39-inch material.

No. 6015. Decorative seamings trim the bodice and suggest a skirt yoke. The circular skirt is cut slightly longer in the back. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 35-inch or 3⅜ yards 39-inch; collar, ¾ yard 39-inch.

No. 6017. Tucks give a nipped-in waistline to a frock with a diagonal closing, and a group of pleats in front headed by slanting scallops. Size 36, 2¼ yards 54-inch material; contrasting, ¼ yard of 39-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices listed on page 184.

A Pajama Ensemble from Paris

THE ensemble, so important in every type of fashion this season, has been extended in a new beach pajama ensemble to include four pieces instead of the usual two or three. A one-piece bathing suit is worn under voluminous trousers, designed with a pointed fitted yoke. Over this is worn a long jacket made of the same two contrasting materials as the trousers. To complete the ensemble, a picture hat is also made of the same materials.

No. 6044. French pajamas consist of bathing suit, trousers, jacket and hat. Size 36, bathing suit, 1 yard 54-inch; white material, 3¾ yards 32-inch; yellow, 5 yards 32-inch; short trousers, hat facing, 1⅝ yards 32-inch; yoke, hat, 1 yard 32-inch material.

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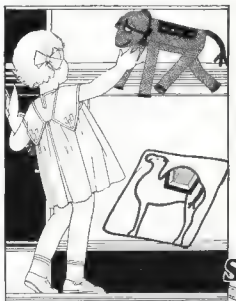

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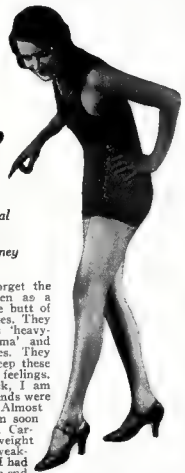

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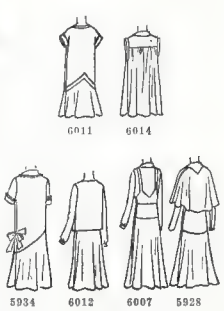
French Chic for the Young Girl and Her Younger Sister

No. 6007. A smart costume consists of a tuck-in blouse, and a suspender skirt cleverly cut to mold the waistline. Size 16, blouse, 1¾ yards 39-inch; skirt requires 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 5928. The short cape is an important feature of spring fashions. In this case it accompanies a simple frock belted at the waistline. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material; binding requires 10½ yards.



6011

No. 6011. Contrasting bands accent the smart lines of a frock with short kimono sleeves. Matching panties form a practical addition. Size 8, 2¾ yards of 32-inch; contrasting requires ⅜ yard of 32-inch material.

5934

No. 5934. Sash ends suggest the waistline. The slightly circular skirt is joined on in a diagonal line. Size 12, waist, 1¼ yards 32-inch; contrasting, 1¾ yards 32-inch; collar, cuffs require ⅝ yard of 32-inch material.

6012

No. 6012. A simple frock with a circular skirt has a smart separate bolero, attractively trimmed with contrasting bands at the edges. Size 10 requires 2 yards 39-inch material. Eton requires ⅝ yard of 39-inch material.

6014

No. 6014. The contrasting yoke of a small girl's frock is cut in a point in front and closes with buttons. Size 2 requires 1⅞ yards 27-inch material; contrasting yoke and collar require ⅝ yard of 27-inch material.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices listed on page 184.

Shirrings and Scallops Make Youthful Frocks Decorative

No. 6019. Pleated collar and cuffs form an attractive finish for a frock designed on princess lines with a flared and pleated skirt. Size 16, 4⅝ yards of 39-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 39-inch.

No. 6020. A youthful frock presents successful French style features in cap sleeves, a shirred waistline and panels dipping at the sides. Size 16, 4⅝ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch.

No. 6010. The skirt of a small frock is joined to the top in a scalloped line, and the collar is edged with scallops to match. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 35- or 39-inch; contrasting requires ⅜ yard 39-inch material.

No. 6013. A shaped band gives an individual neckline to a simple frock. The skirt is cut slightly circular and finished with an uneven flounce. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 35-inch material or 2⅛ yards of 39-inch.

No. 5938. Seamings suggest a short bolero in a straight line frock bloused by a belt attached at each side of the front. Pockets head two groups of pleats. Size 12, 2½ yards 32-inch material; binding requires 5¾ yards.

No. 6009. A contrasting frill accents the diagonal line of the bodice of a frock with a flaring skirt and short flaring sleeves. Size 10, 2 yards 35-inch or 1⅞ yards 39-inch; jabot requires ¼ yard of 39-inch material.

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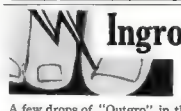

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Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly and so toughens the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave. N. Y. C.

The time comes when you can't pull the gray hairs out

What are you to do then? Let them gray all your hair, and settle down into Heartbreak Age? You needn't. NOTOX will recolor your hair with such amazing naturalness that no one need ever know you use it unless you wish to tell them.

The nicest women use NOTOX. That "dyed" look, odious to nice women, is caused by dyes which plate the hair with color on the outside. Such dyes make the hair dull, coarse, and brittle. In contrast, NOTOX is undetectable because it deposits the color inside the hair shaft, leaving the hair as lustrous, fine and supple as ever. You can wash, wave and sun NOTOXED hair without affecting its permanence and naturalness... *The best hairdressers and beauty shops use Inecto Rapid NOTOX. You can buy it at beauty shops, department and drug stores, for use at home...* At the left is a series of cross-sections of hairs (as seen through a microscope) which demonstrate the NOTOX principle, a scientific achievement which has banished all prejudice against hair coloring.

A. A red hair, showing how nature distributes the color throughout the inner fibers of the hair.

B. A gray hair, colorless and drab because nature no longer implants pigment in the fibers within the hair covering.

C. A gray hair dyed with a "coating" dye. Notice the crust of dye which plates the gray hair with color—how different from nature's method.

D. A gray hair recolored with Notox. Notice that the Notox coloring is implanted throughout the inner fibers of the hair, with no thickening of the hair's supple covering—exactly as in the natural hair (marked A).

NOTOX

Colors hair inside as nature does

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SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 7*]

conscience, as love, and who is self-revealed supremely in the creative Person of Jesus of Nazareth, and operative in all Jesus-like movements in the world today. In the vast and unceasing outflow of life and energy I see God in whirling electrons, in upsurging life, in universally present order and beauty. Poets, artists, and musicians are to me interpreters of God, through their perception of the wonder and bloom of the world.

"In man, whose life has developed through myriads of forms during millions of years, I see God as thought and conscience and affection; God revealing Himself as Truth to be known, as Right to be obeyed, as Love to be trusted. From his most primitive days until now, man has been aware of a Presence in the world, whom he has variously conceived and called by many names; but amid all these kaleidoscopically changing conceptions there abides a sense of the Unseen akin to man. Of all the seekers after God, Jesus seemed most perfectly to realize His Presence, and to communicate His spirit, His purpose, His character.

GOD is to me the Spirit who unveils Himself in Jesus. It is this Christ-like God to whom I pray, on whom I depend for reinforcement and guidance, of whom I think as forgiving my sins and prompting every high impulse and holy resolve in me. I see His character in Jesus, and believe it is His purpose that the forces of nature and the wills of men should be made to accord with the aims for which Jesus lived and died. But while my thought of God is defined by Jesus, it is not confined to what I see in Jesus. There is more in God than can be incarnated in any human life. Every religion has its message of God, and can contribute elements to the fellowship of men with Him. Science, art, ethics, philosophy, all bring us discoveries of God as the True, the Beautiful and the Good. God to me is Christ-like and more—the Spirit that fills and rules all things.

"Is God a person? I prefer to put it that He has personal relations with us. Personality is the loftiest thing we know, and we dare not think of God as less than the highest; it would be degrading to think of Him in sub-personal terms. Yet personality suggests limitation—we cannot think of a Person who is everywhere—so God means more to me than the word person can convey; more, not less. The finest religious experience of the race, and supremely the faith of Jesus, discloses a God who has fellowship with men which can only be described as personal. So I think of God as having personal relations with us and we with Him, which is the heart of religion and the glory of life.

IS JESUS God, or was He a man to whom God was fully disclosed? To me He is both, though it is difficult to combine the two conceptions. Yet physicists are now facing a similar difficulty in defining light. They have thought of light as waves of energy which move through ether; but recently they have discovered that light exerts pressure and can be weighed. They are working with both the undulatory and emission theories of life, but without successfully combining them. Just so in my thought of Jesus; it is a paradox but not a contradiction.

"If I have stressed the full self-disclosure of God in Jesus, I do not think of Him as having nothing more to impart to men. In all the finer impulses and enterprises of our generation, in the trend toward coöperative fellowship in industry, toward a commonwealth of free nations, toward a comradeship of mutual reverence and mutual help among races and religions—in every advance of science and art and commerce and education, I think of God as imparting more of Himself to the sons of men. He is to me the Living God, the eternal Contemporary, unveiling Himself in the life of each generation, and recognizable as the present Spirit of Christ."

After this manner a beloved teacher of religion tells us with delicate spiritual intimacy, of the faith that rules his thought and life; urging us to think of God in the light of the highest truth our minds can know and the purest ideal our hearts can dream; but to learn to find Him everywhere, in our souls, and in all the shapes which life and love and duty take.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, McCall St. Dayton, Ohio, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., Spring & Baker Sts. Atlanta, Ga., 810 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can., 204 Gt. Portland St. London, England.

No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price
5928	12-20	.45	6007	12-20	.35	6020	12-20	.45	6033	14-18, 36-42	.50
5934	6-14	.35	6008	14-18, 36-42	.45	6021	14-16, 36-42	.35	6034	14-18, 36-46	.50
5938	6-14	.35	6009	6-14	.35	6022	14-18, 36-42	.65	6035	14-16, 36-42	.65
5996	14-18, 36-46	.45	6010	2-8	.35	6023	14-18, 36-42	.45	6036	14-18, 36-42	.50
5997	14-18, 36-42	.50	6011	2-8	.35	6024	14-18, 36-42	.50	6037	14-18, 36-46	.65
5998	14-18, 36-42	.65	6012	6-14	.35	6025	14-18, 36-42	.65	6038	14-18, 36-42	.50
5999	14-20	.65	6013	6-14	.35	6026	14-18, 36-46	.45	6039	14-18, 36-42	.45
6000	14-18, 36-42	.65	6014	1-6	.35	6027	14-18, 36-42	.45	6040	14-18, 36-46	.50
6001	14-18, 36-42	.65	6015	14-18, 36-42	.45	6028	14-18, 36-42	.65	6041	14-18, 36-46	.50
6002	14-18, 36-46	.45	6016	14-18, 36-46	.35	6029	14-18, 36-42	.45	6042	14-18, 36-42	.45
6003	14-18, 36-42	.65	6017	14-18, 36-46	.45	6030	14-18, 36-42	.65	6043	14-18, 36-42	.65
6004	14-18, 36-42	.35	6018	14-18, 36-46	.45	6031	14-18, 36-46	.45	6044	14-18, 36-42	.65
6005	14-18, 36-42	.65	6019	12-20	.45	6032	14-18, 36-42	.50	6045	14-18, 36-46	.50
6006	8-16	.25									

Embroidery and Novelty Patterns

No.	Price	No.	Price	No.	Price	No.	Price
1738	.35	1759	.35	1763	2.25	1767	2.75
1744	.50	1760	1.75	1764	.30	1768	.75
1745	.50	1761	1.00	1765	.30	1769	.60
1751	1.00	1762	1.75	1766	1.75		

NEEDLESS PAIN

The next time a headache makes you stay at home—

Or other ache or pain prevents your keeping an engagement—

Remember Bayer Aspirin! For there is scarcely any pain it cannot relieve, and relieve promptly.

These tablets give real relief, or millions would not continue to take them. They are harmless, or the medical profession would not constantly prescribe them.

Don't be a martyr to unnecessary pain. To colds that might so easily be checked; to neuritis, neuralgia; to the pains peculiar to women; or any suffering for which Bayer Aspirin is so effective an antidote.

For your own protection, buy the genuine. Bayer is safe. Always the same. It never depresses the heart, so use it as often as needed; but the cause of any pain can be treated only by a doctor.

Bayer Aspirin is obtainable at all drug stores. Proven directions are enclosed in every package. The name Bayer will identify the genuine. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

BAYER ASPIRIN

BAYER

THE MAN FROM OREGON

[*Continued from page 33*]

men, besides raisin' them children—looks like it would a killed her."

"It has," said Kendall.

"How's that?" Mr. Givens cupped his hand behind his ear.

"How long has Mrs. Brownlie's husband been dead?" asked Kendall, in a louder tone.

"Goin' on three months now," the old man answered, with the calm satisfaction he always displayed when dispensing news. "Lung trouble he had. Was in pore health for years. Used to work for the Bar V's till they fired him. But she stuck by him. They got that place they're at now by her managin'. Mebbe you wouldn't believe it, but Miz Brownlie used to be a good-lookin' woman. Yessir, about the purtiest in these parts. They don't stay that way long out here. It's a hard old country—'hard on women an' horses', as the sayin' goes."

Mr. Givens let his chair tilt back; his feet on the railing, spare old body humped into a bow, he gazed from under beetling brows. The nondescript small-town street, which held his keen gaze became, at a point not far away, a gleaming prairie road. He was reviewing. Kendall fancied, the perfidies of this land which lured men into settling on its plains, only to make sport of them.

Suddenly he realized that it rested him, body and soul—the sun-soaked monotony of this baffling treeless earth; the desultory noises of the tiny town; the bare directness of this high land, that lifted itself strangely in pictures against this sky. Too bad nothing ever happened here! Givens had told him that nothing ever happened, except the vicissitudes of those who wrestled with nature. Color in the lives of its people was what it lacked: They had no enthusiasm, no imagination—

Then Kendall realized he was judging them all by that one pathetic creature—the Brownlie woman. No, not pathetic; pathos was usually associated with passionate suffering, and she was devoid of feeling.

The slamming of the screen door startled him. Looking up, he caught the round-eyed gaze of Miss Irene, one of the few steady boarders at the Tulia house. She sauntered by him and sank heavily into a rocker at the other end of the porch. To the masculine population of Tulia, she was an arresting figure. The thin purple sweater which she wore was cut low and showed a thick, white neck, her short, white skirt revealed thick, silk-stockinged legs as she rocked slowly. A be-spurred young man with pulled-down hat brim and an air of moroseness, appeared, almost instantly, from around the corner of the house, and sat near her on the porch.

"Old Man" Givens rose and gave Kendall an elaborate wink. "Most train time," he said, stretching himself stiffly. "Better be gettin' the old bus out, I reckon."

He went down the steps and across the street to the combination garage and livery stable. Presently, from a rattling flivver, he waved his hand to Kendall. And the long whistle of the Santa Fe East-bound stirred the town from its afternoon slumbers.

WHEN Mr. Givens returned and stopped his car before his hostelry, he lifted out several heavy "grips," but no passenger followed.

"Feller 'lowed he'd walk," he announced to Kendall and Miss Irene. "Lookin' 'round at things int'rested like. He's come a fur piece—tag on this here grip says South Fork, Oregon. Name's Andrew Rogers . . . Here he comes now."

A tall man wearing a long, and tenderly cared for, moustache, crossed the dusty glare of the street. He looked a ranchman, with his big felt hat and the negligent hang of his best clothes; but his cheeks had a mountain-air clearness instead of the brickish tan of the men of that calling. He was, too, without their dry gauntness, and his walk was quicker than that of the plainsman. Taking off his hat he mopped a damp brow and gave a general, stiff bow to the group on the porch.

"Come right in," said Mr. Givens.

Through the door, Kendall saw him remove his coat before hunching his tall figure to the laborious business of registering. Half an hour later he saw him again as he descended the stairs, bathed and shining, wearing a fresh, soft-collared shirt. His eyes were very blue and keen, for all their ingenuousness.

The guests of the Tulia House conformed, for the most part, to the etiquette of the plains, which rules that a serious businesslike eating should be accomplished with little conversation. The stranger disposed of his supper at the general table in a state of bland abstraction.

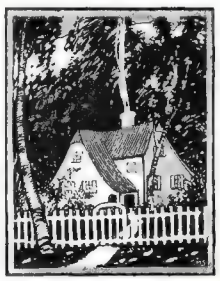
Miss Irene's overtures, such as, "You're from Oregon, ain't you, Mr. Rogers?" Or—"Did you come through Kansas City?"—were finally discouraged by his polite but absent and repeated: "Yes ma'm."

Kendall saw that with the mysterious clairvoyance of her kind, Miss Irene had picked the newcomer as worth while.

After the meal the two men went out on the porch and sat near each other. "By the way, who is she, anyway?" Rogers asked with the casual free-masonry of one plainsman to another, jerking his thumb toward the door.

Kendall laughed, feeling himself an old and well-informed inhabitant. "Why, she's a manicurist. Didn't you know Tulia House had one?"

"A manicurist? Well, I swear! What does she *do* here? Ain't no one in Tulia has their nails filed, is there?"



LIGHTED DOORS

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL

He who opens wide a door
Where lamp light shows,
Does a bigger thing for me
Than he knows.

He who places golden lamps
Behind clear glass,
Warms the cold, dark road for me
As I pass;

Shares with me a precious thing:
His own home light,
Lets me carry it away
Through the night;

Gives to me—yet his lamp burns
Undimmed as before;
Light is beautiful that shines
Through a door.

"No," laughed Kendall. "Mr. Givens tells me it was the joke of the town two months ago. She said a cattleman she had met in Kansas City told her there was a fine opening here for a first-class manicurist; cowboys being very particular about their nails."

"And she believed him?" chuckled the man from Oregon. "Shame!"

"I guess she didn't exactly," said Kendall. "She gets on pretty well, a fellow named Hastings told me."

"Oh! So she's *that* kind, is she? I never like to judge a lady by appearances."

A phonograph in the parlor began screaming and gritting a last season's fox trot. Kendall's companion settled into pleased relaxation. "I sure do love music," he said.

After the fox trot, a tinny soprano frankly proclaimed:

"Darling, I am growing o-old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow toda-ay,
Life is fading fast away . . . .

And received from a muffled bass the ever-touching reassurance:

"Yet, my darling, you will be-ee
Always young and fair to me . . ."

The eyes of the man from Oregon, gazing into Tulia's gathering dusk, became glassy and rapt. "That's sure a good song," he muttered at its close. Then he surprised Kendall by rising abruptly.

"Reckon I'll go for a little walk."

And he bolted down the steps.

Kendall smiled as he watched his big figure merge into the evening shadows. He interested him strangely. His freshness and vigor set him apart from these slow, tired people. He was simpler than they were; and in his eyes was a spark of something they had lost, or never had—a child's belief in romance. That was it: To him all sorts of impossible things existed—the extravagant constancy set forth in that song, for example. Kendall felt refreshed in his presence and waited with a kind of excitement for him to appear out of the quiet night. He waited an hour. Mr. Givens was the only other occupant of the porch.

Rogers came and sat between the two men, but his manner was without repose.

"Do you reckon," he said, "I can get a car early tomorrow to go out in the country a piece?"

"Well, about a car now, I don't know," said the landlord. "You see the fair's on at Amariller, an' most of the ottomobiles is taken. But I could let you have a buggy an' team. Where was you aimin' to go?"

"About thirty mile west—Brownlie's, I believe the name is."

"Oh, the Widder Brownlie's! Well, in that case, this feller here, Mr. Kendall's, got the Widder's team in town now."

"He has!" Rogers seemed startled.

"Why, yes," said Kendall, "I'm going back tomorrow. I can take you out if you'd like."

"He boards out thar," explained Givens as Rogers did not answer.

"Oh, I see." Rogers spoke abruptly. "Yeah, sure I'd like to go with you."

"Glad of that!" Kendall's voice was boyishly eager.

"Reckon it's cattle you're int'rested in out there," said Mr. Givens.

"Yes," the man answered absently.

"Well, you don't want to overlook the Hastings steers while you're out that way. The Widder Brownlie's is a runty lot, I hear."

"Yeah, yeah, sure!" Rogers grew silent; a motionless, dark bulk, staring into the spangled night.

Givens yawned and went off to bed. Kendall, about to go too, heard the man beside him softly humming a tune—it was "Silver Threads among the Gold."

AND so this feller aims to come back to the Panhandle some day to get his girl," Rogers, driving, clucked to the horses. "It's quite awhile back since that chap lived in these parts."

Ten miles of the journey were accomplished. The two men were alone in a sun-swamped world. A light wind flapped the curtains of Mrs. Brownlie's rattling hack.

"It must be an interesting story," said Kendall. "The little you've told me shows that romance once lived might go on living—even here."

"Yeah," said Rogers, a bit hazily. "Them was great days." He lapsed into a silent reverie; then, suddenly, went on: "Sort of a decent fellow he is, a neighbor of mine now, in Oregon. Nothing out of the ordinary, you understand, though he was good at his job in the old days when we both lived out here. We done broncho breaking mostly. Was with the Bar V's. Reckon you've heard of the Bar V's. The fellow worked for that outfit ten years; from the time he was seventeen and ran away from home in South Texas when his Maw died. He might be workin' for them yet if all this I'm tellin' you hadn't happened. You see, he fell in love with a woman out here—a married woman; and she made him go clear away when she found out how things was. It seems she cared for him.

"She and her man had come up from Wichita. None of the boys ever could figure out how the Bar V's come to hire this husband of hers for the job at Turkey Creek—he was no cowman. Reckon he claimed to be, though. Well, he wasn't much good on the job from the start; and didn't take long to lie down on it flat and say he had to have another man to he'p him at the camp. Not but two pastures to ride, mind you!

"Them Bar V's was a white bunch—never fired h:... till they had to and that was five year later—and they sent this friend of mine to Turkey Creek that summer. That's when he first saw her.

"He'd heard she was a looker—not a man in the outfit but would a rode ten miles any day for a sight of her—but he hadn't no idy she was like she was—sorter delicate and different. Big gray eyes with long, black lashes, and shy. Not a woman for this country.

"And looks wasn't all with her, like they are with a heap that's uncommon pretty—she had sense and a kind heart. Was always mighty nice to the boys when they come round, cookin' 'em fancy [*Turn to page 188*]

Rudy VALLEE *says . . .*

"PUT YOURSELF ACROSS"

America has lost her heart to him—this charming youth who thrills millions with his crooning voice so full of magnetism, pathos, life. What has he that others envy? Is it merely added energy, added physical "drive"?

"For that subtle 'added ounce' of energy I follow the simple advice of great physicians"

"How you feel has a lot to do with how people feel *about* you," says Rudy Vallée.

"Lots of folks handicap themselves by getting run-down—sluggish and out of order physically. Naturally they can't 'put themselves across.' They are *half sick*.

"When I was rehearsing for the Fleischmann Radio Hour I heard so much about yeast that I decided to try it. I was under a terrific strain—playing, singing, rehearsing, planning my talking, singing picture 'The Vagabond Lover.' Well, what the famous physicians say about yeast certainly worked out in my case. It gave me just that 'added ounce' of energy I needed to keep fresh and 'on my toes.'"

A remarkable *food*, Fleischmann's Yeast brings you quick new energy by purifying and stimulating your whole digestive tract. Elimination becomes regular, *complete*. Appetite and digestion improve. Complexion troubles disappear.

Start today! You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

EAT THREE CAKES *of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily, one before each meal or between meals, just plain or dissolved in water. Every cake now contains two vitamins indispensable to health—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D.*

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THE MAN FROM OREGON

[*Continued from page 186*]

dishes an' mendin' up their clothes. She liked this country fine, bein' new to it. Turkey Creek's in the canyon, you know, where there's right pretty scenery about—she always made a heap of that. Used to say she wisht she lived on the caprock where she could see it all spread out. But she wasn't the sort to moon 'round when there was work to do—had hustle enough for him and her both.

"This fellow—the one I'm tellin' you about—soon got on to the fact that her husband was a lunger. He never seemed to care for nothin' but smokin' an' readin' paper-backs. Didn't have no git-up—could a got well if he had. She used to try everything, even to he'pin' this friend of mine with the broncs; and oncet scared him most to death ridin' a bad smoke-horse. Husband didn't give a darn what she done—never took no proper care of her.

"Well, the fellow knowed how he felt about her from the first day he seen her, but wouldn't a let on if he'd died for it—aimed to hang around and sorter make things easy for her. Then one day after he'd been there two months, he got throwed by Lightnin' Bolt . . . When he come to, his head was in her lap an' she was cryin' like her heart would break. They was off from the house a ways—she'd gone along on her little Indian pony to herd his bronc from the wire. He begged her to leave her husband, but she wouldn't do it—she'd been brought up old-fashioned and strict. Said as long as he wasn't mean to her, and bein' he was sort of sick she'd have to stan' by him. She promised him if ever she was free she'd marry him. So that's why he aims to come back here for her.

"You'd ought to see his place in Oregon, a neat little ranch at the foot of a mountain. They'd laugh at you if you called it a ranch down here, but up there a fellow doesn't need all outdoors to make a livin' on. Up there it's nothin' like these parched plains that never will be plumb saddle-broke for civilization. Mountains and trees—plenty of green. Everything grows—crops and flowers—you ought to see the flowers!"

"A charming story," Kendall exclaimed. "Unswerving devotion to one woman!"

ROGERS was as sentimental over it, Kendall saw, as he had been over that song last night; as sentimental as if it were his own story. His voice had been husky as he ended the story. His face was turned away and Kendall suspected that his eyes were moist.

"He's been hearing from her all these years, I suppose," said Kendall.

His companion started. "Not a line. That was how she wanted it—she was a married woman. But he's took the county paper an' kep' up some that way. He seen when they left Turkey Creek, and when—when .her other children come."

"Was it really tuberculosis her husband had? How does he know she'll ever be free?"

"Yeah, it was t.b. all right. And he *knows*, don't you forget it; he knows!"

Kendall could have sworn there was exultation in the tone. Strange for Rogers to feel his friend's story so intensely—it must be his own story, of course! The disguise was extremely thin. Just such a man as Rogers would be capable of holding to his dream like that. Here was real drama. Kendall felt thrilled at his discovery. He wanted to make sure this idyll of the plains was really his.

"This friend of yours, didn't he get homesick? Of course he liked it out there where everything was so much better, but didn't the very fact of its being so different from the plains make him blue at first?"

"It sure did!"

He must, Kendall mused, have read in that county paper of the death of the woman's husband. He had said: "He *knows*, don't you forget it—he knows."

Mrs. Brownlie's husband had died of tuberculosis, "lung trouble," Old man Givens had called it. And he, too, had worked for the Bar V's, "till they fired him." What a coincidence! "Mebby you wouldn't believe it," Givens had said, "but Miz Brownlie used to be a good-lookin' woman . . ."

Kendall's heart stood still with this shock. Everything in the story fitted hideously. "His name's *Andrew* Rogers—" Kendall suddenly remembered, and almost cried it aloud. Mrs. Brownlie's youngest boy was Andy . . . .

"Does your friend realize that by the time he comes back to get his sweetheart, she may have changed, so that he'll hardly recognize her?"

"Sure! He knows she'll be changed—some. He expects that."

Kendall thought of the phonograph wailing—"Darling, I am growing o-old"; and it was all he could do to restrain a mirthless, hysterical laugh. Of course it would be by some such esthetic alteration that Rogers would picture her as changing in the years since he had left. Never would it occur to him, the romantic, that the cruel life of the country that was "hard on women and horses" could destroy her utterly; and leave in her place that melancholy travesty of womanhood. He passed his hand across his eyes as he tried to brush away a vision of this man when he should come face to face with reality.

And the woman! He understood her now; understood her mania for shielding Lily. The child was a symbol to her mother of her own lost beauty. No merciful stolidity had protected the woman: she had been aware of what was happening to her. With what unspeakable bitterness she must have watched that gradual, terrible change in her beauty!

They could see the house, still a good two miles away, and a narrow strip of the Paloduro. Rogers asked with elaborate casualness, "Isn't that the Brownlie place?" Then began to whistle a swinging, cowboy lay about being "home, home, home on the plains, where the deer and the buffalo roam."

"This old plains air sure feels good to me," he said, turning to Kendall with warm eyes. "I feel like gettin' out an' runnin' a spell 'stead of settin' in this buggy. Wisht I was a-horseback!" Kendall knew he would be galloping if he were, galloping and waving his hat and shouting.

Something like a physical nausea gripped Kendall. There was nothing he could do for this man. It would be the sheerest impertinence to tell him that he had pierced the flimsy screen of his story, and then to warn him of its climax.

HE THOUGHT hopefully that the woman might not recognize Rogers; he was probably clean-shaven when he left. There would be that possible chance for him to keep his identity secret if he wanted to. And, naturally he would want to when he saw her. He could go back then to Tulia, where Miss Irene thrived placidly. Yes, certainly Miss Irene! Kendall felt a weary cynicism. Her kind were the age-old solace for lost illusions; the sordid priestesses of Reality. And life always stood ready to punish those who set up other gods than Reality. It was about to punish Rogers mercilessly for his faithfulness to an ideal. Even more mercilessly had it punished Mrs. Brownlie for her sacrifice to duty; for not seizing and holding love while she had it. For love faded with the color and contours of human flesh—so little spiritual and enduring was this best thing that man had.

Lily, in a little pink sunbonnet, was clinging to the gate at the horse pasture when they drove up. Her face was a rose-shaded flower. She turned away shyly from Rogers' devouring stare.

"Hello, sister," he said, his lips twitching in a smile; "want to open the gate for us?"

The child climbed down and swung it open—the big chain rattling as she let it drop.

"Now you get in and ride to the house with us." She came to the side of the buggy and Kendall lifted her to his lap. He tried not to see how the reins shook in Rogers' hands.

"So your name's Lily, is it?" Again that transparent effort at casualness. "Named after your maw, hey?"

"Yes, how'd you know?"

"Oh, just guessed. Who's that man down there in the field?" Rogers bent his head, trying to see the child's face beneath her sunbonnet.

She gave the smallest laugh. "That ain't a man—it's my brother. His name's Emmet."

"Emmet!" Kendall saw the first shock in Rogers' face. He felt a quick impatience with this man who seemed oblivious to what twelve years could do to the child, Emmet, he had known. He must, he felt, nurse this impatience; it was all that stood between him and some outbreak before the unbearable poignancy of what he knew was to follow.

"Where's your other brothers?"

"They's gone for the cows."

They drew up at the hitching post by the front gate and Kendall got down from the buggy. "Is your mother in the house, Lily?" he asked, knowing that Rogers could not voice the question.

"Yes. She's a-ironin'."

"Well, you tell her I've come back. I'm going for a little walk." He opened the gate without looking at Rogers. His only thought was to get away while this horrible thing was happening.

He walked rapidly toward the windmill. He wanted water; his mouth was very dry. He saw the woman coming toward him, carrying a bucket. She wore a blue-checked apron over her brown denim dress. She was bent with the weight of her burden, and as she came nearer she raised her arm in that familiar gesture of brushing the straying hair from her face. "So you're back," she said colorlessly.

"Yes," said Kendall, "and—"

Within four feet of the back steps she stood, still as a stone, staring past him. He turned and saw Rogers coming around the corner of the house. He came slowly, uncertainly, looking fixedly at the woman. In her mask-like face, only the eyes were alive; alive with recognition and despair.

The creaking of the windmill sounded to Kendall like cracked, sardonic laughter. The man, too, was standing motionless.

"I've brought this gentleman, he wants to see you about your cattle." A detached part of Kendall's mind marvelled at his own glibness. Then all of him was suspended in amazement at Mrs. Brownlie.

"Howdy," she said, nodding casually to the stranger as she turned toward the kitchen door. "Reckon we can talk business after supper. Make yourself at home. Mr. Kendall'll show you where to wash up." She stumbled a little as she climbed the steps to the porch, and some of the water from the bucket slopped her skirt.

"Lily!" cried a hoarse voice; and she set down the bucket and turned. Her hand fumbled with the screen door; her knees trembled.

KENDALL felt her action at that moment to have been the noblest he had ever seen. She had given the man his chance to get away.

And he was coming toward her falteringly, one hand holding his hat, the other shading his eyes from the sun which shone straight in his face.

"It's you, Lily! Don't you know me, Lily?—It's Andrew."

"Yes, I know you—I knowed you right away." The words were emotionless.

"I've come back." He was quite near her, his eyes level with her own as she tood on the steps. "I've come for you, Lily—don't you remember?" The man's eyes lifted to hers.

But she answered him with the some passionless harshness with which she addressed her sons: "Yes, I remember all right, but that don't go now. You couldn't want me—like I am."

At that moment the little girl came slowly toward them. She pushed back her sunbonnet and stood regarding the motionless group with a child's intent absorption. The mother looked at her. "Go put on a clean dress," she said with the old guarding fierceness, "and brush your hair."

As the child turned to obey, a terrifying change came over the woman's face. She threw her apron over her head and sank on the steps, torn with sobbing.

Rogers was beside her, his arms around her small, bowed figure, his lips pressed to that straggling knot of hair. "Don't, Lily, don't! Your hard times is over. I'm goin' to take you and little Lily and the boys—I've made a home for you. Don't cry, Lily, don't!"

Out on the edge of the canyon where he had fled from the two who were as unconscious of his going as they had been of his presence, Kendall stood wiping his eyes and swallowing at the lump in his throat. The evening haze was on the Paloduro: The vast, cedar-scragged expanse of red cliffs and hills lay remote, alluring. But from infinite distance, to the dreams' very edge, encroached the dun, level plains—as vast, as strong and beautiful in their simplicity as the measureless strength and beauty of the human heart.

"Dave's a square shooter—
you're a-a-*crook!*"

MARY RUTLEDGE, gloriously vivacious, lovable, lovely, faced the fact that the man she had promised to marry had robbed her of her jewels—and her faith. Could the strength of her love make him go straight? This question came to Mary, the heroine of

CONFIDENCE

and a series of brilliant short stories of the upper underworld written especially for McCall's Magazine by

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Confidence will appear in the April issue.

She pays $780 for nice hands

– mine cost me next to nothing!

I don't have $780 a year to spend on a maid—like my nice next-door neighbor, Alice G——, who has two cars and never even washes out a handkerchief! My hands are *my* maids, and with a baby and husband to care for, you can imagine how busy they are.

Perhaps you're like me . . . you enjoy tending babies and home. But at a bridge or tea, you don't want your hands to look useful and stodgy. You want them to be ornamental! Don't I know? For the first year after I was married my hands looked like two neglected orphans. And how I sighed over them!

Strangely enough when my baby came I realized what was the trouble. Every day I put her little clothes through Ivory suds. And my hands always felt soothed afterward. (They usually were like graters after my Monday washing with ordinary "kitchen soap.")

So I decided to try Ivory for all my work. And at the end of a week, I felt as if I had a new pair of hands. Don't say hands can't speak! For they were thanking me for changing my dishwashing and cleaning and clothes-washing into gentle Ivory baths!

If you try my plan, as I hope you will, you'll find Ivory is thrifty because it keeps things like new. It doesn't fade colors . . . or rob paint of its gloss . . . or discolor linoleum as strong soaps do.

But I have my best reward when my neighbor drops in for a chat and a cup of fragrant tea. For I can't help noticing then (I'm only human!) that my hands look as carefree as hers!

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Free: A little book on charm. What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair? Write for "On the Art of Being Charming." Address Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VM-30, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost—you can have a Real Beauty Shampoo that will give Your Hair alluring Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

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